

The most Entertaining

HISTORY

O F

Hippolyto and Aminta.

C O N T A I N I N G

Great Variety of surprising Events
in their LIVES, and those of other
remarkable PERSONS; As,

- I. Deep amorous Intrigues.
- II. Heroick Enterprises.
- III. Strange Exploits of Valour.
- IV. Cruel Instances of Revenge.
- V. Base Examples of Ingratitude.
- VI. Mean knavish Practices.
- VII. Dismal Misfortunes.
- VIII. Miserable Captivities.
- IX. Wonderful Deliverances.
- X. Delightful Tales.

With Many other amazing Accidents : And an
agreeable Conclusion of the whole.

Translated from the Original *Spanish* ; Written by that
celebrated Wit, *Don Francisco de Quintana*,

L O N D O N,

Printed for *A. Bettesworth*, at the *Red-Lyon* ; *J. Batley*
at the *Dove* ; and *W. Boreham* at the *Angel* in *Pater-*
noster-Row. 1718.

HYSTORY

History of the State of New York

From the first settlement to the present time

By James M. Smith, Esq. of the City of New York

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T H E P R E F A C E.

THE Press has so long been employ'd with Controversies about Politicks and Religion, that in Reason it may be suppos'd, that a great Part of the Nation is quite surfeited with the so often repeated and inculcated Arguments on both Sides. The infinite Number of Pamphlets of that Sort has taken up the Time which many could afford for reading, whilst others, whose Genius did not lead them to spend their Leisure Hours upon such serious Subjects, have perhaps wanted something new to entertain them. Our Minds require a Relaxation, as well as our Bodies, for as these cannot always Labour, so neither can the others be continually taken up with grave and solemn Thoughts. This History is not only diverting, but instructive; it has all the Air and Gaiety that can please Youth and the Fair Sex, and yet it affords excellent Morals for the more thinking and grave part of Mankind. Here are none of those Indecencies, which too frequently oc-

The PREFACE.

cur in Plays and other Books of Wit, where very often the leudest is presented as the most entertaining Part. All here is modest and becoming the chastest Ears, wheresoever Vice appears, the Due Punishment attends it, and Virtue is never seen to pass unrewarded. Love indeed has a great Share in this Work; but then it is a lawful, virtuous and honourable Affection; Valour is represented protecting of the Oppress'd, and doing Justice to wrong'd Innocence; Ingratitude and Revenge are treated as they deserve; Mean Actions are expos'd; the Misfortunes and Calamities of worthy Persons find a sufficient Recompence in the wonderful Providence of their Deliverance, and in short, every Thing tends to the Improvement of the Reader, as well as his Diversion. The Author was esteem'd in his own Country for his Wit and Learning; this Piece of his ever found applause there, and it is not question'd but it may here meet with a favourable Reception, if the Translation, which can never be expected to preserve all the Beauties of an Original, has not done it too much Wrong.

The



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BOOK I.

Solitude is a powerful Incentive to Melancholy, a restless Disorder of the Thoughts, a fierce Enemy to Delight, and a cruel Torment of the Mind; whence I infer, that those Persons who seek it are either weary of their Lives, or do dread the ghastly Face of Death. I have often consider'd whether there be any such thing as real Solitude, and have almost as often concluded there can be none, observing it is always attended by Variety of Thoughts, abundance

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dance of Reflection, the Memory of past Accidents, and sometimes the Fear of future Disappointments; so that the Understanding comes to be accompany'd by Troubles, assaulted by indigested Fancies, plung'd in Diversity of Notions, less insensible of Evil, and more oppress'd with Care. A Pilgrim, whose Name was *Hippolyto* found himself labouring under these Passions, and convinc'd of these Truths, on the Road from *Madrid*, the Court of *Spain*, to the famous University of *Salamanca*, and at about nine Leagues Distance from the latter. He was travelling to *la Penna de Francia*, a Place of singular Devotion, and much resorted to on that account by Natives and Strangers; the Darkness of the Night, Ignorance of the Way, his Weariness of the Journey, and the Fear of a Storm, wherewith the Heavens seem'd to threaten the Earth, added much to the heavy effects Solitude wrought on the generous Pilgrim: The Desire of finding some Place of Shelter made him redouble his weary Steps, and the Apprehension of the approaching Tempest added Vigour to his tir'd Limbs. Thus supported by an undaunted Spirit, he came to a small Village, about half a League from the Road, as the nearest Place to secure him from the threatned Tempest. He enquired for an Inn, where he was courteously receiv'd; and tho' the Room they show'd him into was but poorly furnish'd, it pleas'd him, for Necessity
never

never regards Poverty, or want of Curiosity, Weariness oblig'd him to retire to his Chamber, where having shut the Door, as he was about undressing, he heard, in a Room adjoining to his, a Noise of Dancing, Musick, and Merry-making. Curiosity prompted him to discover, if possible, what might be the Occasion of that Country Festival, and looking about, he perceiv'd a Cranny in the Partition, through which the Light appear'd from the Place where that Rejoicing sounded; he set his Chair on the Bed, and standing upon it, had a full view through the Crevice of all that he desir'd. The House was old, and but slightly built, so that the thin Lath and Plaister Partition he look'd through, had it seems given way and only held on one side. *Hippolyto* was so intent upon what he saw, that he took no Notice of the Defect in the Wall, especially observing a Woman, at some Distance from the rest of the Company, in the Habit of a Peasant, but so perfectly beautiful, that the Eye could not be perswaded that *Gab* should belong to such a Person. At the other End stood abundance of Country Lasses, every Way inferiour to the first, and by them a Number of young Fellows, attending one of an indifferent Behaviour, and no ill Shape. The Musick was all of Rustick Instruments, to which Men and Women danc'd; when they had so done, they brought the Peasant, who seem'd to surpass the rest in Gentility, a Lute,

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on which he play'd and sang to it, with so much Skill and such a Voice, as seem'd to disprove his having any just Claim to that Dress.

Hippolyto was soon convinc'd, that the Solemnity was intended to celebrate the Nuptials of that beautiful Country Woman; yet found so much diverting Variety, that he could not be prevail'd upon by Weariness to give way to Rest, being well pleas'd to see some of the Women merry, others melancholy, and many of them jealous; for there is no Place so remote, to which Love does not come, nor any Love so unpolish'd, but it is tormented with Jealousy.

As he was thus diverted, he observ'd that his own Candle was gone out, and that four Men mask'd came into the Wedding Chamber, one of whom put out the Lights, whilst the rest carry'd off the beautiful Bride, and defended themselves against the many Peasants, who forgetting their Mirth, thought of nothing but rescuing her out of their Hands. Our Pilgrim was amaz'd at this Accident, and the Want of Light obstructing his seeing the Event, he resolv'd to get down from the Place, where in so short a time he had seen such Variety of Fortune; but as he was about it, having lay'd some Stress upon the Partition, which as has been said, had but small hold on one Side, he found it gave way and was falling with him to the Ground. There was no Possibility of avoiding it, so that he came down with the Partition into
the

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the House, which had but just before been the Habitation of Joy, and was now become the Mansion of Darkness, Confusion, and Sorrow. The Noise of the Fall was so great, that all concluded the whole House had sunk. This put the Women into such a Fright, the Men into such Confusion, and the Ravishers into so much Disorder, that they only thought of getting away as fast as possible, yet so as to carry off what they came for. But they succeeded not in this Part, for the Door they came in at, being in some measure stopp'd up with the Ruins of the Wall, detain'd them some time, and disappointed their Design. *Hippolyto* got up from among the Rubbish, and found he had receiv'd no Hurt. At this time one of the Peasants brought in Light from another Room, which directed the Strangers what way to make their Escape, and encourag'd the beautiful Country Woman to redouble her Cries, calling for Help, gave *Hippolyto* Opportunity to observe the Ravishers, whom he could perceive to be no mean Persons, and made him think of clearing himself of the Peasants, who with such Weapons as came next to Hand, endeavour'd to take Revenge of those, who robb'd them of such a precious Treasure. They carry'd her into *Hippolyto's* Room, where the Partition had made way, but being sensible they could not come off with their Lives, if they pretended to make any longer Opposition, the Peasants coming on more numerous

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with Swords, Stones, and other offensive Weapons, they left her and only took care to save themselves. *Hippolyto* reflecting, that Passion is so unruly, that it scarce credits what it sees, presently concluded, that he being a Stranger, they would easily take him for a Party concern'd in the Crime, and believe that his Pilgrims Habit was a wicked Disguise the better to secure him. Upon this discreet Consideration, he thought it the wiser Course to avoid their Fury by absenting himself, than to rely upon their Moderation for his Safety. To this Purpose, he made his way through the Inn into the Streets, where he was met by the Tempest from Heaven, and the Storm of the incens'd Peasants; the one discharging it self in Rain, and the other in a Shower of Stones. The Strangers, the better to avoid them fled, some one way, and some another, *Hippolyto* taking that which he thought safest. He meets with Misfortunes in every Place, who is born to be unhappy; and so it prov'd in him, for endeavouring to shun the Danger of the provok'd Boors, he ran into the Peril of a Brook, which being swollen by the mighty Rain, with a violent Stream carry'd all before it.

He was got into the middle of it, before he reflected on what he was doing, and past the Thoughts of turning back; but summoning up all his Courage, he stretch'd out his Arms to make way thro' the rapid Water. In the
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midst of the spacious Rivulet, was a small Island, which being High was not over-flow'd. Hippolyto got to it, and resolv'd to stay there, both in regard, the Darknes of the Night did not allow him to seek any better Sanctuary, and because being tir'd, he might there repose himself till Morning, in order to continue his Flight upon the Appearance of Day, and by that Time, the Rain ceasing, the Violence of the Stream might abate. He wrung his wet Cloaths the best he could, spitting out the Water that had forc'd it self into his Mouth, and again moistening his Shoulders with the Streams that ran down from his Hair: He blam'd himself for his needless Curiosity, which had brought him into that unavoidable Trouble. Being thus reflecting on his Miscarriages, he perceiv'd he was not altogether alone, as hearing some Sighs and imperfect Complaints. It amaz'd him the more, for that by the soft Sound of the Voice, he concluded it was a Woman that lamented. This made him draw nearer, and she discerning a black Bulk, was so far from being surpriz'd, that she came forwards to meet him, repeating the following Words, tho' often interrupted with Tears. *They basely entail their Misfortunes on themselves, who despair of Relief; and they are justly destitute of Comfort, who will not allow themselves the Hope of a better Fate. As much as I might have repented, Don Henry, committing my self to the violent Stream,*

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where I had inevitably perished; so much I rejoice, that I wanted the Courage to do it, since by this means I have sav'd my Life. She thought otherwise than she said, as it afterwards appear'd; for sometimes it behoves the Tongue to speak what the Heart does not believe.

Hippolyto was unwilling to answer, for Fear of depriving her of the Satisfaction she enjoy'd in her Mistake, by undeceiving her; but being press'd by her Uneasiness, and wondring at his Silence; He said, *Madam, you are indebted to my Civility for delaying to Answer, as being unwilling too soon to give you the Dissatisfaction of knowing I am not the Person you take me for. But since I have been oblig'd to Answer, you will give me Leave to offer you my Service, with this Assurance, that tho' you have not found the Person you expected you have at least met with one, who will be ready to expose himself to all Hazards for your Advantage.* The unfortunate Woman, express'd much Joy at the courteous Offers made her by *Hippolyto*, who being sensible that Necessity oblig'd her to accept of them, continu'd the same Assurances, till he put them in Execution. He was often in the Mind to ask her, who she was, and what Accident had brought her into such a Place; but still he forbore, considering that was not a Time curiously to enquire into the Causes of what was past, but carefully to apply some Remedy to it. They spent what remain'd of the Night discoursing together,

rogether, and the Storm blowing over; *Hippolyto* took fresh Heart to proceed in his Charitable Undertaking.

As soon as the Light of the Sun began to appear; He perceiv'd, that the Rain having ceas'd, the Brook had abated much of its Fury, and then resolv'd to see what Sort of Creature it was to whom he had promis'd his Assistance. Then fixing his Attention on her; he discover'd her Complexion was fair as Alabaster; her Hair of a bright Chestnut Colour; her Eyes black; her Eye-lashes thick; her Eye-brows proportion'd, and at a moderate Distance; her Nose delicately answerable to her other Features; her Forehead and Temples adorn'd with beautiful Locks; her Mouth small, and her Teeth white and even; her Hands plump and short. Her Habit was cover'd with a Dust Gown; her Stays richly embroider'd, and her Petticoat of Cloth of Silver. Her Voice, which is often no small Addition to Beauty, was soft, sweet and harmonious, and her Discourse rather learned than what barely might be expected from a well bred Lady. Who could behold such a beautiful Object and not fall in Love? Who could refuse to yield to such Perfection, without being thought insensible?

The Power of Love was never so much circumscrib'd, as to be confin'd to Laws; for as *Batius* says, *Love is the greatest Law to it self*; So that *Hippolyto* began to Love in a Moment,

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and that so passionately, that it would rather have look'd like Madness, had not the Object been so very deserving. He was so far happy, as that his Love was not altogether unfortunate in its Birth, for the Lady casting her Eyes upon him, saw such a Man as she could have describ'd to Form in her own Fancy; of a just Stature, a pleasing Mien; not so fair as to be effeminate, nor of so dark a Complexion as to be disagreeable, well shap'd, of a good Carriage, a modest Freedom, a serious Look, and solid Judgment; and tho' clad in a short Cassock of Haircloth, becoming what he then profess'd, yet so graceful, that he seem'd not to want the Ornament of the most costly Habit, notwithstanding the late Storm, and Misfortune befallen him had taken away much of his Grace and Mien. I said, *Hippolyto's* Love was not unfortunate in its Birth, because, tho' the beautiful Lady did not begin to Love him with an equal Flame, that same Moment; yet she neither dislike'd his Person; nor did she refuse him suitable Returns, as far as her Troubles would permit: Besides, that Love may be reckon'd fortunate, when it is not offensive, and at the same Time has Opportunity of doing Service and Meriting. Upon these Considerations our brave Pilgrim resolv'd to make an Experiment, whether it be true as is said, that Women's admitting of Obligations is a beginning of Love; and so to try, whether his Passion might gain Access this Way.

Having

Having advis'd with the Lady, and obtain'd her Consent, he resolv'd to carry her to some Place, where she might be oblig'd by his Civility, and tell him, who she was, and what strange Accident brought her into the Danger in which he found her. He took her up in his Arms, to carry her over the aforesaid Brook, and wetted himself again to save her; He walk'd over as leisurely as could be, for Fear of parting too soon with his pleasing Burden, then set her down on the Bank, and having again wrung his wet Cloaths, they both mov'd forwards together. All his Study was to divert and encourage her with the Hope of being near some Place of Repose; tho' indeed she stood not much in need of comfortable Words, for her Resolution was such as would astonish those, who before had look'd upon her with Eyes of Compassion. They had not travell'd long before they came into a delightful Meadow, in which a great Number of black Cattle were grazing, and among them several stately wild Bulls. *Hippolyto* observing them to look about and leave their Pasture, began to suspect their Danger, and was soon convinc'd it was unavoidable, when he saw one of them leave the rest and draw near to him. The Difficulty of defending himself was in the Want of a Weapon, and to run away was shameful, especially upon such an Occasion, when he must abandon a Woman, who, tho' she had not deserv'd Protection for her Beauty,

and

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and the Love he bore her; might justly claim it, for having put herself into his Hands, and rely'd on his Courtesy.

These Thoughts perplex'd the Generous Pilgrim, not knowing what Resolution to take amidst such Difficulties. The unfortunate Lady made all the haste she could, and *Hippolyto* follow'd. She fled in much disorder, and he still kept behind her full of Care. In this manner they came again to the Brook they had pass'd before, but somewhat lower than the Place they waded through. *Hippolyto* was for plunging into the Water again, and carrying the Lady in his Arms to rescue her from the Danger; but before he could do it, the fierce Beast was near enough to prevent him. The distress'd Lady fled for Shelter to the Stump of a Tree, on which the Brook, when at its Height had left some of the Spoils of its past Fury; and *Hippolyto* made up to it with a Resolution, to receive himself the fierce Assault of the Bull, rather than it should fall upon her. Fortune which had brought them into that Distress, did not absolutely forsake them in it; for on a wither'd Branch of that Stump hung a Sword, with such a curious Hilt, that it seem'd to belong to no mean Person. *Hippolyto* joyfully catch'd and drew it; well pleas'd that Heaven had supply'd him with such a Weapon for his Defence. The Bull spying the glittering Blade, made a Stand, and *Hippolyto*, who before fled, stood

stood upon his Guard. At length the Bull made at him, and *Hippolyto* stepping a little aside, let him pass, and the Lady being so nigh, the fierce Beast thought with a second Stroke to have reveng'd on her the missing of the first; but *Hippolyto* at the same time, laying Hold of his left Horn, with the other Hand let fall such a Cut on his brawny Neck, that all the Grass round about was dy'd with the Blood which came from it. A second Stroke lay'd him flat on the Ground, and deliver'd the noble Couple from the Danger he had threatned them with.

The Lady was so thankful for this Kindness, that her Gratitude seem'd even to exceed the Value of it: *Hippolyto* excus'd his Valour; alledging that all the Honour was due to her Presence, and to the good Fortune of finding that Sword to defend himself with. The beautiful Lady cast her Eye upon it, and having well view'd it in her own Hand, said, *I look upon this as a beginning of my better Fortune, for then Felicity truly commences, when we perceive the Loss of Evils.* Whilst the Lady thus gaz'd and admir'd, *Hippolyto* perceiv'd a small Bulk, which glittering in the foul Ouse the Brook had cast up, seem'd to dazzle and impose upon the Sight; and drawing near, discover'd it was a Horse's Furniture embroider'd full of Gold Flowers. He drew it out of the Mire and returning to the Lady, it confirm'd the Suspicion she had before conceiv'd, and perhaps convinc'd her of
what

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what she could have wish'd. The discreet Pilgrim easily guess'd at something of the interior Motions, by these exterior Tokens; having sufficient Grounds for what he imagin'd in the Horfes Furniture and the Sword, and his having heard the Name of *Don Henry*, when first he came a stranger and unknown into the Lady's Company. From these Principles he inferr'd, that was the Name of some Gentleman, who had been with her; and tho' by her Words, she rather discover'd a Hatred, than any Love for him; yet was he extremely uneasie, considering he was either her Husband, or her Lover; either of which, must be a considerable Obstacle to his new born Love.

How powerful art thou, O Love? How many Thoughts dost thou suggest? How various are thy Reflections; how wicked thy Actions; how unjust thy Imaginations! How envious thou art of another's Happiness; and how deserving thy self of Calamities! This very Day hast thou conquer'd the Heart of the noble *Hippolyto*, and this same Day dost thou torment him with the Dread, that his new admir'd Object bestows her Favours on the unknown *Don Henry*. Thou obligest him to rejoyce at his Misfortunes, and to please himself with thinking he is Dead, that so he may set up his Pretensions, without a Rival. However, considering it was to no Purpose to spend more Time in that boggy Place, both in Regard there was no Convenience

veniency to refresh them, and for the Danger they might be in, he courteously desir'd her to forbear those heavy Thoughts for a while; and dispose herself to seek out for some Relief to their present Wants. She answer'd him very discreetly, *Do not believe, my generous Protector, for this Name you will deserve from henceforward, that Grief is the Cause of my Musing; for as you shall understand at a convenient Time, these Goods belong to a Gentleman, who first oblig'd me with courteous Addresses, from whom since I have receiv'd most base villainous Usage; and tho' I imagine myself sufficiently reverg'd, and am therefore pleas'd; yet I cannot but check myself, when I consider that a Woman without Pity and Compassion, degenerates from her Sex.* Hippolyto having heard her, again repeated his Instances to leave that Place, for Fear his Answer should betray his Jealousie, which he ought not to discover before he had made known his Love; this being a preposterous Course some Lovers take, for if the Person they are jealous of is wise, she is apt to stifle their Passion in its Birth, considering the Uneasiness she is like to meet with; the Folly she discovers, and the End of all the Love. He look'd all about to see, what course to take, and at a good Distance spy'd a Horse, which it is likely belong'd to some of the Cow-herds, who were Owners of that Cattle. All Goods being common in Cases of Extremity; He thought it no Offence to take that

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that Horse upon such an urgent Necessity, to carry the Lady to the next Town; where being otherwise provided, they might send some body to restore him, whilst they continu'd their Journey. He put this Design in Execution, making a Halter serve instead of a Bridle; and knocking off his Fetters with the Stones, brought him to the Place where the Lady expected, put on the Saddle he had found, and plac'd her on it. She could not perswade him to ride, either because it did not become the Habit he was in, or for Fear of incommoding her he had in his Heart, tho' he conducted her on the Horse. Thus they travell'd two Leagues, during which Time, to divert the Weariness of the Way, he told her the Occasion of his Journey, the Design of his Pilgrimage, his Birth, the Love he had newly entertain'd for her, which was so chaste, that it rather look'd like a natural Affection, than any inordinate Passion; and lastly, all the Circumstances of his Condition. The Lady was much comforted that she was fallen into such Hands in her Distress, and seem'd not a little pleas'd to look upon him. I know not whether it was, because Women are naturally easily comforted, or because *Hippolyto's* Valour had oblig'd, and his good Qualities had already wrought a Conquest on her. For these Reasons, and because generous Persons always love to make Returns suitable to the Obligations they receive, she began
to

to requite him for the Account he had given her of his Life, with that of her own, in these Words.

I am very sensible, Noble Hippolyto, that my Relation cannot be displeasing to you, if you consider that it is not only strange, but true, because Truth being the Object of the Understanding, it is consequently more to our Satisfaction: I will begin at my Original, to the End, that since you propose to Love me, you may know on whom you place your Affection, and what Sort of Woman it is you venture upon; a Thing all Men ought to do, lest they have Cause to repent when they are too deeply engag'd to go back. I was Born at Bologna, a famous University in Italy, as is well known in all Parts. My Name is Aminta, and I now reckon myself happy, since I have been so fortunate as to escape the Dangers you know of, and those you shall now soon understand.

The discreet Lady would have proceeded in her Narration, but that Hippolyto at this Time discover'd a small Village, and perceiving it was near at Hand, said. Dear Lady, I do not question but you are convinc'd of the Satisfaction I have in hearing you, especially if you do but observe how my Colour comes and goes, which is a plain Demonstration of the Stragglings in my Breast, and of the strange Effects the Flame of my Love has wrought in so short a Time; which I am not at all surpriz'd at, for he is much deceiv'd, who believes that the Increase of it must be owing to the

Length

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Length of Time, since it was first produc'd, and not rather to the Excellency of the Object that gave it being. Granting this, and that the interrupting of your Relation is not caus'd by any Unwillingness to hear it out, but that I am desirous to put it off till a better Opportunity, I intreat you, since the Village is so near, to defer it, till having both refresh'd ourselves, you may deliver it more at your Ease, and I be able to lend more Attention. It is with me, beautiful Aminta, as with those, who having began to Taste some extraordinary Dainty, forbear a while for Fear of losing that Pleasure too soon, and therefore quit the present Possession to indulge themselves with the future Hopes. I will soon give Ear to the extraordinary Accidents you promise to relate, with no less Compassion for your Misfortunes, than Joy for your good Successes, and as much delighted with your Beauty, as the Excellency of your Judgment, which is the greatest natural Perfection of the Soul.

By this time they heard the Noise of some People hastily drawing near to them. They were six or seven Peasants, as appear'd by their Mien and Garb; which made *Hippolyto* take little Notice of them, as believing they were of the Village he was travelling to; but he was presently undeceiv'd, for as soon as they came up to him, they all laid fast hold of his Arms, so that he had no way left to defend himself. They bound him with a strong Rope, and calling him Villain, Knave, and Robber, threw *Aminta* off the Horse,

Horse, a-cross which they bound him with the Remainder of the same Rope, for Fear he should throw himself off and get away. This done, they resolv'd to return to their Village; telling the Distressed Lady, who earnestly intreated for him, that she might thank God they did not take her along too, and consider they left her, as believing she had no hand in stealing of that Horse. Their Words were a fresh Affliction to the poor Lady, as convincing her how wrongfully her Benefactor was hurry'd away Prisoner, only for seeking to conduct her with more Ease. All she could urge to them avail'd nothing, for they were positive in their Resolution, and left her behind. O the Barbarity of Peasants well known to be inhuman and unsupportable, since we see, that neither Reason, nor Beauty have any Power over them. The wretched Lady being thus left more disconsolate than ever, as having all her Support taken from her, and observing how hastily the Boors hurry'd away *Hippolyto*, despair'd of being able to follow them, tho' she endeavour'd it, to the utmost of her Power. Sometimes she thought it better to repair to that next Village to beg the Assistance of the Inhabitants; but as soon as she began to move towards it, she stopp'd to look back upon *Hippolyto*, and since she had nothing else, to send a thousand Sighs after him. She would sometimes go back again Part of the Way, till the Difficulty of overtaking him made her stop again.

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gain. In fine she was so distracted, that she knew not what to do, and her unsteady Motion discover'd the unsettledness of her Thoughts. The Consideration of what she ow'd to *Hippolyto's* Valour, and the Return that was due to his Courtesy were the Object of her Contemplation; and thereupon she call'd to Mind all Examples she had heard of in such Cases, to prove how much we degenerate from our Nature and dishonour ourselves when we prove unjust, and ungratefully cast off the Remembrance of Obligations receiv'd.

These Reflections prevailing, she at length resolv'd to follow, and tho' she might not overtake him by the Way, concluded she should come to the same Village, and there so order it, that he might be discharg'd, satisfying the Magistrates, that they did not design to steal the Horse, but only to make use of him in their great Distress, and then restore him to the Owner. She took Heart, and though he was out of Sight, went on well satisfy'd, concluding she could not miss the Way. We are soon undeceiv'd, when it is for our Harm, as *Aminta* found by Experience. On the Road stood a Cross, where it parted into three several Branches, and she being so little acquainted with the Country, knew not which of them to take. Therefore not to loose her Labour and remove yet farther from him, than she was, she waited in that Place, hoping some
Passen-

Passenger might come by and give her an Account, whether he had met with such a Man. The Side of a little Hillock afforded her a Seat to rest a little, if a Soul so full of Anguish could be suppos'd to take any Repose. Every Moment seem'd an Age to her Impatience, believing never so little Time lost took away all Possibility of relieving the noble Prisoner. At length, after a tedious Expectation, she spy'd a Traveller a horse-back making towards her a round Pace, and he a likely Man, clad in a Garment, which seem'd to have been costly, but was worn and fully'd. She got up to ask him, whether he could give an Account of what she so anxiously desir'd, and being about to speak, perceiv'd it was *Don Henry*, the Cause of all her strange Adventures and Misfortunes. It rejoyc'd her to see him, not for any Love she bore him, but believing she had found the best Expedient of delivering *Hippolyto*. *Don Henry* alighted, and with his usual Falshood seem'd to rejoyce at the unexpected Meeting with her. He wonder'd, how she had escap'd the Storm, and was pleas'd she had again fallen into his Hands, in a Place where he might compass his Designs; expressing how much he had been troubled for the Loss of her, and that now his Joy was as great as his Sorrow had been. *Aminta*, tho' she in some Measure counterfeited, was not a little pleas'd; protesting she had lamented his suppos'd Death, and among other Particulars recounted how much she was oblig'd

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oblig'd to *Hippolyto*, what great Things he had done for her, and how she design'd to express her Gratitude for such Favours. Truth is easily to be discover'd, and the Affections of the Soul express themselves in few Words, so that by her Way of delivery, it soon appear'd that she had a real Love for the Kindnesses receiv'd from *Hippolyto*.

The more she endeavour'd to testify her Gratitude, in Order to prevail on *Don Henry* to make a Return for what she ow'd, the more his Baseness gave way, to entertain some jealous Thoughts his Heart had then newly conceiv'd by hearing another commended. The Hatred he bore him unknown made *Don Henry* find Excuses for not turning back; and she believing the Reflection would fall upon her self, still more earnestly repeated her Instances to him. This made him the backwarder, and she charg'd him with Sloath, Neglect, Cruelty and Ingratitude. I should not blame *Don Henry*, had he known what was in the Heart of *Aminta*; but who would not be concern'd to see Ingratitude take Place in noble Minds; supposing that to be no other but a due Return of Thankfulness, as she affirm'd it to be, who will not be amaz'd to see some Men pass Judgment only upon the Dictates of their Fear, and sometimes of their Malice, without believing their own Eyes, or consulting their Ears; and so wholly led away by their own Imaginations, that they believe
more

more than ever they have Grounds to suppose. I cannot but here reflect upon *Don Henry*, giving Ear to *Aminta's* moving Expressions, and the Benefits receiv'd from *Hippolyto*; and tho' he owns them as Acts of Generosity and Favours, yet he affords them no Regard, but they rather become troublesome and offensive to him; whence I infer that good Actions are like a most exquisite Food, which every one that eats thereof converts into his own Substance; and as the same Sustainance in the Bowels of an Adder becomes Poison, and in those of another an Antidote; and the same Flower in the Mouth of a Bee produces Honey and in that of Spider Venome; even so a Benefit to some is the rankest Poyson and Venome, and to others sweet Honey and an Antidote.

Whilst *Don Henry* and *Aminta* were thus contending, they saw a Number of Peasants pass by them in great Haste, he that seem'd the Chief of them saying, *I'll bring him back to our Village, or it shall cost as dear as it has done at other Times to incroach upon the Liberties of others.* *Aminta* hearing these Words, and gathering they had some Relation to the Affair which then so much disturb'd her, stepp'd up to them and ask'd, whether they were going in Pursuit of a Prisoner, who was carry'd away by a Parcel of Country Men. They answer'd, They were, which she laying hold of, began to exhort them to revenge his unjust Imprisonment; telling them

them the whole Truth of the Fact, inciting the Peasants not to desist from their Undertaking, with the Vigoroufness of her Expressions, and by representing how inhumanly they had us'd him. They being thus doubly perswaded, both by the first Motive which brought them from their Village, and *Aminta's* Rhetorick, return'd no Answer; but shew'd their Obedience by making away. It hapned, that a single Boor came behind the rest, going after them as fast as he could, she stopp'd and ask'd him, whether it were true that they were going to rescue the Prisoner, and what mov'd them so to do. He told her, it was really so and the Occasion of it, because they had taken him out of the Liberty of their Village; which being seen by some of the Inhabitants, they had acquainted the *Alcade*, or Bailif, which was he that went before with the rest of the People of the Village, and therefore desir'd she would not stop him, that he might overtake them. *Aminta* then turn'd to *Don Henry*, desiring he would also follow them to be assisting to *Hippolyto* upon Occasion; but Jealousie prevailing on the one Hand, and his own perverse and wicked Disposition leading him away on the other; he would not give her this Satisfaction, nor stay there a Moment longer. He urg'd, that since the Peasants were to bring him back to their Village, it were better there to expect him with such Entertainment as the Place would afford, and

and perswaded her to get up behind him. *Aminta* would not contradict him in all Things, for Fear of rendring herself more suspected, as also because *Don Henry* began already to discover his Jealousy. Thus they return'd to the Village, removing farther, much against *Aminta's* Will, from the unfortunate *Hippolyto*.

The Clowns by the Way gave him much opprobrious Language, besides other Abuses. The discreet Gentleman suited himself to his Circumstances, speaking them fair, to try whether that Method could bring about what was not to be compass'd by Force; for it is a desperate Sort of Madness to utter such Words in Affliction, as may rather provoke the Anger than the Compassion of the Hearers, and make the Sufferer's Calamities the greater: No good Words could prevail on them; both because Indignation never gives Ear to Flattery, as also in Regard those Hearts must be inspir'd with some Generosity, which are capable of admitting of Compassion, Modesty, and Courtesy. These Clowns were meer Monsters in Cruelty and Savages, both as to their Manners and their Usage of the unfortunat Pilgrim; but their Satisfaction was not lasting, I call it Satisfaction, tho' it was inhuman Cruelty, because there is none so great to a wicked Man, as to be able to do Evil.

The Troop that pursu'd them lost no Time, and consequently soon overtook and stopp'd them;

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them; put *Hippolyto* off the Horse, the *Alcalde* alighted, then the Notary came up and ask'd, whether they were carrying that Man. They seeing the other Party which came with the *Alcalde* was more numerous than themselves, durst not stand upon their Defence; for Fear easily overcomes Men of vile Hearts and base Manners. Their Answer was, that they carry'd him away Prisoner. Next he ask'd, whence they brought him, and then two of those who had given the Intelligence answer'd, That they had seen him taken out of the Liberty of their Village. The others oppos'd, and pleaded they ought to have the trying of him, because the Horse he had stolen belong'd to their Village. The one Side spoke loud, and the other answer'd louder; so that there was nothing but Confusion. Only *Hippolyto* was now troubled to hear how obstinate those were, who had brought him thither, and rejoyc'd at the Resolution of those, who would carry him back to their Village; he was heartily thankful to these, and as earnestly desir'd to be reveng'd of the others. Still he was full of Uneasiness at this Strife, as not knowing what would be the Event of it. The *Alcalde* put an End to all their Noise, and the great Expectation on both Sides, telling them, That nothing should be done, but according to Right and Reason. How great is the Force of Justice, since not only Malefactors quake at it's Name, but the most barbarous People

People submit themselves to it? It is Justice that supports States, that weighs Merits to bestow due Rewards on them, and wisely examines Offences to give them the deserv'd Punishment. We have here an Instance of its mighty Power, seeing the loud Cries, which rent the Air upon its first approach were hush'd, and instead of them entire Stillness, Submission, and Silence.

The Notary laying hold of what the *Alcalde* had propos'd, added, *Since we are come to so prudent a Resolution, it will be requisite, Sir, tho' the Place is not very Decent, yet considering the Necessity, that you Call a Court, to determine what is to be done with the Prisoner.* The *Alcalde* consented, tho' much to the Dissatisfaction of Hippolyto, as believing that the bringing of his Cause before a Court, was the Way to obstruct his Desires; and we are naturally so impatient, that we can neither bear with a certain Evil, nor an uncertain Good. They presently made a Court, the Case was stated, those were Sworn, who could depose that they had seen the Prisoner taken out of the Liberty of their Village; the others reply'd, and immediately were order'd to quit their Prisoner. They for Fear of committing some Offence, which might provoke the Judge, deliver'd him, and were for going away without him; but were stopp'd; for the others considering, that if they went away, they might bring more Men from their Village, which as had often happen'd would

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endanger them, resolv'd to secure all there present, upon Pretence that they should come in as Evidences against the Prisoner, that he might receive condign Punishment. The bold *Alcalde* seem'd to be in a fair Way, by his discreet Proceeding, to make the noble Pilgrim suffer, in Case the Information prov'd to his Disadvantage and the Witnesses were blindly led away to swear to what they had depos'd; and therefore, tho' resolving to adhere to Justice, he much apprehended the Malice of those who might swear against the Stranger. These Fears soon vanish'd, for the Informers being examin'd as to the Point of what they had to say, why the *Alcalde* should not exercise his Authority, or punish the Criminal, who they suppos'd did belong to another Court; answer'd, that they knew nothing as to that Article, nor did they believe the Pilgrim to be any way guilty. The Judicious Magistrate having oblig'd them to ratify their Depositions, caus'd them all to be secur'd; declaring, it was but Justice that the Pilgrim should be set at Liberty, as having been wrongfully charg'd with stealing the Horse; but that they should remain Prisoners in his Place, and receive the Punishment due to him, had he been guilty, to deter others for the future from laying of false Accusations. They offer'd at first to make some Resistance, but all they could do proving ineffectual, *Hippolyto* being let loose, they were secur'd with the same Rope and carry'd by the others to
their

their Village. The courteous Peasants told him, if he was so weary that he could not keep up with them, he might follow at his own Ease to receive such Refreshment as their poor Habitation would afford. He return'd a civil Answer, thank'd them for their Advice and stay'd behind. Being left alone, he began to reflect with himself what Acknowledgments were due from him to Heaven for his Deliverance from so many Dangers. He could not but consider on the Prudence and Discretion of that Country Magistrate, who but a Moment before seem'd to be scarce capable of common Sense, and as soon as he sat in Judgment acted as if he had been immediately inspir'd by God. These Thoughts entertain'd him, till he came to the Village where he hop'd to find *Aminta*, the new and pleasing Object of his Affections. He made all the Enquiry that can be imagin'd, of one that believ'd himself so much concern'd in finding her; for he could not hear of any such Woman as he describ'd. Tho' this Disappointment might have made him desist from his intended Journey, yet he resolv'd to proceed, to try whether the Change of Places might produce any Alteration in his Fate; as if the Earth which makes us all miserable, could be remov'd from us without losing our Life and with it this material Clog; this beloved Prison of the Soul, and this Body, which is a Vessel that ever retains something of its Original. He recruited his decaying Nature, with such Food as
he

he could there find, and then travell'd on alone, if he could be said to be alone, whose Heart never parted one Moment from *Aminta*. That Night he lay in the Village that is nearest to *Salamanca* on the Side he came to it, where he spent much of the Time that should have been dedicated to Rest, in amorous Thoughts, for when the Soul watches, it is hard for the Senses to Sleep. He got up before Day, and after travelling a considerable Space overtook a comly Youth, and at first Sight knew it was the same he had seen two Days before at the Wedding in the Village, being the intended Bridegroom, when the Ravishers broke in, and disturbed their Mirth, as was said at the beginning of their Relation. They saluted one another courteously, and each enquiring which Way the other was travelling, when they understood they were both for *Salamanca*, they held on their Way together.

Leonardo, that was the Name of the unknown Youth, gave Proofs of a nobler Soul and clearer Understanding than might be expected under his outward Country Habit; and travelling together being that which often contracts much Kindness, especially, considering that *Hippolyto* was such a Person as was rather to be envy'd than hated, they began to take such Affection to one another, that when they came to *Salamanca*, *Leonardo* would not permit him to go lodge in another Place, declaring that he had a House of
his

his own not meanly furnish'd, where he could entertain, and serve him. *Hippolyto* lay there that Night, the next Day he took a View of Part of the City, and the Day after set forward to end his Pilgrimage, deferring the more nice seeing of that Noble University till his Return. Some Days he spent in Devotion at that celebrated Church of *la Pena de Francia*, and then return'd to the House of his new Friend *Leonardo*, whence he sent about the Town to enquire at the Inns, whether two Servants of his were come, whom he had left at *Madrid*, with Orders to repair to that City and expect him there, with his Cloaths and other Necessaries till he came. They were found and had waited two Days, and being told where their Master was, came to him and were lovingly receiv'd. *Hippolyto* concluded, that since he had perform'd the Duty he came about, it were convenient for him to put on a more decent Habit, which he accordingly did. *Leonardo* for the most Part kept at Home, being wholly absorpt in melancholy Thoughts, which *Hippolyto* was an utter Stranger to, being unwilling to ask more of him than he was willing to tell of his own accord. For this Reason, he went abroad after Dinner, without him, attended by his two Servants, and directed his Steps to the Schools, so famous in the World; for the many notable Scholars they had bred up, in all Faculties, and all Ages. There two Young Gentlemen, who were Students, fix'd their Eyes on

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him, and being satisfy'd he was the Person they took him for, came up and embrac'd him most affectionately. *Hippolyto* not knowing them at first Sight, stood a while pausing to recollect in his Memory, who those might be, who seem'd so much to rejoyce at his Sight; and at last call'd to mind that they were two Gentlemen he had been acquainted with in *Italy*, and to whom he was indebted for some Favours at a Time when his Fortune was more scanty. Nothing could have been more pleasing or acceptable to him, than the meeting of them, excepting only *Amin-ta*, and therefore he return'd kind Embraces with fresh ones and many Expressions of Affection. They discours'd a great while together of Matters, which make not to our Purpose, and after walking about to divert themselves came together to the House of *Alexander* and *Charles*, for those were the Names of the two Students. *Hippolyto* was very much press'd by them to accept of a Lodging there, which he could not be prevail'd upon to admit of, alledging that he was already provided, and thank'd them for their kind Offer. They ask'd where they might wait upon him the next Day; but the courteous Gentleman, lest they should be before hand with him in that Civility, would not at that Time acquaint them how nobly he was entertain'd by *Leonardo*; for Fear of being thought over curious or impertinent they did not press him any further, and he leaving them at Home, return'd to his own Lodging.

There

There he found his new Friend as disconsolate as ever, and being now grown somewhat more familiar by living together, he intreated him to disclose the Cause of his Grief, that some Remedy might be apply'd, for as much as it is a desperate Course to labour under Troubles without making them known, and to conceal without endeavouring to redress them. *I have been hitherto in such a condition,* reply'd Leonardo, *and my Troubles are so great, that I have thought it easier to conceal than to endure them; but since your Request lays an Obligation on me, I will rather comply with that, than with my own Temper; you must therefore prepare to bear the Beginning of my Adventures, which having been fortunate to me, the Remembrance of them will give me Life and Vigour to proceed to the Sorrows I must come to in the Conclusion.* Hippolyto being attentive, Leonardo paus'd a while to recollect himself, and then fetching a deep Sigh, proceeded as follows.

That which makes me reflect, Dear Friend, that our Misery is common, and that our Misfortunes are born into the World with us is, that there are unfortunate Men in all Parts, and whosoever proves so is immediately Persecuted by his ill Fate. I am myself an undeniable Instance of this Truth, for no sooner did I behold the universal Light, in the Noble City of *Barcelona*, to which I suppose you are no Stranger; but I lost my Mother, who dy'd in Labour. I was left Heir to no small Estate at my Father's Death,

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Death, who follow'd his Consort so very soon, that many believ'd he dy'd for Grief. Whence I infer, that all Men are not equally forgetful; but that there are some who remember, own, and are sensible of the Love that has been shown them; of the Kindnesses done them; of what has been endur'd for their Sakes; and of the Displeasures they have been sav'd. I was bred up under the Care of a Relation, who was reckned a rich Man, and had a Son to inherit his plentiful Estate. The Youth was well Born; but of a vicious Temper; he was rich, but had a greater Stock of Folly than of Wealth. How imperfect is Nature in its Works, and yet how Provident, knowing how to distribute her Gifts, and be a Mother to all; for when it refuses Wealth, it supplies the Defect with Judgment, and where there is a Want of Sense, it makes that up with Riches. We two were always together, either playing like Boys at that Age, or else indulging more manly Diversions when grown up. Sometimes I was weary of him, and then again bore with him out of Respect to our Kindred and Friendship. This is a great Demonstration of the Power of Love, which grows up by many Years Conversation; for, in my Opinion, it is as much as a Man of Sense can possibly do for another, when he has once found him to be guilty of Folly.

There was in the same City another Family compos'd of four remarkable Persons, which
were

were a discreet Father but blind, an old Senseless Mother, a young brave Son, and a beautiful Daughter. I intreat, my dear Friend *Hippolyto* to be attentive to my Adventures, for, if I mistake not, they will afford you Diversion, and at the same Time will inform you in many Particulars very requisite to be known. It is a Mistake to think that Instruction and Diversion are incompatible, and he is much in the Right, who believes there is no true History, but what we may make our Advantage of, because every notable Accident is as good as a Precept, or Document to the wise. The old Man's Name was *Lupercio*, his indiscreet Wife's *Theodora*, the young Man's *Fulgencio*, and his Sisters *Feliciana*. Tho' the discreet *Lupercio* was blind, yet either the Experience of his Age, or the Eyes of his Understanding made him perceive to what Hazards his Daughter was expos'd, thro' the wild Temper of her Mother; and tho' sensible how little his wife Admonitions avail'd, yet he never forbore advising and informing them to the best of his Judgment. *Feliciana* was naturally reserv'd and modest; but our weak Nature being subject to be easily perverted, the Company her Mother brought her into, and the Liberty she allow'd her, made the young Lady by Degrees lose much of that Modesty and Reservedness. Nature has inclin'd her to. She had several Times mighty Fallings out with her Mother, for refusing to let herself off with that borrow'd

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borrow'd Beauty of Paint and Washes, which only serves to blot out the real, and not going abroad to see and be seen, as they call it, in the City. Foolish Mother; how visible is your Madness, since you do not consider to what Danger a Beauty is expos'd by going about to be seen by all Men! How little do you reflect that Beauty is a most precious Jewel, whose Value increases by being kept up, and tarnishes by being much handled? Doubtless, you do not remember that it is like a white Wall, on which every Man boldly writes whatsoever his Folly dictates, and you certainly forget that when expos'd to many, it causes Appetite in Strangers, Suspicion in Neighbours, Violence in the Mighty, Envy in Inferiors, Disgrace to the Parents, and Danger to the Person that possesses it. How soon is that Dainty devour'd, which many seek after; and how hard is it to keep that which many covet? Let those then be look'd upon as Senseless, who being bound in Duty do not secure it, and those unfortunate who stand possess'd of Beauty; for it is a Blessing that does Harm; an Ornament which the more Fame it acquires, the greater Danger of Infamy it brings; a Flower that fades with every Breath; a Mark that all Men aim at; and a Novelty that is in every Mouth.

The beautiful *Felicians*, to save so much Discord, went abroad sometimes with her Mother, and one of these Times, among the many that
were

were conquer'd by her Beauty, I happen'd to be one, *Hippolyto*, tho' more fortunate than the rest, since *Felician*a was vanquish'd at the same Time. I made her acquainted with my Passion; for the youngest Love is ever boldest; and neither did she refuse me the Hearing, nor was she offended at my Freedom, because no body takes it ill to receive their Due, and as I afterwards understood, I was already indebted to her in Point of Affection. Among other Things she said to me at that Time, her Mother's Negligence giving us sufficient Opportunity, one was, that if I would know where she liv'd, I should follow her. I did as she directed, and having so done, enquir'd very particularly concerning her Parents, her Quality, her Behaviour, and Reputation. It was a great Trouble and Uneasiness to me, to observe what ill Company *Felician*a had in her Mother; and therefore I forbore ingaging myself too far, that I might with less Difficulty retire if it should be necessary or expedient; as all Men ought to do, who are led away by this Passion, if they would be thought wise. But Beauty attracting, Love obliging, and Wit provoking, and *Felician*a being adorn'd with Beauty, Love and Wit, whatsoever I could do to check myself in loving her, still she attracted, oblig'd, and provoked me to put a true Value upon so much Worth.

At this Time, when I began to be deeply ingag'd, *Don Lewis*, the foolish Son of that Kinsman

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man of mine, to whose Care I was left after my Father's Death, lost his Father, and became possessor of a vast Estate. He happening to see *Feliciana*, fell in Love with her Face and gay Behaviour; for tho' Love does not spare Fools, the Difference is this, that it subdues the wise with the Beauty of the Soul, and the others with the frail Perfection of the Body. In short, *Don Lewis* being in Love, began to seem discreet in concealing his Passion from me; tho' the Truth is, he rather did it out of Fear, as believing I might fall in Love too, than out of any prudential Circumspection. So that I lov'd *Feliciana* unknown to him, and he carefully conceal'd his Love to her from me. He concluded, that the readiest Way to compass his Designs was to marry her, and in Order to it spoke to *Theodora* and told her his Mind. She thought it the greatest Happiness that could befall her Daughter to be a Wife to such a wealthy Man, one so nobly born, and so fit for her to enjoy full Liberty, as knowing him to have but little Sense; and therefore immediately went about to dispose all Things to conclude it. *Feliciana* was acquainted with it, and she being rather dispos'd to do her own will than to obey her Parents, for this is the Consequence of giving Children too much Liberty; gave her a peremptory Answer, and acquainted me with the whole Matter. Notwithstanding her Opposition and all my Contrivances, her Mother was so positive in her Resolution, that there

there was no obstructing the Match. The Writings were already drawn, *Don Lewis* ventur'd to tell me what he design'd, as believing he was then safe. Tho' much concern'd at this Disappointment, yet I made no body acquainted with my Trouble; but endeavour'd to comfort my self, hoping that Time would blot out the Impression then fix'd upon my Soul; and sometimes I was pleas'd to think this would put an End to so many Cares and Troubles as are caus'd by a fond Passion, and I should be the more excusable, for that *Felician*a being marry'd, she could not charge me with Diskindness or Ingratitude. *Don Lewis* never knew any thing of the Flame I harbour'd in my Breast, which prov'd afterwards very advantageous, as you will find by the Sequel of my Relation, if it does not tire you. *I listen to you with so much Satisfaction*, answer'd Hippolyto, *that nothing but the Shortness of it can be displeasing to me*. I am beholding to your Civility, reply'd Leonardo, for that Attention rather than to any Eloquence of my own; but laying aside Compliments, that I may go on with my Misfortunes, I will proceed to inform you, that *Don Lewis* having free Access to *Felician*a, as her intended Spouse, and I being as an Acquaintance, tho' her Mother's Temper was a sufficient Justification for us both; I happen'd one Day to come thither somewhat late and heard *Lupercio* talking very loud. I stopp'd to listen what it was that provok'd him to such Passion, and heard,

he

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he in somewhat a lower tone spoke to his Wife and Son, for *Feliciana* was not there, as follows. Let me intreat you *Hippolyto*, to be very attentive, and then blame my Ignorance, if what I am going to say be not worthy your Observation, his Words were these.

When Matches are concluded, Theodora and Fulgencio, without an equal Satisfaction on both Sides, or a suitable Parity of Wealth, they seldom prove happy, because any Difference renders the Yoke of Matrimony an intolerable Burden, whereas Conformity makes it light and easie. The Want of this Union generally produces Discord, Trouble, Repentance, and sometimes endeavours to untie the Knot, which cannot be done without a great Clog upon the Conscience, and makes the Lives of both miserable if continu'd until Death. I perceive Feliciana has not a mind to this Husband, and it is a barbarous Piece of Cruelty, since it is she who is to live with him, that we should have the Privilege of choosing, and she be oblig'd to give her Consent. You may perhaps answer, that it is seldom or never convenient to leave the Choice to Children, because their little Experience is the Cause they are more subject to Mistake; to which I answer, that tho' they are not to be allow'd their Will in all Points, yet it is requisite to have their Approbation in Part, when there is no positive Aversion against the Match, it is to be hop'd that Time and Familiarity will produce Love; but where there is an Antipathy, there is Reason to fear a continual Hatred. If

you

you tell me, Theodora, that this Don Lewis is well born; I must ask you, what other Sort of Husband you could propose to her being so well descended as she is? If you tell me he is rich; you must own at the same Time that he is a Fool; and I had rather have a poor Man that should know how to improve, than a rich one that is us'd to squander; because the former will raise himself out of his Misery to Wealth, and the latter from his Wealth must of Necessity fall into Misery. Besides that Content is beyond all Wealth; for he is poorer, who having much knows not how to enjoy it, or is dissatisfy'd, than he who being always pleas'd is contented with a little, and can make use of it, as if it were much. I would have you to observe, that Matches made with discreet Men are govern'd with Discretion, and those with the rich by Fortune. Now let any one, tho' never so partial, judge, whether that will not be better manag'd which is guided by the Eyes of Prudence and the Light of Reason, than what is darkly directed by one that is blindfolded; as the Ancients pain'd Fortune. I do not deny, Theodora, but that it is convenient you should marry your Daughter; for there is Danger in Beauty, and it is a Presumption to suffer ones Reputation to depend upon the Inclination of others. I am sensible, that, as soon as a Daughter is born, Parents are oblig'd to set themselves on their Guard to secure, and support her, and must never discharge themselves from this Duty till she is marry'd; but at the same Time I must inform you, that it is not

convenient that they should be rash or hasty in easing themselves of that Care; because it is not fit they should impose on her a heavy Burden of Displeasure that must last all their Life Time, only to cast that Weight off themselves. The Hetrurians, a barbarous Nation, us'd formerly, to punish the Crimes which two were concern'd in, to put the one to Death, and make fast the other to the dead Carcass, that the Stench might kill him, thus making the Companion in the Offence, the Instrument of the others Punishment. I look upon a Match against the Will of either Party to be a more cruel Sort of Death; especially, when a Woman is ty'd to a Fool, who being dead as to Reason, must of Necessity destroy his Wife with the Stench of his inanimate Understanding, if I may so call the Folly of a senseless Man. Considering these Things, let us resolve upon this Affair with more Prudence, and Maturity, lest through our Inadvertency we make her poor, when we would have her rich; unfortunate, when we seek her Happiness; disconsolate, when she should be left pleas'd; and in fine, that instead of a Husband, we do not put her into the hands of a cruel Enemy that will bring her to a miserable End.

Thus spoke the discreet Lupercio, to which Theodora return'd an imperious Answer, telling him, he was his Daughters worst Enemy, since he endeavour'd to put her by the greatest Happiness that could befall her. And throwing out of the Room in a Disrespectful Manner, added, that it would be in vain for any Body to endea-

your

vour to hinder her Daughters being marry'd to Don Lewis. As much as *Lupercio's* Discretion pleas'd me, so much was I cast down by the Obstinacy of *Theodora*. *Fulgencio* remain'd with his Father, and the Old Man asking his Opinion in the Case, found he was of his Mother's Mind, for he answer'd him to this Effect. Sir, tho' Don Lewis is a Fool, he is rich, and if she must bear with hearing his Folly one hour, she will enjoy many in Plenty and Ease. Let her then lay the Trouble of his Nonsense to the Satisfaction of Wealth and Grandeur, and it will appear but very inconsiderable. We often take bitter Pills to preserve Health, disguiz'd under a Leaf of Gold; so let her swallow down the Bitterness of his Conversation under the Gold of his Riches, which will deliver her from the miserable Distemper of Poverty. Must then, answer'd the Old Man, the Food of the Body, be preserv'd before that of the Soul, which consists in Sense and good Conversation? Do you think that your Sister, b cause she is poor, was not born free; and do not you consider that even God does not force the Will of any rational Creature? Don't you reflect that as there is a natural Love, so there may be a natural Hatred? How often have you wish'd Harm to those, who have done you none; and how often have you endeavour'd to do Good to those from whom you had receiv'd no Obligation? Will you have the Liberty of answering me in a Matter which does not concern you; and will not you suffer her to be free to choose a Husband

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on which so much depends? Be convinc'd at last, that no Man ought to attempt to do that which God himself will not do. Fulgencio said no more, but kiss'd his Father's Hand and receiv'd his Blessing. I cannot but confess I envy'd him, because Parents Blessings make Children happy; and I admir'd that the Youth being of such a fierce Disposition, that the wildest Fellows dread-ed him, yet he was there so submissive, so pliable to his Father's Will, and so complaisant to all he said. *How sure a way to be happy is that,* said Hippolyto! *How infallible a Means to succeed in all Things.* I dare be positive, without knowing any more of Fulgencio than that very Action, that the Respect he show'd his Father gain'd him Honour among others, and rais'd him to a great Pitch of Esteem. By the Examples we have seen of others, answer'd Leonardo, we may conclude that he went not unrewarded; because such is the Divine Goodness to us, that we have scarce perform'd any meritorious Act before we receive the Reward. At least as far as concerns the Life of *Fulgencio*, I know he was requited for his Obedience in being deliver'd from many eminent Dangers. But to return to my Relation, I will not detain you with many Particulars of what I then did, for I withdrew and went away undiscover'd, and I will pass by other Accidents which happen'd in those Days, to avoid adding the Troubles and Vexation I endur'd in seeing *Feliciano* marry'd, to those I now labour under.

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In short, she was marry'd against her Will, meerly overcome by the Persuasions and Importunities of her Mother. *Don Lewis* carry'd her Home to his own House, for he and I were parted. I was left in a profound Melancholy, full of Vexation, and the more Jealousy tormented me, the more my Love increas'd.

I am resolv'd ingeniously to own my Faults at first; as believing the wisest Way to mend is to make an open Confession of them; and therefore I declare that my Indiscretion and my Love were the Cause of all the Mischiefs that ensu'd. A few Days after she was marry'd, *Felicianna* sent for me to come to her; and told me how uneasy she was, what Violence had been us'd to oblige her to marry, that her Life was miserable, that she lov'd me better than ever? And in fine, that if I forsook her out of Revenge, and shook off the Passion I had for her, she would execute a greater Vengeance on her self, by putting a Period to her Days in some violent Manner. I was very well satisfy'd, and every Man ought to be convinc'd, that these are extravagant Flights of Persons in Love, therefore rather giving Way to my own Passion, than regarding the Threats she pour'd out against her self, I answer'd, she might rest satisfy'd, that I had never lov'd her more passionately, or had ever the Remembrance of her Beauty, Wit and Perfections more deeply imprinted in my Soul than at that Time. The more to convince her, I utter'd many of those
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Hyperbolical Expressions Love uses to suggest upon such Occasions; and took my Leave, very well pleas'd with what had hap'n'd; because nothing had troubled me so much as the Fear that *Felician*a would forget me. The Truth is, I dreaded what she ought to have done; for when a Woman is once marry'd, if she be wise, all former Affections are to cease, and should only serve to inform her how to love her Husband. I am not the first that has been guilty of this Offence, tho' I could wish I were to be the last, and that all Men would so conform themselves to Reason, that we might never take Example by one another, unless in such Things as are for the Advantage of us all. Would to God I could make all such as know it not, sensible of the Danger they expose themselves to, in attempting to rob any Man of his Honor this Way; of the Frights they are subject to; of the continual Perils that attend them, and of the Guard they need continually keep over themselves upon such an Occasion; that being thus inform'd no Man might purchase such inconsiderable Pleasures at so dear a Rate; but that all might take Example and be warn'd by me.

Thus I had frequent Admittance into *Felician*a's House, by Day as her Husband's Kinsman, and by Night as an Admirer of her Beauty; all which was much forwarded by *Don Lewis*'s Youthful Extravagances; for in a very short Time after he was marry'd, he us'd *Felician*a more

more like a Servant than a Wife, treating her as his Inferior, her Poverty making him not regard her as his Equal. Thus did he verify what *Lupercio* had providently foreseen, and discretely endeavour'd to prevent. Besides his other Follies he fell in League with a mean Sort of Woman, whose Name was *Celia*, spending his Days, and wasting his Estate and Strength upon her; for lustful Practices are not bought at a cheaper Rate. Tho' you may blame me for this Digression, I cannot forbear reproving some Men, who value themselves upon their Honor, and having handsome Wives of their own, devote themselves to others who are often very disagreeable. Give ear to me, thou foolish extravagant Madam. Don't you perceive that you undo your self? Don't you consider that very often Women, when wrong'd, do what they would not consent to for any Temptation? Don't you reflect, that if you set your Wife an Example in what you practice of what she may do, she in Revenge will do that which shall not be in your Power to redress, and will imitate what you wrongfully teach her. Leave your Leudness, lest the wrong you do, cause your Dishonor, and be assur'd, that since Opportunity has prevail'd upon many, there is much more Reason to fear their Revenge; because Opportunities generally come by chance, and Revenge is always sought after. *Don Lewis* was far from making these Reflections, he thought of no such Things; and consequently all his Care
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was to divert and make much of *Celia*; but going Home late one Night, he could not but be sensible of his Misfortune, as seeing me come out of his House, tho' he could distinguish no more, but that it was a Man, who went out. He took no Notice, but returning the next Night at the same Time, he saw me again, but never imagin'd it was I that came out of his House at that Time of Night. It was my good Fortune that he saw me at a Distance; so that, tho' he endeavour'd it, he could not discover, who the bold Man was; because as soon as I came out of the House, I walk'd apace, and halted to turn a corner of a Street, for fear of being seen thereabouts so late. The next Day he went to my House, told me his Trouble and the whole Circumstances of it, at which I was very much concern'd, for the Inconveniences I should be expos'd to by his being jealous, and therefore I endeavour'd to dissipate those Thoughts, telling him, that since he had seen it at a Distance, he ought to believe the Man came out of some other House adjoining to his. To which he answer'd, that he certainly came out of his own, for he had seen him so plainly that it was impossible to mistake. I added, it might be some Maid that had been guilty of that Fault: But he tho' foolish, ingeniously observ'd, that the Habit of him that came out did not look like a Servant's Lover, for by the little Light the
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Moon afforded he had seen the glittering of some Silver Lace.

Perceiving I could not dissuade him from giving Credit to the Truth, I took another way to deceive him, which was to advise, that we two should lie in wait till the Offender came out and kill him. He approv'd of this, as a proper Method to compass his Revenge, and accordingly, we waited several Nights well arm'd, without seeing any thing, as is plain we could not, since I was the Person that should have come out, and therefore could not at the same Time wrong and defend him. The last Night we spent after this manner, I desir'd him to rest satisfy'd, since he was convinc'd it had been a meer Fancy, that mov'd him to entertain so base a Thought of his Wife. So far from it, said he, *that I am resolv'd, if you will assist me, as you have done hitherto, this shall not go unpunish'd; for it is enough that I have believ'd my self wrong'd, to oblige me to take Revenge where I think my Honour is at Stake.* I us'd all the Arguments I could, to dissuade him from that wicked Design; but whether it was that Fools are always positive, or that Celia had advis'd him to it, for now she did not only wrong Feliciano, but even desir'd her Death, that nothing might obstruct her Pleasure, he persisted in his Resolution, saying, he was resolv'd to kill her, and therefore I must not contradict him, unless I would have him believe I renounc'd our Friendship and Kindred. Being

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my self so much concern'd, as I have said, in the good or bad Fortune of his unhappy and beautiful Wife, and perceiving it was impossible to prevail on him, I took another Way to deliver her. In the first Place I highly magnify'd the Esteem I had for him, how much I was concern'd at his Trouble, and oblig'd to his Assistance, as his Kinsman and Friend. Then I told him he was much in the right in seeking at once to put an End to his Uneasiness; and that what I had said, endeavouring to dissuade him, had been out of Compassion, but since he had taken so honourable a Resolution, that his Revenge might be manag'd with the more Safety, I would find the Means, and be my self the Instrument. The unthinking *Don Lewis* was attentive to me, and I went on, saying, *you will bring your self into very much Trouble, if you do what you propose; for if it should be once rumour'd that you did it, not to mention her Brother, whose Valour is well known to all Men, the Government will punish this Offence most severely, because Feliciana is not convicted of the Crime; so that to prevent all these Troubles, I would advise you to morrow, when it is Night, to repair to some House of Entertainment among your Friends, that I may at the same Time perform the bloody Act you desire, you may pretend to be as much griev'd as you ought to be for her Death, and may make it appear you had no Hand in it, if any Man should be so malicious as to*
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infer it, from the ill Usage you have given her of late. He highly approv'd of the Contrivance, return'd me many Thanks for it, and thus agree'd we parted. I went Home to my own House very thoughty, distracted with Notions, and meditating how to deliver *Feliciano* from that Danger, so that it might not be imagin'd I had disclos'd the Secret. I could not find out any Expedient, but the next Day, told her all that had pass'd between us, thinking it better she should be acquainted with her Husband's Designs, than that she should suffer for my Sake. In fine, I told her, that very Night the Design against her was to be put in Execution, and therefore there must be speedy Order taken for her Deliverance, which I could not imagine how to contrive, my Thoughts being then full of Trouble and Anguish. Either it was that Women exceed us for sudden Exigences, or that thus the Opportunity was offer'd her she had much desir'd, for she readily comforted me, saying, the remedy was easy and much for our Advantage. I desir'd to be acquainted with the Method, and she went on bidding me, to carry on the Cheat, as I had begun, with Discretion, as to the Design of killing her, and since *Don Lewis* was not to be in Place where he might see it done, I should take her away out of that miserable Servitude, and protest to him, that when I came she was not to be found; for, tho' it should

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be suppos'd that she was carry'd away by the Gallant he had seen ; since he knew him not, there could be no Danger in so doing ; but on the contrary she would be set at Liberty, I should compass my Intention of delivering her, and her Husband would be punish'd, as he deserv'd, for his extravagant Resolution. I did not dislike the Contrivance, but went away, lest he might come and find me talking to *Feliciano*, and conceive some Suspicion of what we projected. I provided a Place to carry her to, which was easily compass'd, in the House of a poor antient Woman, for nothing is wanting where there is Money, and Gold obliges to Secrecy.

Being thus provided, as soon as it was dark, I found out *Don Lewis*, and when we thought it a fit Time, left him at play with some Friends, and went away to his House, to carry on what had been concerted. You will believe, *Hippolyto*, that the Event was answerable to what had been agreed on between me and *Feliciano* ; you will imagine there was a general Search for her in all Parts the next Day ; you will fancy I was full of Concern for Fear she should be found out, and us'd all Precautions to conceal her ; but you will find your self deceiv'd, for tho, in course it should have been so, yet Fortune order'd it better than we expected. It tell out thus, *Fulgencio* being of a cruel Disposition, and his Sister often complaining to him of *Don Lewis's* ill Usage, laying all the Fault on *Celia*, who

who debauch'd him; he went that Night to her House, and stabbing her, either that *Felician*a might see she was reveng'd, or to terrify *Don Lewis*, he took her up, as she was imbru'd in her Blood, and lay'd her at his Door, as a Satisfaction or Vengeance to either of the Parties concern'd. When I came, and knowing nothing of what had hap'n'd, found that murder'd Body in my Way, it made me at first apprehend some Disaster, but was soon satisfy'd that I had nothing to Fear; for going into the House, I found *Felician*a carefully waiting for me, and all the Family hush'd, I acquainted her as briefly as I could, and as our Circumstances requir'd with what I had seen at the Door. Whilst she was wrapt in Admiration, affirming, she had never thought that *Fulgencio* would be guilty of such a Cruel Action, tho' he had often told her, he would, I had leisure to reflect, that if *Felician*a were missing, and it was not known with whom she was gone, there must of Necessity be strict Search made after her, and then there would be much Danger of discovering the Secret, and therefore since so fair an Opportunity was offer'd, it would be convenient to improve it, in Order to prevent the Dangers that threatned us on that Side. How wonderfully does the Wit of Man project in Distress; what strange Thoughts does Necessity suggest; and what a Comfort must it be to him, who has a competent Share

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of it in time of Need! I went down to the Door, without speaking one Word, and the unfortunate Lady hasted after me, believing I repented exposing myself to so much Danger, and was going without her. Her Surprise, and some disorderly Words she utter'd, made me reflect upon what she imagin'd, and therefore turning to her, I appear'd, stop'd and perswaded her to stay, because what I was going about would secure all our Undertakings, her Liberty and my own Safety. I directed her to pull off the Cloaths she wore, and put on any other Sure, to be so far in Readiness, that no Time might be lost. Then I took up the dead *Celia* and carry'd her up into a Room, where she might be in *Don Lewis's* Way, took off all her Cloaths, put her on those *Felicianas* had taken off, and drawing my Dagger, so scarrify'd her Face, that it was impossible to know who she was. This done, I conducted *Felicianas* to the Place provided for her, which as you have heard was the House of a poor antient Woman, call'd *Violante*. There I left her well satisfy'd, and went myself more at Ease to seek out *Don Lewis*; whisper'd, and taking him aside from the Company, with all the Art I could, acquainted him, that what he desir'd was done, advising him to pretend much Sorrow for his Loss. I was satisfy'd he knew not how to act that Part, for it is the most refin'd Piece of Cunning to seem pleas'd at that which troubles

troubles us, and to appear concern'd at what is pleasing.

In fine, to ease you of the Expectation you must be in, to know the end of all these Confusions, I earnestly perswaded him to be sure to counterfeit to the Life, not so much for his own Sake, as because it concern'd me so to do. And the more to convince him of the Truth of what I said, I shew'd him some Blood that still stuck about my Hands, and had been contracted by removing and dressing *Celia's* dead Body, which gave him entire Satisfaction. He went away Home well pleas'd, and I did the same to expect the Result of all these strange Contrivances, and what happen'd that Night, which as I afterwards understood was a mighty Uproar in the Family. *Felician's* Parents were acquainted with it, and griev'd for their Loss, as may be imagin'd of their natural Affection, and the general Concern for the unfortunate End of that unhappy Beauty. *Fulgencio* was out of the Way for the Murder of *Celia*; and therefore not so soon acquainted with the Disaster befallen his Sister, I give it this Name, because such it was imagin'd to be. But *Don Lewis* the next Day knew of the Murder of *Celia*, some Friends of his giving him an Account, who had murder'd her. This News was so provoking to him, that he thought not the Death of *Felician* a sufficient Revenge, but resolv'd to kill *Fulgencio* for having depriv'd him of his Mistress. When

the bold Youth was acquainted with his dear Sisters suppos'd Death, he call'd to Mind his Fathers discreet Advice, and repented he had not follow'd it ; and then reflecting on *Don Lewis's* ill Nature, concluded he had laid violent Hands on his own Wife, in Revenge for the Death of his Mistress. This Thought made him look upon every Moment as an Age, till he could be the Death of him. *Don Lewis* had the same Design upon him, and I who was most guilty, Thanks to my Ingenuity, was in the least Danger.

However considering, that tho' no Search was made after the pretended dead Woman, yet she was in much Danger in the City, and that I should not be safe if all those Cheats came to be discover'd, I resolv'd, tho' I wanted her Company, to ease myself of so much Dread, and to that Purpose carry'd her one Night out of *Barcelona*, to the next Village, with *Violante*, in whom I could confide. At my Mother's Death, who was Born in this City, I inherited a considerable Estate in Land, about a Village that is twelve Leagues from hence. A Bailiff I appointed had the Management of it ; him I acquainted by Letter with Part of my Business, and he advising me to send *Feliciana* thither ; where she should be at her Ease and Safe, I resolv'd she should undertake that Journey. She submitted to my Will in all Points, and therefore made no Objection, but only against bearing

ing with *Vialante*, who being old was of a very uneasy Temper. At length she set out, and I stay'd at *Barcelona*, for Fear my Absence might give any Occasion of Mistrust; for every Thing seems to startle a Man that is guilty of a Crime. During this Time, *Fulgencio* and *Don Lewis* making it their Business to meet, tho' we, who were their Friends, endeavour'd all we could to prevent it, yet they compass'd it one Evening, when I was with the latter. He drew, and after behaving himself as became a Gentleman, was run through, of which Wound he dy'd six Days after. *Fulgencio* fled, and I was imprison'd for wounding another that was with him, but that being a slight Hurt, he soon recover'd. This was the Beginning of great Feuds and Animosities among the Kindred on both Sides, insomuch, that they form'd Parties, and some of them took the Field to compass their Revenge, living on the Mountains, like Out-laws, and Robbers. The Judge, who had committed me, conceiv'd, that I might be a Means of reconciling my Kindred, and *Fulgencio's*; never considering that Quarrels in that Country are no less an Inheritance, than Blood and Estates. In the mean while, I corresponded with *Feliciano* by Letter, in one of which I order'd her to repair to this City, and in it to furnish a House suitable to our Quality, hoping in a very short Time, I should come off clear; adding, that she should immediately return to

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the Village where she had been before; because I did not approve of her Living in such a great City without me; for as much as a single Woman, who is handsom, well dress'd, and lives high, is soon suspected of Unchastity, and that Notion makes some Men bold, and others impudent in their Behaviour towards her. She obey'd my Orders to a Tittle, and in that Interval, the Judge considering my Share in the Guilt was but small, and that, tho' it had been greater, three Months Imprisonment was Punishment enough, discharg'd me, in Regard that my Confinement neither advanc'd his Design, nor any Way remedy'd what was past. As soon as enlarg'd, I provided for my Journey, and Love spurring me on, in a few Days came to my beloved Mistress. Miss *Violante*, *Felicianna* told me, she would not live in that little Village, and was come away to *Salamanca*, where she was in Service. I was sorry so ill a Return should be made her; since I was so much oblig'd to, and had brought her out of her Country; but considering we should soon find her out, would not send for her, and rather contriv'd to settle my Conscience and secure *Felicianna*. To this purpose, I had brought a Certificate of *Don Lewis's* Death, which obtain'd us a License to marry without any Difficulty, that so we might lawfully enjoy the Fruit of all our Sufferings. But Fortune being never fix'd in Favour of one that is Born to be unhappy, soon over-threw all my Bliss;

Bliss; for upon the Wedding Night, when our Mirth was at the Height, and all the Peasants celebrating our Nuptials, in came five or six Men Mask'd, which I supposing to be some Contrivance to make Sport, took no Care to prevent what happen'd, and gave one the Opportunity to put out the Candles, and the rest to lay Hold of *Felciana*, who had no other Defence but her Sighs and Shrieks. All possible Care was taken to secure them, and tho' some were apprehended, yet the principal Part was missing, viz. the Lady, and those who had her in Custody. In short, those who were seiz'd could give no Account of themselves, nor do I know any more of the Matter, but that I have never seen her since. So that all I can find is that I am unfortunate, and what I cannot discover is, who should do me so much Harm. This is what with so much Reason afflicts me; this is the Cause of my Sorrow, and this the Occasion of your seeing me so Melancholy. I leave it to you to judge, whether I have not sufficient Cause to be uneasy and discontented.

Since you are satisfy'd, answer'd *Hippolyto*, of your intended Bride's Affection to you, it is not fit you should suffer the Grief for the Loss of her to prevail above the Hopes of recovering her; for tho', being forc'd away in that Manner, your Love cannot be insensible of her Absence, yet there is no Cause to believe she will consent to any Thing prejudicial to her Honour. So
that,

that, as I cannot deny but that you have Cause to be troubled, neither can I forbear declaring that your Grief is to Excess, and that I hope soon to see you in Possession of all that can make you Happy. I would fain have you perswade yourself that all the Calamities you endure, are no other than the just Punishments of the unlawful Love you once had for *Feliciano*, and of the Means you us'd to compass the making of her your Wife; for tho' there was the least Part of the Guilt on your Sides, as tending to deliver her from the Jaws of Death; yet neither can you deny, nor I find any Excuse for your Injustice. Do not believe, I say so much to add to your Sorrow, but rather that you may perceive how much the Penalty very often resembles the Offence, and may have cause to rejoyce, if it is not of long Continuance, and return Thanks to Heaven for chastizing you so lightly.

They parted to go to Bed that Night, and the next Evening *Hippolyto* coming Home, after diverting himself ab ur the City, found *Leonardo* in great Disorder, and desiring of him to know the Cause of that sudden Alteration, he answer'd in this Manner, tho' I am satisfy'd it is a Piece of Presumption, noble *Hippolyto*, to desire you, who are so little oblig'd to me, to expose your Person to Danger, yet considering that if I should die in the Enterprize I have now in Hand, you will loose a most faithful Servant; I have resolv'd that you should protect and advise me, as
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your Creature, directing what is best for me to do in the Case I shall now briefly propose to you. When you went from me this Morning, a Servant came in great Disorder, and told me, he had seen *Felicians* come out of a House, with another Woman, whom he did not know. It rejoyc'd me to hear the News I so much long'd alter, and impatiently made him show me the Street and the House she came out of. Here all my Sorrows redoubled upon me, for what before seem'd but dubious, now appear'd most certain, considering that the House belong'd to two gay young Gentlemen, who are look'd upon to be no less wild, than brave. It presently came into my Head, that it must be they, who stole her away that Night, out of my Village, because they might easily have seen her, when by my Orders she furnish'd this House, and it is no less likely that one or other might fall in Love with her. You know Friend *Hippolyto* how nice a Thing Honour is, and what Boldness Jealousy inspires; and therefore may be satisfy'd, that both these being concern'd, I cannot value all that this World affords, till I have done myself Right. To this Purpose, relying on your Valour, I sent them a Challenge, with a Design to kill them both this Night in the Field, by which Means I shall make sure of him that wrongs me. The appointed Hour is near at Hand, consider what you design to do in this Case, for tho' I were sure to loose my Life by
going

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going alone, I will not be wanting to my Honour, as believing it much better to die in Defence of it, than to live without Reputation in such a Labyrinth of Troubles. For my Part, *Leonardo*, answer'd *Hippolyto*, I am so far from shunning any Dangers, which may expose my Reputation, that I have formerly sought them too rashly, and sometimes wrongfully.

Do not believe, I say so much to commend that unjustifiable Inclination, but rather to convince you that I shall never forsake you in any Dangers till Life fails me. *Leonardo* return'd Thanks for his kind Expressions, and without more Ceremony they went out to the Place appointed. There they found the two brave Gentlemen waiting, who had been challeng'd by *Leonardo*, and were *Alexander* and *Charles*, at the finding of whom in the University *Hippolyto* was so much rejoyc'd, as was said above. It being then dark, they enquir'd whether they were the same, and then both Parties laying down their Cloaks drew their Swords. *Alexander* at this Time, seeing his Enemies before him, rais'd his Voice a little and said, I would not have any one believe that what I do is to defer fighting, but only to justify our Actions. My Friend *Charles* and I are come out by Appointment to this lonesome Place, to decide something with our Swords, which we are Strangers to; and since we neither refus'd to come, nor shall be wanting to our Duty here; I could wish you, would

would tell us the Occasion of this Quarrel, that we may know what Grounds we go upon, and on which Side the Justice of the Cause is. *Leonardo* answer'd, I cannot refuse you so reasonable a Request, which is even necessary for me to satisfy; but rather am glad you have given me Occasion to check my Passion, that I may first tell you your Fault, and then endeavour to punish it. The Design of my bringing you *Charles* and *Alexander* into the Field is either to end our Days in it, or oblige you to satisfy me that neither of you was concern'd on my Wedding Night in robbing me of *Felician*, the most beloved Treasure of my Soul, and then the Pledge of my Honour. But how is it possible you should clear your selves, since you have had her for several Days in your House, and have been so little cautious of what you did, that she has been seen coming out of it several Times. This is what has provok'd my Passion, and these the Motives that have induc'd me to take Revenge, to the End that if you suffer for this Offence, my Proceedings may appear justifiable in the Eyes of the World, and your Deaths may be an Example to deter others from attempting the like.

It troubled *Hippolyto* to hear those Names, as convincing him that his two greatest Friends were then his Opposites. This put him into such Confusion, that he knew not what to offer that might divert the expected Mischief. On the

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the one Hand, if he discover'd himself and endeavour'd a Reconciliation, he fear'd loosing his Reputation with *Leonardo*, and did not perform what he had promis'd him; on the other, if he continu'd conceal'd, he apprehended the Danger they must be in from his Sword, or must expose himself if he endeavour'd not to offend *Alexander*, with whom it was his Lot to engage. In Conclusion he much doubted the Answer *Charles* was then about to make could be such as might prevent their Fighting. The noble Youth eas'd him of all this concern, saying, I am very sorry we should be thought to be guilty of so base an Action, and therefore we have now more Cause to require Satisfaction for your holding us in such Opinion, than you could have to demand it of us, had we been guilty of what you suppose; but in Regard that our Reputation is concern'd, it is requisite to give you an Answer, not by the Way of Satisfaction, for it deserves not that Name, but to assure you that you are impos'd upon. This will manifestly appear, if you can be perswaded to believe, that neither *Alexander*, nor I have been out of the City these two Months, unless at this Time; nor is there any other in our House, but an ancient Woman, call'd *Violante*, who is our House-keeper; nor did we ever hear of the Rape you speak of; or do we know any more of the Village you mention, than what you have now said. I must add that he is much in the wrong
who

who believes the contrary, and to conclude, having establish'd this Truth, and being satisfy'd we have Right on our Side we will not avoid the Combat, being satisfy'd that our Innocence will bring us off Conquerors. This said, they rais'd the points of their Swords, set themselves in a Posture, and were upon the Point of engaging, when *Hippolyto*, who had with'd for such an honourable Answer, which was satisfactory to *Leonardo*, without derogating from *Charles*, rais'd his Voice, and prevented them saying, your Valour has at other Times given sufficient Testimony of the Generosity of your Souls, to which I have my self been sometimes an Eye Witness; and therefore I am convinc'd that what you say is true; and had I, *Leonardo* known before, that *Charles* and *Alexander* were the Persons you suspected, I should have prevented this Trouble, assuring you that their Birth, their Discretion, and their Generosity would not permit them to be guilty of so base an Action, because generally Mens Behaviour is suitable to their Quality, and as it is rare for a mean Man to act honourably, so is it almost impossible for one of noble Extraction to be vile.

Hippolyto being known by the other two, all Animosities ceas'd, and they return'd together to the City. By the way, *Leonardo* excus'd what he had done, alledging what his Servant told him, and that he did believe it was no mistake, for

Feliciano

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liciana might be in the House without the Knowledge of the two Gentlemen, having heard them say, that *Violante* was with them, it being very probable that *Felician*a had taken up with her, for Fear of some greater Disaster. He told them his Thoughts, and they approv'd of his Reflection. They went all together to the two Gentlemens House, who to put all things into a clearer Light, caus'd *Leonardo* and *Hippolyto* to hide themselves in a Closet there was to the Room, where they were. Then they call'd *Violante*, and *Alexander* began to examine her, and at last desir'd her to tell them, what Woman that was he had seen in her Company, that in Case she was a Person of Worth, they might render her their Service, whereas if she were a scandalous Liver, she ought not to be entertain'd in their House. *Alexander* said so, that she might not be able to deny it, if *Felician*a was with her. Not was he deceiv'd, for she answer'd him in this Manner: I should be ungrateful to your Kindness, did I go about to conceal from you the Truth of this Matter, and it would be a mean Action in me not to trust your Prudence with this Affair; but in Regard I cannot give you entire Satisfaction, unless that Person you speak of be present her self, with your Leave I will go fetch her, for besides, that she is more able to inform you concerning her self, her Presence will better excuse my Presumption, if I have been guilty of any Fault in entertain-
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ing her in my Company. This said *Violante* went out, and after a considerable Space, the Lady took up endeavouring to excuse her self, she came blushing into the Room, where *Charles* and *Alexander* expected her, and above all *Leonardo*, tho' as yet conceal'd. They receiv'd her with all possible Civility, and encouraging her with the Hopes of their utmost Assistance, which they freely offer'd, desir'd she would not conceal the Cause that could move a Woman of her Quality, to have Recourse to one that could do her so little Service as *Violante*. When the Blushes had added new Luster to her Beauty, and some Sighs had made Way for her Words, she began discreetly and briefly to give them an Account of the most material Passages of her Life, and the wonderful Revolutions of her Fortune. She told them what Danger she had been in on the Wedding Night, when in the Hands of those Enemies of *Leonardo's* Happiness, and then proceeded in this Manner.

The Fall of the weak Partition having hindered the opening of the Door; and the Ravers perceiving there was no other Way to carry me off, they took me thro' the Space the Ruin had lay'd open. I found myself in the Inn of the Town, for as I said before, that Partition divided it from our House. My Cries were loud and repeated, and their Fear nothing inferior to my Disorder, since they resolv'd to quit me. By this Time, some People who lodg'd there

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there came in, and one among the rest, who appear'd with a naked Sword, seem'd to be more zealous in my Defence. I took Notice of his Face, with the Help of some Light that came out of another Room, and to my greater Affliction knew my Brother *Fulgencio*, whose Courage will be sufficiently known by what I have said of his many rash Actions. For Fear he should know me, tho' I had many Things to apprehend, and be provok'd to use me as cruelly as he did imagine my unkind first Husband had done, I fled hastily out of his Sight, (would to God I could have run from myself, for then I had been safest) and took Shelter from a Storm then falling in a House of the same Village, which the Inhabitants being dead, was then empty. The next Morning proving fair and bright, I advis'd with my Fear what was most for my Safety, and came away with all the Privacy I could to this City. I look'd out *Violante*, believing that she, who had never deny'd me her Assistance, would not be wanting to me in such Distress; nor was I deceiv'd in my Expectation, for she receiv'd me with Kindness, and entertain'd me with Affection. That which most grieves me in this Case is to think, how much my Dear *Leonardo* must be troubled, and that I know not what effectual Means to take to appease him; for there is no greater Obstruction for the attaining of any Thing, than it's being earnestly desir'd by One that is Born to be unfortunate.

It will be no difficult Matter to obtain your Desire, and satisfy your Lover, Beautiful *Felicia*, said *Hippolyto*, coming out of the Closet, for I know he is convinc'd of your Affection; here he is no less concern'd for your Troubles, than pleas'd that he has found you at a Time, when having heard so full a Relation of all Things that have happen'd, he can see nothing to object against the reasonableness of your Absenting yourself. *Felicia* seeing him, could not curb the violent Transports of her Passion, but ran to embrace him. *Leonardo* met her full of Joy, to think that when he expected to have been engaging two Enemies in the Field, he found in their House all that could be expected from the greatest Friends; and when he most fear'd Sorrow and Dishonour, he was deliver'd from the Apprehension of either, by holding his Dear Spouse within his Arms. All there present partook of their Joy, only *Hippolyto*, the Prosperity of others putting him in Mind of his own Misfortunes, and *Felicia*'s Affection refreshing the Memory of his Love, and of *Aminta*'s Beauty, remain'd thoughtfully, melancholy and sad, whilst the others express'd their Joy and Satisfaction.

The unhappy *Leonardo*, would have now gone Home with his beloved *Felicia* and *Hippolyto*, but *Charles* and *Alexander* oblig'd them to stay till they had celebrated that great Festival with a Noble Supper, which was got ready
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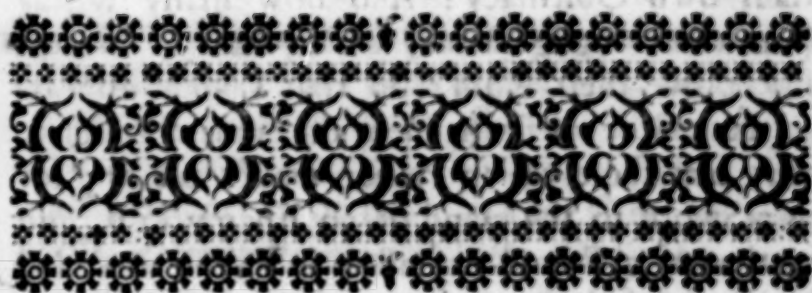
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in a short Time. Then they waited on them Home, and thus a sincere and inviolable Friendship was contracted among them all. They visited one another very familiarly, and *Feliciano* laying hold of the Opportunity, one Night when they were all together, at *Leonardo's* House intreated them, that since they had been acquainted with all the Adventures of her Life, they would oblige her with the Relation of theirs, because she had been inform'd they were very remarkable. Tho' at first *Alexander* endeavour'd to excuse himself, yet he could not but submit and resolve to give the Company that Satisfaction, and therefore with his Relation we will begin the Second Book.



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BOOK II.

✿:✿:✿ BOLD, daring and invincible Soul is
✿ A ✿ so far from being daunted at any Dan-
✿:✿:✿ gers, that it rather is encourag'd by
✿:✿:✿ Difficulties and provok'd by Perils. So
unchangeable is the Heart of some Men in their
Resolutions, that it is a Matter of the greatest
Difficulty to divert them from what they have
once undertaken; but this settled Purpose ought
to be attended by so much Discretion, that as
the Prince of Eloquence Teaches, the Determin-
ation do not deviate from Reason, nor the Un-
dertaking from Prudence, for otherwise that
which would be noble and heroick Valour, may
become an extravagant Rashness. How often
have

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have we seen Men, whose greatest Enemy was their own Obstinacy? And how many wisely shun those Engagements, which must of Necessity prove their Ruin? So that Valour appears to be a Sort of Instrument of human Felicity, very like those which Passion makes use of; for as a Sword in the Hand of an Enemy kills, and in that of a Friend defends; so Valour attended by Rashness is hurtful, and supported by Prudence defends, is beneficial, and improves. I am very sensible there are sometimes such urgent Occasions, as will not allow a brave valorous Spirit to observe the Strictness of these Rules; and therefore I must excuse those Actions we shall hear *Alexander* deliver, if they savour too much of Rashness. He perceiving that all the Company was attentive to him, began the Relation of his past Life as follows.

The natural Curiosity of hearing uncommon Accidents told, would oblige you to listen to my unpolish'd Account; tho' it were not back'd with the Inducement of our Friendship, and the Desire of being acquainted with the particular Circumstances of my Life. My Friend *Don Carlos*, might have perform'd this Part much better; but since you give me Leave, I will undertake the Relation of these strange Adventures, that you may be oblig'd to me for your Information, and to save him this Trouble, if there can be any in that which is design'd for your Service.

Bologna,

Bologna is a City well known in *Italy* for its Greatness, and in all other Parts for its Renowned University; because Learning is not only Honourable to him that possesses it; but is an Ornament, and bestows glorious Renown on those Places where it is Taught. I had the good Fortune to be Born in that City, of such noble Parentage, that I bless God, there are few who can boast themselves better descended. My Father was a *Spaniard*, who left his Country upon some youthful Extravagancies. My Mother was Born at *Faenza*, another City of *Italy*. *Don Gregorio*, that was my Father's Name, fell in Love with her, and when joyn'd in Matrimony, they pitch'd upon *Bologna* for their Residence, where they improv'd their Estate considerably; and besides me, had a Daughter call'd *Aminta*. At this Word, Hippolyto began to conceit that the Mistress of his Heart was Alexander's Sister; but suffer'd him to proceed, for Fear of interrupting the Course of his Narration, in which he then thought himself so much concern'd for her Sake, and he without any Intermission proceeded thus. My Sister was naturally too airy, lov'd to see every Thing, took too much Liberty in talking, and us'd overmuch Sharpness in her Rapartees; so that being beautiful, rich, and well Born, made the young Men too bold with her, and she became the common Town Talk. My Mother's Name was *Hortensia*, no less resembling her, that was so famous

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among

among the Ancient Romans in Eloquence, than Name. She was well read in most Sciences, as having made that the Business of her youthful Years, with a Design to exceed many Men, and disprove all those who imagine that Learning is peculiarly entail'd upon the Male Sex, as if Women were of a distinct Nature. She took particular Care to perswade and prevail upon *Aminta* to follow her Steps, in applying herself to Learning, which she willingly comply'd with, often repeating those Words of Tully, which informs us, that *Studies are Nourishment in Youth, a Delight in old Age, an Ornament in Prosperity, a Comfort in Adversity; they forsake us not at Night, they travel with us, and never abandon us amidst the Rudeness of a Country Life.* Notwithstanding this Diversion, she was so confident, that no Reasons, Threats, or Intreaties, were sufficient to oblige her to give any Check to her Inclination. It is true, her Freedom did not go farther than Talk, nor did her Thoughts exceed the Bounds of a chaste Conversation, as we have often found by Experience. But it is a great Fault in a Woman of Birth, or tho' she be not so, in one that is applauded for her Beauty, to allow of too much Freedom of Conversation. I remember I have heard my Mother reprove her Liberty, with such Variety of Sentences, such Beauty of Expressions, and such Efficacy of Speech, that one would have thought any Person, who was not void of Reason and Understanding

standing must have been of Necessity corrected by the Efficacy of her Words. *Aminta* Answer'd her with such Resolution and Art, that had she been in the Right, her Enemies might have envy'd her, as her Friends had Cause to pity her for persisting in the Wrong. One Day, after much other Talk, directed to endeavour to reduce her, my Mother told her she was Vain-glorious; let me beseech you to hear *Aminta's* Answer, by which you will be made sensible of the Truth of all I say concerning her Wit.

Vain Glory, Madam, if I mistake not, said *Aminta*, is the Vanity of a Soul, which possesses some Good, and knows not how to enjoy it; it is a sickly Affection attended by some Swellings of Excellency; it is a Whirlwind of Presumption that has its Being in light Minds; it is an Imagination pleasing in Uncertainty, and useless in Adversity. This in short, is the Nature and Definition of vain Glory. Those are vain-glorious Persons, whom empty boasting raises above themselves; who desire to be prais'd by all Men; who endeavour to be undeservedly respected; who favour Flatterers; who would teach others, tho' they are ignorant themselves; who would be thought Learned, in what they do not understand; who rejoyce to have great Matters believ'd of them; who are quick in promising, and backward in performing; who are over-joy'd in Prosperity, and dejected in Adversity,

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versity, thoughtful in Reproaches, immoderate in Mirth, and difficult in what is just. These are the Persons that are vain-glorious, happy I who have none of it, nor the least Acquaintance with it, on that Score. Such were the Dialogues that pass'd between them two, provoking other Ladies who heard them to Envy, and instructing those who desir'd it. These Disorders of my Sister, made me very uneasy, without knowing what Course to take to mend her. I consider'd, that her Behaviour must of Necessity bring me into some Misfortune ; because Honor often puts a Man of Birth and Quality into many Difficulties, for Fear of losing it. I was sensible that among so many as courted her, some one must gain the Ascendant over her Affections, and I fear'd that might prove to be the Man, who least deserv'd it ; for it is generally the just Reward of too much Liberty to pitch upon the worst. Among the rest of the City Youths, there were two young Gentlemen, who exceeded all others, and particularly signaliz'd themselves in this Courtship ; the one of them was call'd *Valerio*, and the other *Don Henry*, whose Surnames I suppress, because they do not concern us. *Don Henry* was most favour'd, tho' always within the Bounds of Decency ; which Kindness shown him, caus'd such Jealousy in *Valerio*, that as much as he lov'd *Aminta*, in the same Degree, he hated his Rival ; a Thing frequent with those, who make an Offence of the Slight

Slight put upon themselves, and of another's Rivalship and Success.

His Friends advis'd him to desist; both in Regard, that *Don Henry's* Interest and Power was greater, and because he griev'd to Excess, to see his Rival favour'd, and his own Love so little regarded. They told him, that Contempt made Fools eager, and serv'd to undeceive the Wise, and since it was so, he ought to show himself Wise, and to consider that no Man is so desperately in Love, but if he will himself, he may easily discharge his Passion, either by avoïding the Sight of the Object that causes it, or by maturely reflecting on the Unreasonableness of what he pursues. That the wise Physician, who desires the Health of his Patient, does not regard the pleasing of him, and therefore if he had a Mind to be cur'd, he must not endeavour to humour his Love. In fine, they perswaded him to ballance between the Vexations and Satisfactions of Love, and he would find a Thousand of the former, for one of the latter; and since it was certainly so, he ought seriously to take it to Heart, and not forfeit the Reputation he had, of being a Man of Sense, by persisting in an Undertaking, which, in all likelyhood, would prove still more unhappy to him. *Valerio* answer'd, that he valu'd not *Aminta*, but hated his Rival, and therefore did not make Application to her to please himself, but to spight the other. So that they might be satisfy'd, all their Perswasions

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would be in vain, and their Endeavours fruitless, for he was resolv'd to be the Ruin of many, so he might compass his Revenge. Thus *Don Henry* went on in his Love, *Valerio* suffer'd, and I knew Nothing of their Rivalship; for tho' I carefully observ'd my Sister, they carry'd on their Affairs with such Secrecy, that they would have impos'd on me, tho' I had more Eyes than *Argos*.

One Day, whilst *Valerio* was thus contriving to revenge his Jealousy, he came to me pretending more Friendship than ever; and told me a Thousand Stories concerning a Quarrel, he feign'd between himself and another Gentleman, in which he would have me be his Second, with a Design no Doubt, that I might be present at a Place you shall presently know. I being then look'd upon in the City, as a Man of some Valour, tho' naturally averse to his ill Tongue and base Manners, was loath that my Backwardness in that Affair should be look'd upon as Want of Courage; and therefore told him, he might resolve upon whatsoever he thought was most for his Reputation, and the saving of his Honor, for I did promise to bear him Company in any Danger. He return'd Thanks, and I felt such an Uneasiness within myself, as made me Answer him in the aforesaid Words, which seem'd to forbode what afterwards happen'd. He expected me that Night, and we went together where the false Man was
pleas'd

pleas'd to lead me, and I suppos'd his Enemy to be. We found *Don Henry* in a Street alone, and so mean Spirited are those, who give their Tongue too much Liberty, that tho' he saw the Man he hated, and had one by him, in whom he might confide, yet he durst not attack him. He came up to him view'd, and saying the same to him, he had before declar'd to me, under Pretence of waiting till the appointed Time, led us both to a gaming House, where many of the Gentlemen of the Town us'd to meet, either to talk of News, or to divert ourselves at Play.

That Night all the prime young Gentlemen that us'd the House were got together, and whilst some play'd, others began to rail at the Women in general, and to tell what Stories they had heard of the City Ladies. I know not whether *Valerio* began this Discourse, but am sure he must be a Villain that did; for there needs no other Proof of a Man's being basely Born, than his speaking ill of the Women. Pardon this Digression, and give me Leave before I proceed to show how vile he is, who does not Honour them. In the first Place he is ungrateful, for despising those from whom he was Born, and taking away their Being in their Honor, in return for the Being they gave him, since Women cannot value themselves upon any Thing if they once want their Reputation. He requites their nourishing of him with the Milk of their Breasts, with poisonous and destructive Words; and for their cloathing and keeping of

him warm, he lays open and discovers the Nakedness of their Faults. He is Proud, since he contemns that he came from; and foul Mouth'd, since he does not curb his Tongue. He is unjust, since instead of giving what he can, he refuses what he owes, on so many several Accounts. In short, to the Names of basely Born and Infamous, he adds the Titles of ungrateful, proud, ill spoken and unjust Man. *Don Carlos*, who is now in our Company, was then present, and us'd Arguments to perswade leaving off that Discourse. For my Part, I was about going away, rather than hear them; but some of them stopping me, said, both he and I were very nice, and us'd such other Epithets as are common from licentious Youth, to those, who moderate their Actions, and govern their Tongues. They continu'd Talking of the Behaviour of some Women, and I defended them all, till it came to be *Valerio's* Turn to Speak. This was the base Opportunity he sought, to bring about his imagin'd Revenge, thinking perhaps, that I should execute it on *Don Henry*; for he said, he knew a Lady, without naming her at that Time, whose Behaviour was such, that she might not only occasion the Ruin of a City, but the Destruction of Kingdoms; being of such a confident bold Disposition, that she was not easily to be pleas'd, for tho' she lov'd but one, yet she gave Encouragement to all, only to jilt and undo them. That she had a beautiful Face,

to give her beauty and riches, and for their clothing and

was well shap'd, wore rich Cloaths, was nobly descended, had a great Fortune, and was confident in publick, and leud in private.

It had not signify'd much that *Valerio* should utter such Villanies of a Woman of such Quality, but that he added these Words. Give me leave to conceal the Name of this Lady, because the Unkle of two Children she has had unknown, is present. Among the Rest, there were two more besides me, who had Sisters, and began to chafe and reflect upon what they had heard, so that the base *Valerio* observing their Countenances and Disorder, was oblig'd to proceed in these Terms; Let no Man be disturb'd, or mutter at what I have said, for the Lady's Name is *Aminta*, the Childrens Unkle is *Alexander*, and if you press me hard, I shall tell you, that the Father's is *Don Henry*. Villanous *Valerio*! How did you pierce my Bowels with your malicious Words! How did you grate my very Soul! How did my Sight fail me, and the Colour vanish from my Cheeks, leaving my Heart full of Trouble and Anguish. Have Patience my noble Friends, and as you have heard my Dishonour, my Confusion, and Affliction; you shall now hear my Satisfaction, my Revenge and his just Punishment. No sooner had he utter'd the last Syllable, which concluded my Disgrace, but his Death became a Warning to other Railers; for I drawing my Dagger, because he was at a Distance from me, darted it at him so dexterously,

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that it pierc'd his vile Heart. *Don Carlos*, who was nearer; Prosecuted what I had begun, giving him so many Wounds, that there could be no Cause to mistrust his being dead. At the same Time, I endeavour'd to send *Don Henry* after *Valerio*; for tho', as I afterwards understood, it was absolutely false, that there was any such Familiarity between my Sister and him; yet *Valerio's* Words having then given Cause of Suspicion, my Reputation had been better establish'd could I have kill'd him, who was said to wrong me. He was so fortunate as to make his Escape by Flight, and whilst some endeavour'd to prevent my killing him, others took Precautions that I should not get off, in Order to deliver me up to the Magistrates, and so discharge themselves of the Death of *Valerio*, by surrendering of the Offender: But I guessing at their Design, made my Way thro' them, and drawing my Sword, oblig'd them to do the like, and to quit *Don Carlos*, whom they also would have secur'd. When he was once free and saw me in such Danger, he generously and bravely took my Part, and so far did his Valour and my Passion prevail, that we drove all the rest to the Street Door.

We would gladly have made our Escape from such eminent Danger, but the clattering of Swords, the general Confusion, and the Cries of some had by this Time brought the Officers of Justice about us. They press'd so hard upon

us every Way, that we were oblig'd to retire back into the House, after killing one of those that attended the Officers, in the Fray. When we found ourselves shut up again, and that the Addition of fresh Crimes made our Circumstances the worse, and our Escape almost impossible; we took another Course, which was, whilst we defended ourselves and oppos'd our Adversaries, to endeavour to make fast the Gates of the House, in which our Misfortune began, and to remain within it; for tho' this was no Means to escape the Danger, yet it delay'd our Imprisonment and Punishment, till all Parties might grow cool, and be better appear'd. This was very difficult, by Reason of the Multitude of our Enemies, yet considering how much it concern'd us, we apply'd ourselves so diligently, and vigorously to it, that in a short Space we were secur'd by the Strength of two great Gates. This done we took Care to make them fast by all means we could find out for our Safety. I cannot express how much we were pleas'd, considering that the said House had all the necessary Circumstances for our Defence, as being lofty, strong, and well built, and consequently there was no Danger of their getting over the Walls. It was all of solid Stone, so that there was no forcing of it, and so large that it fronted to four several Streets, which as it was some Comfort to us, because there was no coming at us from other Houses,

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so did it a little trouble us, considering we had no Way to escape. The Windows being many in Number, were all so secur'd with strong Shutters, and Bars, as if they had been purposely design'd for our Defence. We observ'd that there were Guards set all about the House to secure us, and the better to be satisfy'd we took *Valerio's* dead Body, and let it down with a Rope, by which we perceiv'd how carefully they watch'd, coming presently to View, whether it was one of us that came down.

As soon as the Dawn of Day appear'd, they prepar'd to assault us on all Sides, that so we might not be able to attend to the Defence of every Part; but *Don Carlos* and I being on the Top of the House, which was Flat, threw down such Abundance of Stones, loos'd from the Top of the Parapet, which went about the House, that we did very much Harm. I do not deny, dear Friends, but that our Defence was unjust, and that all due Respect is to be paid to Justice, which is to be avoided by Flight, rather than offended; but we being then so deeply engag'd, and blinded by Passion could not consider Things so Impartially as we do now. Whilst the Fray lasted, we were sensible of the great Advantage they had over us, for tho' we did all that in us lay, yet we grew tir'd, the Number of our Enemies being great; but Courage over-comes all Difficulties. *Don Carlos* observing our Danger, and that some Men being got up with Ladders were

were endeavouring to force the Window Shutters, he ran down to the first Story, where he had seen a Firelock, which he took down, and finding it charg'd, went to one of the Windows in which they had already made a breach, and through it he thrust the Muzzel of the Piece, and giving Fire, the Man who was at Work tumbled down so violently, that had not the Shot kill'd him, the Fall would have done it. The others seeing what had happen'd, and hearing the Report of the Gun, all quitted the Attack; saying, They had rather we should escape than expose their own Lives; because we were desperate, and would sell ours very dear, and therefore there was no reason for them to venture theirs to so little Purpose; since Hunger in a few Days would make us fall into their Hands, and so they should compass their Design without Danger. They were all of this Opinion, some being daunted with the Misfortune of their Companion, and others, because, tho' in Appearance they acted against us, yet they rather favour'd us. Having therefore posted Guards all about, they desisted, leaving us quite spent with Labour, yet better satisfy'd, as hoping for some Relief from our Friends. How many there are in Prosperity, and how few in Adversity! This made me know, who were true ones, and think him happy, who falls into a Misfortune, provided it be not lasting, because it is a great Instruction, and shows whom he may rely on
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and who is his true Friend. Formerly Friendship us'd to go as far as the Altars, that is, as far as it was not offensive to Religion, or our Duty to God; but now it goes but as far as Troubles, for as soon as a Man falls into them, his Friends forsake him. Unhappy Times, when they are all so light that the least Blast of Affliction carries them away! Happy he, who has one true one, who knows what the Law of Friendship obliges him to, and observes it! And most Fortunate I, who found by Experience what Happiness I enjoy in the Generous *Don Carlos*, to whom, as you will soon hear, I owe this Gratitude on several Accounts.

We continu'd in the Distress I have told you, watching, to be upon our Guard, and stinting our Stomacks to make the Provision there was in the House hold out; which lasted longer than *Valerio's* Kindred and Friends could have wish'd. They observ'd us very narrowly, for fear the least Neglect of theirs should afford us an Opportunity to escape; till Time made us sensible that they had taken a Wise Course, for our Defence prov'd our Ruin, and by avoiding being taken, we still drew nearer our End, which must be unavoidable, our Provision beginning to fail. Sometimes they attempted to undermine the House, but that did not much trouble us, as being sensible of its Strength, and taking Care to hinder any coming too near. Otherwhiles they alarm'd us with sudden Attacks, but ever
came

came off with the worst. However, we perceiv'd that our Strength began to fail us, being brought to such Distress, that we repented having thrown *Valerio's* Body out of the Window, believing his Limbs might have serv'd to have satisfy'd our Hunger. Who would imagine that two Men, in their own Country, in Sight of their Parents, where they had Abundance of Kindred living in Plenty and Wealth, should be reduc'd to such dismal Circumstances, and be so closely besieg'd, as to be oblig'd by Want to take off the Parchment Covers of Books, and boil them, having taken Care to keep the Fire in, to satisfy the indispensable Demands of Nature?

Don Carlos being gone up one Day to the Top of the House, the great Love I bore him, and Compassion to see him suffer, oblig'd me to Call him down, and deliver myself in this Manner, you see, dear Friend, into what a miserable Condition I have brought you, and to which I am reduc'd myself, by a Sister, Heaven bestow'd on me for my Ruin, either thro' her natural Lightness, or the base Detraction of *Valerio*, who has suffer'd so justly. We have now no Recourse left; the Hopes we might have had in the Power of our Kindred has ceas'd, some of them being imprison'd, and others deterr'd by the Penalties threaten'd to those, who shall relieve us. We have no Place to turn to, unless it be to end our Days, having only Room left

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to vent our Sorrows: Our Strength fails us, our Provision is spent, our Crimes are heinous, our Enemies powerful, our Justice is on their Side, Heaven is offended, all Things conspire against us, every Thing opposes us, and nothing is left on our Side. I am convinc'd if they take me, it will satisfy them. I know if once I am secur'd, they will look no farther. It does not therefore become our Friendship, since the Offence is mine, that you should bear the Penalty. You have suffer'd enough, dear Friend, to give Proof of your Fidelity; so many Days Hardships are sufficient to convince me of the Obligations I owe you. It would be an ill Return in me, did not I contrive to get your Liberty, since you have been so long depriv'd of it for my Sake. That Liberty which Heaven has bestow'd on our Nature, is one of the most aimable Things belonging to it; one of its most precious Jewels, and the most coveted. Let us then contrive so as you may obtain it. The best Way I can think on is, that you go to a Window, where *Valerio's* Friends may hear you, and pretending to much Privacy, tell them you will deliver me up, provided they will set you free, and since I do not question but they will agree to it, take this Rope and tie my Hands, dear Friend, let him be made Prisoner who is Born so unfortunate; let him come to an ignominious Death, whom Fate has made so wretched; for thus at least, I shall have the Satisfaction of

seeing

seeing you at Liberty. It is impossible, whatsoever happens that I should get off, and since it must be so, do not deprive me of the Comfort I shall receive in seeing you out of so much Trouble, or make me grieve at your Disasters. Do as I desire you, and assure yourself I shall as much acknowledge it, as I now do the other Obligations I owe you.

Don Carlos look'd so angry, and return'd such a harsh Answer to these Words, which as you see were the Effect of my Kindness and Compassion, that I was more afraid of his Displeasure, than of all my other Misfortunes put together. You make an ill Return to my Kindness, said he; you are unjust to my Endeavours, since you perswade me to become infamous. Doubtless, were the Scales turn'd, you would do by me, as you advise me to do, since you can conceit I would so easily consent to do it: No, *Alexander*, no, my Friend, I have been so hitherto, and will continue it as long as I breathe; and my Soul animates my Body. I know what is the Duty of Friends; I am sensible of what an inviolable Fidelity is to be observ'd between such as are true ones. I am satisfy'd, that a Friend is a Sanctuary in Adversity, a never failing Happiness, and a Name much desir'd, and scarce ever fully deserv'd. I am not ignorant that the Power of Friendship is such, and so far exceeds our Nature, that a true Friend, if he will appear such, must do something

something more than Man. Sure you are a Stranger to these Laws, since you do not conceive that Friendship is to be prefer'd before all Worldly Things, whence I infer, that you have not hitherto known how to be a Friend; and therefore that you may know it for the future, and how much Honour I gain in being yours, give Ear to these Precepts, and tho' they come from my Mouth, believe you hear them from *Seneca*, *Cicero*, and *Quintilian*, whose they are Originally.

A Multitude is for the most Part tiresome, and therefore I will endeavour to save you the Dislike that might create, reducing them only to Two, which are the most firm and solid Supports of Friendship. The first and most important Thing to be observ'd by a Friend, is not to ask of his Friend any Thing that is unjust, or to perform it, if the other asks it of him; for it is no Excuse, becoming a wise Man, to say, I committed this Fault for my Friend's Sake, especially, when Prudence has Leasure to remedy, or at least to discover it: Thus your Request is answer'd and deny'd, because it were no good Excuse for betraying you, to alledge, that you desir'd me so to do; since any discreet Man may Answer, what signify'd *Alexander's* desiring it, since *Don Carlos* was oblig'd not to do it; especially, considering he had such an Example set him by *Alexander*, as seem'd to say to him, *Alexander* knew how to be a Friend, since he
endeavour'd

endeavour'd to Rescue you, tho' it Cost his own Life; but you knew not how to be so to *Don Carlos*, since you sought Liberty at the Expence of his Life. The Second Precept or Rule is, that a Friend desire that for his Friend, which he would covet for himself, and is convenient for his Safety, Welfare and Honour. This is the most refin'd Demonstration of Friendship; This is the best Proof of its Sincerity and Power; which being guided by Prudence, as we directed in the first Precept, is a great Addition to Prosperity, and an Ease in Adversity. What greater Satisfaction than to enjoy a Friend with whom a Man can converse, as if he were his second self. What Happiness can be beyond that of having one with whom to share ones Pleasures, one to acquaint with our Troubles, one to confide in upon all Occasions, to believe in all Cases, from whom to receive every Thing that can be justly expected, and to whom upon the same Terms to refuse Nothing? What greater Comfort in Afflictions? What surer Support in Adversity? What greater Security in Dangers? What nobler Defence against Adversaries? In fine, as Blood contracts Kindred betwixt Bodies, so does Friendship between Souls. Now since these Things are so, and that Friendship is a Spiritual Kindred, you cannot but be blameable for proposing that to me, which is not for your Advantage, and I shall be excusable for not performing what you desire, so much to my Dishonor.

Don

Don Carlos's Answer put me out of Countenance, and at the same Time was an Instruction and Reproof, for which I remain'd more indebted and thankful, because Reprehensions have always an Effect suitable to the Intention of him that gives them, and accordingly are a Vexation, if they proceed from an evil Mind, and a Document from a good one. Our Danger increas'd daily, and our Death seem'd more certain; which made me resolve to set open the Door and Sally out, there being a Possibility that we might Escape in the Hurly Burly and Confusion, and that therefore the properest Time to attempt it was by Night, when the Darkeness would favour us. We have one Thing more to do first, said *Don Carlos*, and in Order to it, do you follow me now. I did so, and went after him to the highest Room in the House, where he was when I call'd him; he bid me stay a while, and went himself to a Window that look'd into the Street. He soon turn'd his Head, and bid me come to him. You must observe, that over against that Window were those of a great House, and jutting out directly opposite to ours. That was the Dwelling of a Widow Lady, whom her Husband had left sole Administratrix of a very great Estate, and Guardian to Two Virtuous Maiden Daughters. She kept such a watchful Eye over them, that tho' *Don Carlos* and I were Two of those, who made it our Business, as much as any other Two, to see
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and be seen, yet we were utter Strangers to their Faces. Both on their Side and Ours, there were strong Iron Balconies, which serv'd as an Ornament, and for the Conveniency of taking the Air. Having given this Account of the House, it remains that I inform you, that I went where *Don Carlos* was, at such Time as I discover'd within the opposite Window, a very beautiful Lady. I could perceive she thank'd *Don Carlos* for calling me, and seem'd much concern'd to see us in that Condition. I presently concluded she was one of the reserv'd Daughters of that Widow Lady, tho' as was said above, I neither knew her, nor her Name. She spoke in a low Voice, for Fear of being heard by her own Family, yet so as we could hear; the Distance between us being but very small, asking, whether we wanted for any Thing that she could supply us with, which if we did, we need but let her know, and should soon be convinc'd of her Care in supplying us. Our Distress was so great, and the Necessity so urgent, that seeing such a beautiful Creature offer us her Protection and Assistance, we question'd whether it was a Woman, or an Angel, sent to relieve us. We answer'd, That Want of Food, was the only Thing which perplex'd us, for we valu'd not any other Thing. She reply'd, If nothing else troubles you, there shall be no Want of it I hope. It grew dark apace, she bid us provide a Rope and went her Way, as we did

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to find one. We return'd on both Sides to our Windows about the same Time, *Don Carlos* and I on one Side, and the compassionate Lady with her Maid on the other; having acquainted her with the Secret, to be the better able to supply us. The Darkness of the Night, and the Height of the Windows, hindred those who watch'd us below, hearing what was said, or seeing any Part of what I now relate with as much Satisfaction, as we then acted with Fear. They bid us throw over one End of the Rope, which we easily did, making fast a Weight to it. The Maid went out into the Balcony and catching the End, put it about the upper Iron Bar of the Balcony, and then threw it back to us for us to fasten it, in like Manner and Knot both Ends together; so that the Rope was double across the Street, in such Manner, that pulling either Part, the other would run round, without any Difficulty. When it was thus made fast, the Maid ty'd a Basket she had provided to one Part of the Rope, and the Lady pulling by the other, it came safe over to us. We took it off and then loos'd and remov'd the Rope, lest those below should the next Day discover which Way we were supply'd, and accordingly prevent it for the Future. The beautiful Lady took her Leave, and we went about to see what was in the Basket, where we found very different Rarities, than what we had expected in the Morning, and indeed such as might have pleas'd us,

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had we been out of Want. Among the rest was a Note, but Hunger prevailing above Curiosity, we eat a moderate Supper, for Fear lest any Excess should prejudice our Health. When we had in some Measure satisfy'd our Appetites, we read the Paper, by Way of Desert, and found it was to this Effect, for I did not learn it by Heart to repeat every Word exactly, tho' this was the Sense of it.

DO not look upon that as too much Freedom, which is no other but Compassion, nor call that Boldness, which is the Effect of Pity; unless you will be thought ungrateful to this Kindness, and the Affection I have for you, since I have been inform'd of your Distress for killing Valerio, and the Honourable Occasion you had for so doing. Live on and defend yourselves, for I will sooner neglect my own Affairs than be wanting to you, as far as I am able.

Then by Way of Post-script, were added these Words.

DO me the Pleasure to desire Don Carlos not to be offended at my Choice, because for the most Part, Love comes by Sympathy, without Regard to Merit; tho' rightly consider'd, you are not inferior to any other in that Respect.

Dona Vitoria.

These

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These were the Contents of the Paper. Now let any one that hears me, judge what he would think in such a Juncture, not only as *Dona Victoria*, was a Person deserving all Respect, but even if she had been the vilest Slave in the World. I cannot but own I was so taken, that I concluded myself unworthy to kiss her Feet, and that every Thing seem'd uneasy and offensive to me, but the Meditation of her Beauty and Perfections. We read these Lines very often, and tho' the Effects of them were visible, could scarce believe our Senses, thinking we had been in a Dream. In fine, we answer'd that and other Letters, gazing on her by Day, and drawing over our Food by Night, as has been said; still taking away the Rope, to prevent any Discovery. This Correspondence between us held for Thirty Days, during which Time our Adversaries perceiving the Delay was so great, and no likelihood of attaining what they aim'd at, resolv'd to break down the House, or set Fire to the Gates. The Owner for his own Ends oppos'd it, till they offering to make good all Damages, he had no more to say. So eager were *Valerio's* Friends to revenge his Blood, that as soon as ever they had Leave to set Fire to the House, which was our Defence, and use all possible Means to seize us, they began to provide all Things necessary for the Compassing of their Design. We seeing what they were about, endeavour'd from above to keep them at a Distance, casting

casting down Stones; but they, resting long Pieces of Timber by Night against the Wall, and laying Planks across them, so cover'd themselves, that we could do them no Harm. When we perceiv'd our Misfortunes press so hard upon us, and that there was no Relaxation in those Peoples Cruelty, so that we must either perish miserably in the Flames, or surrender; our Courage failing us, I caus'd *Don Carlos* to speak and to tell them, I was resolv'd to endure the utmost Extremities, rather than fall into their Hands; but that he endeavour'd to dissuade me from it, alledging, that there is a Time to resist, and a Time to submit to inevitable Destiny; and since it was the Part of wise Men to be advis'd, they might hope I would be so, seeing no possibility of Escaping, and therefore he desir'd them to allow him Time, but till the next Day to convince me. They concluded, that since they had waited so long, they might well expect one Night more; and thought it convenient to allow us that Time, in Hopes we would surrender, by which Means they would save all the Damage the Fire must do to the House, and prevent the Danger of their own Lives, in Case we should defend ourselves, when they broke in: Having obtain'd this Composition, we fell again to contrive some Method to make our Escape; but all of them so unlikely, and difficult, that they seem'd totally impracticable. *Dona Victoria* was not ignorant of our Distress; but deeply

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concern'd at our Calamity. It went to her Heart, but what could a modest weak Woman do, in a Case where two Men made desperate by Danger; could only perplex themselves with vain and useless Thoughts and Contrivances. The Affair being of that mighty Consequence, after much meditating, I found out a strange Expedient, pray observe it, for I question whether ever you heard the like. I must confess, when I now reflect upon what I then did, it makes my very Heart quake within me, and I am perswaded it could only be excusable in a mad Man, whose Actions are unaccountable, or in one whose Life lay at Stake upon it.

The very Moment I thought on the Way to make our Escape, without saying any Thing to *Don Carlos*, I went down to a Place, where I had seen a Rope of a great Thickness, like a Cable, took it up and return'd to the Room where I had left him. When he saw the Cable, he wonder'd at the Meaning of it, and ask'd me, for what Use I design'd it, for if it were to let us down into the Street, it were easier to throw open the Gates, as we had before Projected, and rush out together, where we might assist one another, than to go down singly, and be taken by those, who lay in Wait for us. You take me not, said I, believe me, I have a better Contrivance. This said, I went up to the Appartment, where we us'd to receive our Food from *Dona Vitoria*. *Don Carlos* follow'd me, and

and I perceiving how full of Expectation he was, said to him. My Friend, desperate Diseases must have desperate Cures, and mighty Dangers are not to be surmounted without much Valour and extraordinary Difficulty; my Design is, to go over to *Dona Vitoria's* House, being well satisfy'd she will protect us, and so our Lives will be secure; since you have born me Company in all my other Misfortunes, do not now fail me at the greatest Exigency; that since we have thus far liv'd together, we may both run the same Fortune. I went to the Window, and perceiv'd that my dear Mistress was at hers, and having made the usual Sign to be satisfy'd it was she, in a low Voice told her, our Affairs were now in a better Posture. She easily believ'd me, and express'd much Satisfaction in her Words, which might have been seen on her Countenance, had not the Night been so dark. She ask'd, how our Condition came to be so much mended, and I told her it was not then a proper Time to discourse of all those Particulars, for Fear some Body in her House should hear us; but that she might expect very shortly to be fully satisfy'd. She thought it would have been in Writing as at other Times, and therefore desir'd me to throw over the Rope to send us our daily Supply of Provisions, and receive the good News she so much desir'd in Return. I made fast the small Rope to the End of the great one, and having thrown it over, her Maid *Ber-*

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narda took hold of the End, as she us'd to do at other Times, I bid her pull, tho' she felt a Weight. Her Mistress and she did so, till they had the End of the great Rope or Cable, which I bid her be sure to make very fast to the Iron of the Balcony. They not knowing what I design'd, and only believing it was a more easy Contrivance for us to Correspond, did as I order'd, and gave me Notice when it was fast. Then I drew the Cable with all the Strength I had, and afterwards fastning it to my Mind, gave it two or three turns with a Stick, which made it the tighter, and past all hazard of slipping. *Don Carlos* observ'd the Danger I was about exposing my self to, and said, It is much better, *Alexander* to dye by the Hands of our Enemies, than to end our Days by such a Madness; for tho' we must of Necessity dye, we shall be upon our Defence; and if we fall under the Stroke of Justice, we shall dispose ourselves for it like Christians, which is better than this desperate Course you propose. He look'd out at the Balcony, and perceiv'd such a dreadful Depth, that he drew back again, and said, I will not use Words to persuade you, but only advise you to view the Danger, that your own Fear may deter you. I answer'd, *Don Carlos*, there is no greater Evil than Death, compar'd with which all other Misfortunes are Light. A lesser Calamity is to be wish'd for, if it be to avoid a greater, not as a Calamity, but as the lesser. Remember, that the
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other Way there is certain and perhaps ignominious Death; this Way it is doubtful, if our Heart does not fail us; Consider then, which you will rather choose, that certain Loss of Life and Honour, or this which is so dubious. He answer'd discreetly, that our first Care ought to be for the Spiritual Life, which was the surest Way he advis'd. In short, he did what he could to perswade me; but my Resolution making me Deaf, and the Desire of Escaping rendering me Dumb, I now neither answer'd a Word, nor took Notice of what he said; but when I thought he minded least, went to the Balcony, where the Cable was made fast, and taking sure hold, try'd its Strength, my whole Body hanging by my Hands. *Don Carlos* turn'd to see, what I was doing, and finding I was half Way over, shifting Hands upon the Cable, had no more to do, but to wait the Event. Being sensible that the longer I was on the Way, the more I tir'd my Arms, I made all the Hasten I possibly could, and soon came where *Bernarda* the Maid was admiring my Resolution, as she had doubted of the Event. In fine, after so much Toil and the Dread you may imagine I was in, I came to my Mistresses Balcony, and setting my Feet on it, found my Contrivance had answer'd, and recover'd myself to go into the Room where *Dona Vitoria* was in a wonderful Consternation with the Frighr.

When *Don Carlos* saw the happy Event of my Boldness, he almost belam'd himself for endeavouring to dissuade me, and being asham'd of himself, and encourag'd by my Example, resolv'd to follow me. Before he did so and expos'd himself to that dreadful Danger, I desir'd him in a low Voice to untye the Cable, and throw the other end over to me to fasten it, because it was of Consequence for our Flight, as he would afterwards find. He did so, and having doubl'd it, I gave him to understand that it was fast. Then *Don Carlos* with no less Dread than myself, tho' with somewhat more Hope, because he had seen the Experiment try'd before, came over where I was, and receiv'd him with all imaginable Transports of Joy, helping him up into the Balcony, that he might partake of my Satisfaction, as he had done of my Sorrows. We drew in the Cable, that it might not be seen when Day appear'd, which was of great Consequence to prevent our Enemies discovering, which Way we had made our Escape.

Don Carlos being thus come safe to my Arms, as I had done to *Dona Vitoria* and *Bernarda* her Maid; when they had Congratulated our safe Deliverance, and we had all Applauded our Happiness of Conversing so familiarly together, they conducted us cautiously to a Chamber, into which few of the Family ever came, both because the House was very spacious, and in Regard, it belong'd to the Apartment in which *Dona Vitoria*, and her Sister *Dona Marcella* resided.

sided. We were most apprehensive of her Mother, but soon eas'd of that Fear by being told, she rarely went up into her Daughters Rooms. She was, as I said before a Widow of noble Extraction, and Aged; very sparing of her Wealth, and close in her Family; watchful over her Daughters, and very reserv'd; careful of her Health, sparing in Diet, modest in Apparel, of a virtuous Behaviour, and grave in all Respects. *Dona Vitoria* and *Dona Marcella*, were beautiful, gay, young, witty, pleasant, and good natur'd. You may easily judge what Notions such different Qualities must produce, and how unlike Designs must proceed from such unequal Ages. *Dona Vitoria* had so settled her Affections on me, that I was sometimes out of Countenance at her Favours, admir'd her Love, was highly grateful for her Kindness, and every Day more amorous of her Perfections. *Dona Marcella* was of a more haughty Temper, and always valu'd herself upon being indifferent to all Men, to which, tho' her Worth might give some Occasion, yet it rather look'd like Insensibility, than Freedom, and a Want of discerning, than Pride, tho' these Things very often attend one another. She extoll'd herself for having never lov'd, and valu'd herself upon being Courted; and was one of those, who would conquer all Men, and make their Vanity their Safeguard against being conquer'd themselves. She knew nothing of our Affairs, nor did *Dona Vitoria* dare to acquaint her with them, for Fear of Discovery. This

made her trust none but her Maid *Bernarda*, who confiding on her indifferent Mien and Face, encourag'd by the Opportunity offer'd her, and embolden'd by the Dependance we had all on her, durst presume upon some Occasions to make it known, that she had a Kindness for *Don Carlos*. He put her off discreetly, and pretending not to understand her, never quite rejected, nor answer'd to the Purpose, which made her always project how to explain herself to him, but could never bring it about. She grew weary of contriving so many several Ways, and therefore resolv'd with herself to lay aside a Passion, since it cost so much Trouble only to make it known; by which it appears, that he who has no Mind to make such Return as another expects, can find no better Method than not to hear, or if he cannot avoid hearing, not to regard what is said, and to refuse all Obligations.

The next Day, whilst we were rejoicing in our Happiness, our Enemies impatiently expected *Don Carlos's* Answer; but perceiving none came, and they heard nothing of him, they resolv'd to put their first Resolution in Practice. They set Fire to the great Gates of the House, whose Strength had so long defended us, but nothing being able to withstand that devouring Element, it soon made Way thro' the dry Plants, and being then stopp'd from going farther, they had a free Passage made them. There was no
Body

Body to guard it, as they had expected, and were therefore provided for all Dangers. They search'd all the Rooms of that spacious House, without forgetting the smallest Closets, Holes, or Corners, and having view'd every Place, were as much amaz'd, as they had rejoyc'd at their safe getting in. *Dona Vitoria*, privately enquir'd into all Particulars, by which Means we came to understand, that they made a Thousand frivolous Conjectures. Some said, we had certainly made away with ourselves in Despair, and therefore they ought to search whether we were not in the Bottom of the Well. Others fancy'd, that the divine Justice had punish'd us so severely, that it had not left the least Token of us. One among the rest conceited, that Hunger had made us devour one another, but that one wiser ask'd him where was what had remain'd of the last Survivor. They view'd all the Windows, and concluded there was no Possibility of getting out at them, because there were no Tokens left, Thanks to my Contrivance, of the Manner of our being let down, as also for that, they themselves had been continually upon the Watch in the Streets. All the House was search'd over and over, and nothing appear'd, but greater Cause of Astonishment. *Valerio's* Father thought they had never look'd narrowly enough, but having himself view'd every Place, and concluding the Earth must have swallow'd us up, he went away full of Confusion, as disappointed of

his Revenge, and uncertain what was become of us.

A few Days calm'd the general Commotion there had been in the City, and fresh Accidents caus'd the Talk of us to be laid aside. This made us conclude ourselves more safe, and consequently our Care began to cease. We liv'd pleasantly enough, *Dona Vitoria* making it her Business to furnish us with all we could desire. She kept the Key of the Chamber, where we were, and was so cautious of giving it to any Body, that she would scarce trust *Bernarda* with it, being always present herself, when she came to make our Bed, or clean the Room. We spent our Time for the most Part in reading *Spanish* and *Italian* Books, which *Dona Vitoria* took Care to furnish us with. For my Part, I was in Love, and that made me easy; *Don Carlos* was satisfy'd with his Deliverance; tho' sometimes it troubled him to be confin'd, and me to Want the Sight of her I ador'd, because *Dona Vitoria* could not afford us much of her Company, being oblig'd to attend her Mother and Sister. However this Trouble vanish'd, when we consider'd the miserable Condition we had been in, and how much worse it would prove to fall into the Hands of our merciless Enemies; for there is no wiser Way to comfort ourselves in Affliction, than by considering it might be much greater.

Dona Marcella had several Times been about going into the Room where we were, but finding

ing the Door lock'd, still sent a Maid to bring what she wanted out of it. That Maid ask'd *Dona Vitoria* for the Key, and she not daring to trust any Body, would go herself with *Bernarda* for what her Sister wanted. This happen'd so often, till *Dona Marcella* conceiv'd some Jealousy of her Precaution. Women are easily drawn away by Curiosity; and therefore she resolv'd to find out, what it was that oblig'd *Dona Vitoria* to make a Privacy of that which us'd to be expos'd to all. To this Purpose she study'd several Contrivances, and lay'd about for the surest Method to compass her Design. My Mistress observ'd her Sisters Intentions, and perceiving that some Course must be taken to disappoint her, for Fear she should acquaint her Mother with what she suspected, and so ruin all our Projects; she took us out one Day, and conducting us up higher into another Room, waited an Opportunity to carry *Dona Marcella* into that where we had been, in Order to ease her of that Jealousy. There was no Lock to the Chamber Door into which she put us, so that she was forc'd to leave us to the Mercy of Fortune. That very Afternoon a Lady of her Acquaintance came to visit her, which prevented her imposing upon her Sister, or reconducting us to our old Lodging. The Visit lasted long, to her great Dissatisfaction, and *Dona Marcella* believing her Sister could not then refuse giving her the Key, ask'd her for it. *Dona Vitoria* willingly gave it her,

her, thinking what she had design'd would be thus effected. The curious Lady hasted to the Room, and opening the Door, perceiv'd she had been mistaken in her Fancy; but soon found herself as dubious as before, because we had carelessly left two Copies of Verses on the Table, without reflecting on the dangerous Consequence they might be of. The first she read was in Praise of her Sister, writ by me, which caus'd some Envy in her, till reading the other, which was of a different Hand; she perceiv'd it spoke her own Praises.

This being a full Satisfaction to her, and finding the Difference of the Hands, she began to consider, who the Author might be, and to describe in her Fancy such a one as she could wish. She form'd in her Idea a brave Man, of good Sense, discreet, handsome, well accomplish'd, good natur'd and constant. Having fram'd such an Object, she began to love it, and to wish to find it in Substance. Observe here the just Punishment of Vanity; and a lively Instance of the subduing of Haughtiness. Mind but *Marcella* scorning many real Lovers, and now conquer'd by her own Imagination. Look back upon her, boasting of her subduing all Men, and view her now again blushing, to be overcome by the Product of her own Conceit. Having spent a considerable Time in these Thoughts, she concluded they were certainly in the House, who had writ those Verses, for
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by their Position, when she found them, it appear'd they were newly writ. This Notion being fix'd in her, she was no less positive they could not be far off. She search'd all that Appartment, which was very large, and finding nothing, went up Stairs to the next above, where we were, and came upon us so unexpectedly, that we had not Leisure to hide ourselves, nor could she avoid being seen by us. The Surprize made her change Colour, and we knowing who she was, and that we must endeavour to secure ourselves, resolv'd to speak her fair; especially *Don Carlos*, who being least ingag'd, found his Tongue readiest. He told her she might rest satisfy'd, that we came not thither upon any ill Design against her, or any of her noble Family, but were brought thither by our Misfortunes, which we could no longer reckon such, since they had brought us into her Presence. He added, it was the Part of generous Souls to protect Persons in Affliction, and therefore we promis'd ourselves all Safety in her from our Misfortunes; telling her we were the Persons she had lately heard of in that mighty Distress, being satisfy'd she did not know us; and no Wonder she should not, in such a great City and so Populous an University, being herself a modest retir'd Maid, who minded nothing but her Dress and Household Diversions. *Don Carlos* made her so sensible of her Duty to protect us, and of our Distress; he so
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fully convinc'd her with his Arguments, and so mov'd her with the Delicacy of his Expressions, that *Marcella* knew not at first what Answer to return, but fixing her Eyes on him, said, *This is doubtless the Original which my Fancy copy'd.* We understood her not at that Time, till some Days after she expounded to us what she had said, relating to her Fancy.

I now came up to her, after having consider'd how to behave myself, and falling down at her Feet, earnestly intreated her, that she would not discover us, because of the Danger our Lives would be in, if we were found, to which she answer'd thus. *I am so far from any Thoughts of discovering you, that I will conduct you to a safer Place, because you are not secure enough here, for as I found you so might any other have done.* We submitted, and silently follow'd her, not without some Fear, till she came to one of the Rooms where she had before sought us. She lock'd the Door on the outside, and left us well satisfy'd at first, but upon second Thoughts troubled that we were fallen into the Hands of a Person we were unacquainted with.

Having left us, she went back and gave *Dona Vitoria* her Key, without taking Notice of what had happen'd; and withdrawing a while, began to reflect on the discreet Words of *Don Carlos*, the Sweetness of his Expressions, and the seeming Nobleness of his Disposition. It troubled her to be disturb'd by any Body, being wholly devoted

voted to those new Thoughts which had taken Possession of her Soul; she scarce knew what was said to her, sometimes asked over again the same Thing she knew before, and very often knew not what she ask'd. Whosoever had curiously observ'd these Effects in *Marcella*, would have easily discover'd the Cause, and found out what new Accident it was that distracted her Memory and Understanding.

Dona Vitoria's Visit kept her as long as it was Day, and at Night she hasten'd carefully to the Place where we were left, to conduct us back to the Room we were in before. It was a Surprise to her to miss of us, and she went down to see whether we were gone into any of the other empty Chambers. There was no Possibility of finding us in any of them, nor could she look into that where we were, because *Dona Marcella* had lock'd it. This put her into such a Consternation, that she began to quake for Fear of some Misfortune, and knew not what Course to take. It is true we heard her Steps, but not knowing who she was, kept ourselves still, that whosoever it was might conclude there was no Body in the Lodgings. At last, it being late, *Dona Vitoria* withdrew, bitterly lamenting, without daring to let her Sister perceive it, and hid herself for Fear of Discovery. *Dona Marcella* was not ignorant of her Sister's Sorrow, and therefore being willing to ease her, and please herself with the Satisfaction of *Don Carlos's* Company,

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Company, she went to her and said, *They wrong their Blood and Friendship, who conceal Matters of Moment and Danger from their Kindred and Friends ; for which Reason I cannot choose but let you know how much I am offended at your keeping Affairs of the greatest Consequence from me.* Now to show you how much Difference there is betwixt us in our Tempers, I will trust you with a Secret of my own, to teach you how to behave yourself for the Future, since you have not hitherto known it. I have a Kindness for a Man whom Nature seems to have fram'd to my own Hearts Desire. I have done all that can possibly be imagin'd to procure his Liberty, and in short he is in the House. The Discovering of this Matter to you, avails me to several Ends, for it obliges you to keep my Secret, and affords me one to share in my Happiness, to assist me in Dangers, and who by her Presence may prevent some extravagant Resolution, Opportunity might persuade him to come to, and me as a Woman and in Love to consent to. *Dona Vitoria* guess'd what all this Discourse tended to, looking upon it as a Reproof ; yet gathering Courage, because *Dona Marcella* gave no Time to answer, she follow'd her. Thus they came to the Room where *Don Carlos* and I were, sometimes fearing we were lost, and then again hoping to see them. *Dona Marcella* enter'd first, and turning to *Dona Vitoria*, said, *Here is my Secret, do you keep it, because I*
entrust

entrust you with it; and whensoever you find another Person you can rely on, trust her with yours; for by so doing you will gain one that will be assisting to you; whereas if you conceal it, besides the continual Anxiety of concealing it, if she happens to discover it, she is under no Obligation to keep it. I have learnt what I ought to have done, answer'd Dona Vitoria, and will not go about to frame Excuses where the Fault is so visible. They ask'd us several Questions, to which Don Carlos return'd courteous Answers, and I reply'd in such amorous Manner, that had not Dona Vitoria been before satisfy'd of my Love, that must have convinc'd her. They sat down, and Dona Marcella laying before us some Presents she had brought, freely discover'd her Inclination to my Friend. He shew'd himself grateful for her Favours, and deservedly hop'd for greater. How mighty is the Force of Conversation! How prevalent is Society! For in a very few Days, dear Friends, you would have seen us so deeply in Love with Dona Vitoria and Dona Marcella, and so kindly treated by them, that our Passions seem'd to vie, which should run highest, every one refusing to be outdone by the other.

Many Days pass'd in this Manner, the Ladies laying hold of all Opportunities to visit us, and we, as having no other Employment, being ever ready to receive them. We were as happy

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as we could have wish'd, both in Regard there was no Difficulty to obstruct our frequent Interviews, and because their Discourse was so curious, that the most ingenious Persons might have Cause to envy them. During the whole Time we continu'd in this manner, which was five Months, we never even in Thoughts transgress'd the Respect due to their Persons, and to the Obligations we ow'd them; nor will this seem much to you, considering the Love we bore them was chaste, as tending to Matrimony; besides, that those who truly love, are rather to regard the Advantage of the lov'd Object, than their own Satisfaction. In short, you will believe this to be very easy, if you do but reflect on the Difference there is between Women of Worth and Quality, and the base vulgar Sort: For what these call Folly, Contempt, Insensibility, or Faintheartedness, the others term Modesty, Prudence, Respect and Virtue.

They who are arriv'd at the Height of Felicity, seldom regard the many Rubs there are in the Way to make them humble and fall from their Happiness. What befell us was a manifest Demonstration of this Truth; for in the midst of our Pleasures there arose such a terrible Storm of Trouble, as could have come after all our Satisfaction.

I acquainted you before, that *Bernarda*, *Dona Vitoria's* Maid, had entertain'd a fond Love, for Love is then foolish when it does not at first weigh

weigh the Worth of the Person it possesses, against the Merits of the Object aspir'd to; which is the Reason it frequently comes to an unfortunate End; for tho' we must own it has the Power to raise Inferiors equal to Superiors, yet the Difficulty is always as great as the Distance is between them. *Bernarda* seem'd to us to have desisted, but her Mistress making nothing a Secret to her, because she was acquainted with our Affairs, and she perceiving that her Design was more unlikely to succeed than ever, *Marcella* being so great a Rival, considering how hard it was to divert *Don Carlos* from her Mistress, and that there was no Possibility of gaining his Love, it happen'd with her as *Propercius* says to this Effect, *That it is Lawful and Convenient to make our Friend the Companion of our Life, Master of our Goods, and Lord of our Wealth; but that in Love Jove himself cannot be admitted as a Partner.* She therefore seeing no likelihood of compassing her own Ends, contriv'd to obstruct the two Lovers enjoying one anothers Company, and meeting with such Ease and so frequently as they did. This shows us what Extravagancies jealous Persons will be guilty of, how little they regard ill Consequences; and that Jealousy is an incurable Distemper, because it is the Reason that suffers, and it is a Sort of Madness, or ungovernable Fury that rules. I will not blame jealous People, nor do I pretend to excuse them; because their
greatest

greatest Fault consists in suffering themselves to be led away by their Passions, so that they are insensible of what they contrive, and act like Lunaticks.

In fine, to draw towards a Conclusion, and to show you what Care ought to be taken to avoid the Vengeance of a Woman in Love, who is despis'd, I must inform you that *Bernarda* resolv'd to acquaint *Valerio's* Father and Kindred where we were. It is strange to see some Persons so naturally inclin'd to Evil, that when they are to do any good they first consider, take Advice, and often con it over; but when they are upon Mischief, they fly to it without the least Reflection. *Bernarda* never minded that she might be miss'd, if out of the Way, nor that it was unusual to go abroad without her Mistresses; for the Thought of her intended Revenge, made her never attend to asking of Leave, but to lay aside all Memory of her Duty. *Dona Vitoria* saw her putting on her Veil, and ask'd the Meaning of it. She return'd no Answer, but being struck Dumb with the Guilt of the base Action she was going about, blush'd, cover'd her Head, and went out of her Presence.

Dona Vitoria surpriz'd at her unusual Behaviour, sent a Servant after her, to follow at a Distance, and dexterously to enquire, what it was that mov'd her to behave herself so confidently. *Eusebio*, that was the Man's Name, carefully

carefully perform'd what was enjoyn'd him, and saw her go into the House of *Ottavio*, who was *Kalerio's* Father, and a principal Man, well known for his great Wealth throughout the City. The sharp Youth conceiv'd a foul Suspicion, seeing *Bernarda* go into such a House, ascribing that to some Love Intrigue, which was the Effect of a base and diabolical Malice, and therefore resolv'd to be thoroughly satisfy'd what it was that carry'd her thither so hastily, both in Obedience to *Dona Vitoria's* Commands, and to satisfy his own Curiosity. A Servant of *Ottavio's* was his particular Friend, and therefore when he thought that *Bernarda*, tho' she had seen him, would not believe he follow'd her, he went to that Servant, took him aside, and earnestly intreated him to tell what it was that brought the Maid thither. His Friend answer'd, all he knew was, that she had something to say in private to his Master *Ottavio*. This was enough to confirm *Eusebio* in his Jealousy, and he was almost in the Mind to go back, and advise *Vitoria* not to entertain her Maid any longer, whom he thought he had manifestly convicted of Dishonesty. His Friend perceiving he was thoughty, and believing it was the Effect of Jealousy, told him, That if it any Way concern'd him to hear what *Bernarda* said, he would undertake to place him where he should hear all, because he would not have him be any Ways impos'd on, especially if he design'd her
for

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for a Wife. *Ensebio* hearing his Friend of his own Accord offer the same Thing he most desir'd, and which he had not ask'd, as apprehending the great Difficulty there might be in it, declar'd it would give him much Satisfaction, and was of great Consequence. His Friend took out some Keys, and opening two Doors, brought him with all possible Silence into a large Room, where he advis'd him to lay his Ear to the Keyhole, and he would easily hear the Discourse between his Master and *Bernarda*. He did so, and heard the wicked Maid say as follows.

Since I undertake, Noble Octavio, to reveal this Secret, you must receive me into your Protection, for there is no Doubt, but my Life will be in Jeopardy, considering the Consequence of this Affair. Octavio promis'd to protect her, and she being assur'd that she should be entertain'd in his House, went on thus. If I am so well taken care for, it is no great Matter, tho' it be known that I have disclos'd this Secret. Then she rais'd her Voice a little louder, and he could easily hear her proceed after this manner: There is never too much of Reason where there is an Excess of Passion; and therefore to save the needless Motives I might alledge for what I do, I must briefly inform you, that they who murder'd your Son Valerio, are in the City, and I can easily deliver them up to you. Octavio doubted of the Truth of what she said, believing

lieving we had certainly perish'd during our Confinement ; but she being acquainted with the whole Matter, easily convinc'd him, telling what Method we had us'd to make our Escape. As soon as ever *Eusebio* heard this Account, being taken with the Bravery of two Men, whose Gallantry had brought them through so many Dangers, and at the same Time tearing the Trouble *Dona Vitoria* might be brought into, the base *Bernarda* laying the Blame on her, for having forwarded and supported them in their Resolution, he went his Way immediately, and without regarding what more she was to say, only thought of acquainting *Dona Vitoria* with what had hap'ned. *Dona Marcella* was then with her, so that both of them came in great Disorder to inform us of the Misfortune that threatned us, through the Wickedness of that vile Maid. The hearing of this Piece of Treachery struck us with such Astonishment, that we could not contrive or imagine which Way to extricate ourselves out of that Labyrinth ; for either their own Guilt, or Divine Providence, generally deprives Criminals of their Reason, that they may receive condign Punishment ; or if they take any Course in that Disorder, it is generally the worst. However we had *Eusebio* call'd up to us, who was well pleas'd to come, and rejoyc'd to know us. We told him, that since he had brought the Intelligence, we would be farther oblig'd to him for rescuing

rescuing us out of that Danger, so that we should owe our Deliverance entirely to him. He thank'd us for giving him that Opportunity of contriving how to serve us; and having consider'd on the Means, without that Incumbrance of Apprehensions which attended us, said, The speediest Way would be the best, and therefore we must each of us contrive some sudden Disguise, for if once we got away and could not be found where *Bernarda* said, they would not give any more Credit to her, nor make any further Search after us; for they would rather look upon the Intelligence she had given as a malicious Design to be reveng'd on her Mistress for some falling out, than as a real Discovery. A small Matter was enough to disguise us, both in Regard that all Men imagin'd we were either dead or fled, and because during all that Time our Hair was grown very long, tho' our Beards as yet were none of the fullest.

Dona Vitoria and *Dona Marcella*, seeing there was an absolute Necessity that we must Part, wept most bitterly, and were almost in the Mind to follow us, and Share in our Fortunes; but that the Respect due to their Mother and the Regard to their Honour, which would suffer, tho' they went with those that were to be their Husbands, detain'd them. After a sorrowful Adieu, we went out full of Dread, along with *Eusebio*, no Body taking the least Notice
of

of us; and considering that in Case our Enemies did pursue us, it was requisite we should be better provided than we came from *Vitoria's* House, we went away to my Fathers, who receiv'd us in his Arms, with a mixture of Joy and Fear. He began to reprove me, as Experienc'd Age generally does, and to return Thanks to *Don Carlos* for the extraordinary Fidelity, wherewith he had approv'd himself so much my Friend, and at the same Time a Man of Honour. I told him in a few Words what we went for, what had happen'd, and what was fit to be done, without thinking on *Aminta*, or hearing her Name mention'd by my Parents, perhaps they did it to serve giving me fresh Trouble, for what you shall hear anon. All we desir'd was perform'd, two Horses of Value were Saddled, and my Parents loaded me with Blessings. My Father, tho' very saving of the Gold and Silver he had heap'd up for several Years, at this Time freely open'd his Coffers, and offer'd me all I would have; whence I inferr'd that the good Man was not covetous, but discreet; since he laid up, not too hard as many do, but to spend freely upon an urgent Occasion, as all ought to do. I took as much as I thought requisite, and promising to write from whatsoever Place of Safety I came to, embrac'd him again, and so we took Leave, with unspeakable Trouble of my Mother. *Don Carlos* mounted on a Horse provided for him, and I

did the like, after giving *Eusebio* a Sum of Money. This done, we set forwards, charging him to comfort his Ladies, to contrive to be reveng'd on *Bernarda*, and to send us an Account of all Things to *Milan*, whither we intended to direct our Course. We made the best of our Way, till we suppos'd ourselves to be out of Danger, and then gave some Ease to our Horses and ourselves.

What happen'd to us on our Journey, would make my Relation too tedious, when I have already taken up so much of your Time with past Accidents. This will oblige me to pass by Matters of less Moment, and to go on to the Point of our coming over to *Spain*, which was two Months after our Arrival at *Milan*. There we receiv'd Letters from *Eusebio*, in which he extoll'd the Love *Dona Vistoria* had for me, and *Dona Marcella's* for *Don Carlos*. In the last he sent us by an Express, he advis'd us by all Means to leave *Milan* immediately, because our Adversaries had intercepted our Letters, which discover'd where we were, and Orders were going to secure us; all which he writ in Prison, where he was then Confin'd, and by that Means disabled from chastizing the Malice of that base Maid, who had been the Cause of all our Trouble. We answer'd all the Particulars of his Letter, without mentioning whither we were going, for Fear the Letters should be again intercepted, and so our Enemies be inform'd whither to pursue us. That

That same Day we set out for *Naples*, where we came acquainted with the noble *Hippolyto*. I leave it to him to give an Account of the Occasion that produc'd our Friendship, that he may have the Opportunity of diverting us a while, when he shall think fit to afford us that Favour. Thence we went away to *Genoa*, and so to *Barcelona*, where I no sooner arriv'd, but I receiv'd Letters from my Father; giving me an Account that my Sister *Aminta* had forsaken his House, and was fled, sacrificing the Honor of her Birth to her Libertine Inclination. I cannot express how much I was troubled at these News; nor will I now stay to say any Thing of it, but rather acquaint you that by fresher Letters, my Father order'd me never to return into my Native Country, because his Wife and my Mother being deceas'd, he was resolv'd to come over himself into that which gave him Birth. He charg'd me not to lose Time, but to Prosecute my Studies begun at *Bologna* in this University, alledging for his Reason, that it is fit the Sons of Men of Quality should add the Luster of some Science to the Honor of their Birth, and the Treasure of their Wealth. Either because as *S. Jerome* advises, the Wit must be a Stranger to Idleness, being always employ'd on commendable Affairs; or else for what *Seneca* says, That Idleness is the Mother of Vice, and Step-mother of Virtue. To this Purpose he return'd me a good Sum of Money, and having

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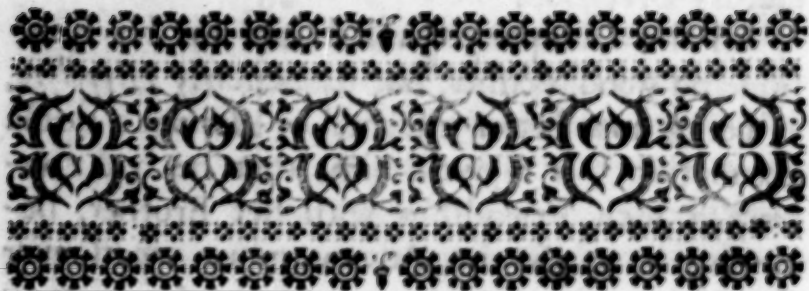
by Letters from *Eusebio* been inform'd how retir'd *Dona Vitoria* liv'd, I came away to this City, thinking it the most renowned Place for the Learning of all Sciences. I apply'd myself to the Study of the Civil Law, with as much Earnestness, as if I had no other Way to get my Bread, and make my Fortune; considering that Idleness is an Enemy to Wit, and that as the Prime of Orators says, *Knowledge improves that which is good, and mends that which deserves to be call'd bad.* We writ to my Father, and *Don Carlos* sent him full Power to dispose of his Estate, which is considerable, and to bring it over with his own. During this Time, my Correspondence being kept up with *Dona Vitoria* by Letters; my Father found Means of intercepting some of them, by which he discover'd my Love. He mislik'd not my Choice, considering my Mistress's Virtue, and how much I was beholding to her Generosity; and therefore he writ to me, that a Match with her would be pleasing to him, pretending to know nothing of our Love, and that he had propos'd it, of his own Accord, as a Thing that was for my Advantage. To conclude, Dear Friends, I expect him with my Bride, my Estate, and all that *Don Carlos* has, with which *Marcella* is to come, and that we may have all Equal Cause to rejoyce and be pleas'd. This is the present Posture of our Affairs; thus began our Fortunes; and thus far went our Afflictions. I shall take it as none of my

my least Felicities, if I have given you a satisfactory Diversion.

All the Company thank'd him for his Relation and good Wishes, but particularly *Hippolyto*, as being now better inform'd of *Aminta's* noble Extraction. It rejoyc'd him, that he had contracted such Friendship with her Brother, believing it might be Advantageous whatsoever should happen. *Alexander* and *Don Carlos* took their Leave, *Leander* and *Hippolyto* would have seen them Home, but were forc'd to submit in this Point of Civility; so that leaving them well pleas'd with *Feliciano*, the two noble Youths return'd Home, that sleep might give Repose to the Senses, which are employ'd, diverted and perplex'd by Care, Variety and Anguish.

The End of the Second Book.





BOOK III.

H OPE is the pleasing Nourishment of the Mind, where it once finds Admittance, always tending to the Possession of the expected, tho' never so long absent Good it aspires to. *Hippolyto* had not yet despair'd of finding the new Object of his Love, the beautiful *Amintha*, to whom he had entirely resign'd himself, and whom he lost almost the first Moment of their Acquaintance. This made him reside longer than otherwise he would have thought convenient, being loath to remove from the Place, where he thought he might find the Darling of his Heart. He frequently Visited his Friends, *Charles* and *Alexander*,

der, diverting the Melancholy Hours with them and *Leonardo*. Two Nights after, *Alexander* had given an Account of his strange Adventures, in the same Manner as was said in the last Book, he happen'd to be with him at his House, till it was late at Night, and returning to his Lodging, in a Street not far from whence he came, saw a Woman running out of a House, who as far as he could discern by the Light of the Moon, seem'd to be tall and genteel, holding up her Coar's in her Hand, the Costliness of her Garments, showing her to be some considerable Person. The Whiteness of her Hands was the more visible by the glittering of the Diamonds on her Fingers. She came up to him all in Disorder, and parting, said, Sir, if you are a Gentleman, as I take you to be, and can be prevail'd on by the Intreaties of a Woman in Distress, I beg you will rescue me from a Man, whom I hate for his Folly, and who never ceases to persecute me. The Fright she was in did not allow her to wait his Answer, but she slipp'd away as fast as she came. However, *Hippolyto* hastling after and overtaking her, said, Madam, you do me Wrong in mistrusting my Courage, since after commanding me to prepare to defend you, you fly, as if I were not able to perform it. Believe me, Sir, answer'd the Lady, I never reflected on it; for besides that, I am not acquainted with you, the Fright I am in may be a sufficient Excuse, if I commit any Error. You have no longer Cause to

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fear, Madam, reply'd Hippolyto, for you have found one that will protect you, and even lay down his Life in your Defence. Whilst these few Words pass'd between them, the generous Gentleman observ'd, that a Man ran out of the same House the Lady had come from, and drew near them in a hasty Manner. He would have carry'd the Lady back by Force; but Hippolyto interposing, boldly accosted him in these Words. Sir, this Lady having put herself und'r my Protection, tho' I declare, I know her not, which may remove all Jealousy, yet being a Gentleman, I am oblig'd to her Defence, and not to suffer her to be injur'd; and whosoever shall attempt the contrary, and not behave himself respectfully, whilst I have Charge of her, shall pay for it with his Blood, and his Rashness may cost him his Life. The unknown Youth stood a while, and hearing the Lady still pressing Hippolyto not to forsake her, answer'd, It is my own Fault that you should bring me to this Pass; but, if it pleases Heaven to grant me Life, I will take Care for the Future to prevent the like, and make Amends for what I have endur'd, by chastizing you. I am of another Opinion, reply'd Hippolyto, for before ever she is in your Power again, you shall tell me the Occasion of your falling out, promise to do her no Wrong, and I must know that she is so contented. I can never consent to that, said the disconsolate Lady, and therefore, provided you are resolv'd to make good that Promise, I am satisfy'd I shall be deliver'd

deliver'd from so many Troubles as hang about me, and be rescu'd from that Impertinent, and the Afflictions that threaten me. The passionate Youth endeavour'd to come at her, and Hippolyto boldly kept him off, with his Hand on his Sword. The other gave her ill Language, calling her Base, Impudent and Infamous, and Hippolyto began to be out of Patience to hear him, and to expect he should keep farther off. The Lady us'd much the same Sort of Discourse, calling Heaven to Witness how strictly she had guarded her Honor; which no Man could pretend to blemish, but he must be false and base. Hippolyto quite tir'd with that indecent Strife, after well weighing what he design'd to utter, that nothing rash might come from him, said, I cannot conceive what Colour you can have to treat a Woman in this Manner; for if she is your Wife, all the base Words you give her retort upon yourself, and you must be the greatest Sufferer, and if she belongs to another, you are much in the Wrong in threatening and abusing one that does not belong to you. I desire therefore you will rest satisfy'd; assure yourself, I will Protect her; and believe me, that were I known to either of you, in Regard to my own Honor I would not have been so calm, but would have chastiz'd you for the little Respect you have shown me, regarding that, as an Affront done to me, which in Reality is the Effect of your Ignorance.

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The Youth minded not what he said, nor valu'd our Gentleman's Anger, but behav'd himself like a Madman, who attends to nothing but his distracted Notions, still proceeded in his Designs, and aim'd as he had done at first to lay violent Hands on her, and vent his Passion in Blows. Hippolyto was a Thousand Times in the Mind to draw and kill him, since Moderation and Intreaties would not prevail; but considering that was an Excess, upon such a light Occasion, and that he would afterwards repent such a rash Action, and following the irregular Dictates of Passion; he thought better to take another Course, and to try what Courtesy might do, to which Purpose he deliver'd himself thus, *I am no Stranger to the many Storms a violent Passion is apt to raise in a generous Heart, and can guess by the Effects I behold, how much you suffer at this Time. I cannot but believe you have sufficient Cause for what you do, and therefore desire you will suffer your Discretion to take Place of your Anger. My Design is no other but to serve you, and you will be sensib'le I have done it, when your Choler is over, for that often puts us upon Things, which we have afterwards Cause to lament, but can never amend. There is no Question but this Lady will return to the Place you require, my Aim being no other than to have this Tempest, which rages in your Breast, blow over, that you may not have Cause to Morrow to lament, what you would now do in a Heat. We will both conduct her to*
the

the House of a Friend of mine, where she may spend what remains of this Night, with a careful, discreet, ancient Woman. After which your Passion being over, you will be apt to treat her more courteously, and I may deliver her up to you without Danger on her Part, and without Loss of Honor on my own, being now engag'd by her putting herself into my Hands. The Angry Youth comply'd with this Proposal; for none but Base and Ignorant Persons are deaf to Civility. Hippolyto perceiving he had prevail'd on him, stepp'd to the Lady, who stood at some Distance from them, and told her, what they had agreed on. She would fain have oppos'd it, and he endeavour'd to perswade her, alledging, She must not believe he would consent to any Thing she should not approve of, but if she would do as he desir'd at present, when once rid of that Man, whom she pretended so much to hate for his indiscreet Behaviour, she might declare, she would not return to him any more. Whilst Hippolyto spoke, the Lady never took her Eyes off him, believing on the one Side that was the Person, whose Sight she most coveted, and on the other admiring the Change of his Habit. She decided this inward Struggle, by asking him his Name, and her Heart being full of Joy at the hearing of it; she suffer'd her Affection to take Place of Modesty, casting her Arms lovingly about his Neck. To these Expressions of Satisfaction, she added many endearing Words; saying,

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ing, *Now Fortune is truly kind; now I have all I could wish, having found the Cause of all my Sorrows, to put an End to them.* Hippolyto would fain have known who she was, but was bid to forbear that Curiosity for the present, and only take Care of her, he would be well pleas'd to have defended, and therefore might now dispose of her as he thought fit. *Since you are willing,* answer'd Hippolyto, *to do as I shall direct, but not to discover that which puts me into so much Confusion, and leaves me so full of Doubts, follow the Course I have design'd at this Time, and we shall afterwards find what is fittest to be done.* Then concluding she would be well with *Violante*, *Alexander's* Maid, and their Lodging being near, he resolv'd to conduct her thither. They went all Three, the young Gentleman keeping at a little Distance, to the House where the Lady was to be left; and Hippolyto knocking, *Violante* came to the Door. He gave her Charge of the new Lodger, and she promising to serve her; he return'd to the unknown Youth, whom he endeavour'd discreetly to calm and appease, being desirous to know the Occasion of that Accident, and the more because the Lady knew him, and said, He was the Cause of all her Troubles. Therefore he earnestly intreated he would tell him, who he was, and what Occasion he had given that Lady to run out of the House at such an unseasonable Time of Night, since by what had pass'd between them, she did
not

not seem to be his Wife. The other answer'd, Sir, since your Habit and Behaviour show you to be a Gentleman, let us go along together to your Lodging, for by the Way, I may in Part satisfy your Curiosity. My Name is Don Henry. As soon as ever Hippolyto heard the Name, as it were waking out of a Dream, he concluded that certainly the Lady must be *Aminta*. He condemn'd his own Stupidity in not knowing her, and then excus'd himself again with her Cautiousness in hiding her Face from him. He call'd to Mind, that *Alexander* had made mention of him, when he spoke of *Valerio's* base Action; reflected, that *Aminta* had call'd upon him, the first Time he saw her; and perceiv'd that this was the Occasion of her last Words, when she charg'd him to take Care of her; all which Circumstances convinc'd him of what he believ'd, and made him rejoyce that he had found her. He thought it proper to expect what more he could gather from *Don Henry*, and laying aside Conjectures, gave Ear to him, who proceeded, saying, I was respected in my own Country, and valu'd my self upon being well Born. It is like you were rich, answer'd Hippolyto, for high Birth is generally little regarded, without Wealth. My Parents, reply'd Don Henry, had no small Share in the Goods of this World. I am as to my Country a Foreigner, and I think not over Discreet in my Words, since I trouble you with what concerns you so little. Therefore laying aside many Circumstances, till a
fister

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first Time, I will only say as much as shall be requisite to answer your Question. In order where-to, I must acquaint you, that she is not my Wife, nor can I say she is my Mistress; for tho' I have endeavour'd for a whole Year to bring her to my Beck, yet I have not in all that Time obtain'd the least Favour of her, beyond what Modesty allows. I forbear telling you the Reason, why I have not marry'd her; as well because it would be tedious, as because I am loath you should at first Sight look upon me as an Indiscreet Person. The Occasion of our present falling out, is her withdrawing her Affections, and growing cold in the Love she once bore me. And what Extravagancy will not Love be guilty of, when after Encouragement it meets with Contempt. Do not permit me to renew such grievous Sorrows, but let me beg of you to excuse my disorderly Passion, and intreat you to accept of a Friend in me, if by your Means I am restor'd to the same Condition my Love was in before, and to the Favour of Aminta, for that is the Ladies Name; which I cannot with Reason conceal from you, since I expect you should assist me.

When Don Henry had spoke these Words, Hippolyto perceiv'd, that a Man came along the Street muffled up, and that as he drew near a large dark Portal of a great House, two Men rush'd out of it, who ask'd, whether he was Laurencio, and being told He was, they stabb'd him in two Places, which made him drop, and the wicked Assassins fled. Hippolyto and Don
Henry

of Hippolyto and Aminta. 135

Henry came up, to see whether their Christian Charity could afford him any Relief, and whilst the former pity'd his Misfortune, the latter discover'd it was *Laurencio*, a Servant he once had in *Bologna*, and who as we shall be inform'd hereafter, had been the Occasion of *Aminta's* Misfortunes. He call'd him by his Name, and the unfortunate Fellow knew who it was that spoke to him by the Voice, being sensible his Death was at Hand, and concluding it was a just Judgment of Heaven, that he should be so serv'd by those he look'd upon as his greatest Friends, was willing to make some Reparation for the Mischiefs his Malice had occasion'd, so that rellying upon their Arms, and being put into the most easy Posture they could; he said, God is Merciful, even to those who most grievously offend him, as among many other Examples, now appears by this Instance of my own; since he has brought me to know my Guilt, and given me this Opportunity of revealing, what I should have otherwise conceal'd. You cannot but remember, noble Don Henry, what scandalous Things I told you of *Aminta*. You have not forgot the Kindness I said she had for me, and that I might easily have obtain'd the Favour you have so long sought after, even at her own Request, had I not prefer'd performing the Duty of a faithful Servant, before the satisfying of a lascivious Temper. It is fit you be now convinc'd of the contrary, and be inform'd that I fram'd all those Lyes, to divert your Passion,

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sion, and to revenge the Contempt wherewith she requited my insolent Applications. These Wounds I have receiv'd come from the Hand of one, who was my Friend, occasion'd by a false Accusation from his Mistress, with whose Desires I would not comply, out of Respect to the Friendship there was between us. So that suffering now wrongfully, I receive the just Reward of my former Offence, that my Misfortune may clear the virtuous Aminta from the wrongful Imputation she lies under.

Don Henry hearing these Words, would willingly have given him the finishing Stroke, to be the more sure of revenging his Wrong; but Hippolyto interpos'd and leaving Laurencio at the last Gasps, led away Don Henry from that Place, and diverted him from that Thought. At length they came to Leonardo's House, where Don Henry took his Leave, promising, not to do Laurencio any more Harm, than he had already receiv'd. Hippolyto left by himself, began to reflect on the Odness of the Adventure, and earnestly desir'd to be more fully inform'd of the Accidents, which had been the Occasion of Laurencio's confuse Relation. The Love of Aminta dispell'd all other Thoughts, which made him call to Mind, that there was Reason to infer, from what Alexander had said, that she was his Sister, who understood by Letters from his Father, that she had privately stole away from his House, and there was no Account of what Place she was gone to. Considering all these Circumstances,

stances, and that *Alexander* was a Man of Honour, who if he hapned to know *Aminta*, might punish her as her Rashness deserv'd; he return'd speedily to their House, in Order to carry her to another, where she might be safer, which was his own Habitation, at *Leonardo's*, as has been said. *Don Henry* being gone, he had an Opportunity so to do, and his Love to *Aminta* prompted him to it. These Considerations spurring him on, he soon came to *Alexander's* Door, knock'd and being known, *Violante* open'd. He ask'd, where the Lady was he had brought but just before, for he must needs speak to her; *Violante* observing his Uneasiness, answer'd, in some Disorder, that she was not in the House; for her Master *Alexander*, had convey'd her away.

This answer fill'd *Hippolyto* with Apprehensions, fearing all the Mischiefs that had been the Occasion of his coming. Sometimes he fancy'd that *Alexander* having known, had carry'd her from his own House, the better to conceal the Punishment he inflicted on her; then he concluded her Dead, and his new Love cut off again, he complain'd of his own Readiness in conducting her thither, without considering, that he had done it for her Security, and not to have her offended; and lastly he grew into a Rage, looking upon that as a Wrong done to himself, tho' another suffer'd. Yet after all he comforted himself, believing that *Alexander* would not be so cruel as to shed his own Blood, without being

ing convinc'd of an Offence. He resolv'd to stay till his Return, to know, what it was that could move him to carry her out of his House at that unseasonable Hour, and to call him to Account, if *Aminia* was come to any Harm. He fell to examining of *Violante*, with a Design to gather from her Answers, what might have hapned, and whether he had Cause for his Fear, and found no Comfort in her Answers. *Don Carlos* was then absent, which still troubled *Hippolyto*, the more, considering that there had been no Body present to check *Alexander*, that so poor *Aminia* might miss of all Protection. At length being tir'd with waiting, so long for *Alexander's* Return, he resolv'd to go seek for him, as Chance should direct. He walk'd about thro' several Streets, till considering better on it, he was satisfy'd it was a Folly to tire himself to no Purpose. Thus he turn'd towards his own Lodging, leaving the clearing of that Doubt, which made him so uneasy till the next Morning, and coming to the Door, without the least Imagination of the Satisfaction he was like to meet there, he found *Alexander*, who knowing him, said, *You have kept me in Pain a long Time, Friend Hippolyto, without knowing what Resolution to come to, whether to seek for you for Fear of any Misfortune might befall you, or to stay for you with this Lady, whom my House I suppose could not worthily entertain, for I have been so unfortunate, that she would not stay there one Moment.*

I under-

I understood she desir'd to see you, having some Secret to impart, which she said was of Moment; and therefore I thought fit to conduct her to you myself, that you may see how ready I am to serve her, on Account of the Friendship I owe you. She is there in the Portal of your Lodging, so close muffled up from Sight, and so sparing of her Words, that she has not condescended to go into a Room, nor said any Thing but in Whispers or by Signs. I must confess, did not Modesty plead for her, I should have thought that Behaviour intolerable. See what it is she desires, and command me and my House, with full Satisfaction that all is at your Service. Hippolyto return'd Thanks for his Kind Offers, and since Aminta was so cautious of being seen by him, desir'd he would go Home, pretending his Family would be uneasy. With this Alexander went away, and Hippolyto to the Lady, who thought every Moment an Age, for Expectation makes them appear such. She whisper'd him, saying, *Alas Hippolyto, into what Variety of Troubles has my ill Fortune brought me this Night.* I intreat you by all that can oblige you, that you dismiss that Gentleman, who came with me, for on his absence depends all my Happiness, and perhaps the Safety of my Life. I have done that already, answer'd Hippolyto, having made out by Guesses all I now find verisfy'd in your Fear. Lay the Storm that disturbs your Breast, Madam; dispel your Sorrows, since you are deliver'd from all those Fears that might
discampose

discompose you, and are under the Protection of a Man, who places all his Happiness in serving you, all his Felicity in seeing you, and all his Satisfaction in honouring you. Blessed be all my past Misfortunes, reply'd *Aminta*, which have purchas'd me the Comfort of seeing you, and the Pleasure of having you to defend me. What can I fear, having you? And what could I hope for without you, but my Ruin and Death. Believe me, my Tongue cannot express my Joy; and no Wonder, for my Heart makes Sallies to express itself. Great was the Satisfaction on both Sides, *Hippolyta's* Flame gathering new Force by her Approach, and *Aminta's* Love being much heightened by his Courtesy and Gallant Behaviour. A great Part of the Night was now past, and therefore the Passionate Lover thought fit that his Mistress should take some Rest. He spoke to *Leonardo*, and acquainting him, how much he was concern'd to have that Lady well treated, and the Secret kept, had a Curious Bed provided for her, and Assurance that no Discovery should be made. The Servants being gone, he desir'd *Aminta* to take her Rest in the Chamber appointed for that Purpose; which she did, declaring, that her greatest Ease and Contentment was, not to be depriv'd of his Sight. She lock'd herself in, thankfully acknowledging the Favour of Lodging her alone, to prevent all the ill Thoughts that Malice might suggest, in those who had seen the Room prepar'd for her; those

those Women being miserably Vile, who do not by all Means endeavour to preserve their Reputation and secure their Modesty. *Hippolyto* withdrew to his Appartment, expecting the Return of the Sun to bring Day into our Hemisphere.

He wak'd as soon as the Light appear'd, and began to consider, how he must order Affairs to save his Credit with *Don Henry*, and not loose the Favour, and Company of *Aminta*. After many Consultations with his Pillow, which often solves the greatest Difficulties, he dress'd himself and went down to see, whether *Aminta* were still asleep; but, tho' so early, found her up and ready. She saluted him, delivering herself so Polite and Courteously, that by her Words, *Hippolyto* perceiv'd *Alexander* had not been in the Wrong, when in telling his Story, he so much applauded her Discretion; and this Perfection of the Soul, added to the Corporeal she enjoy'd in so high a Degree, much advanc'd the Passion he had for her. They fell into Discourse of several Affairs, *Hippolyto* all the while dreading, lest *Don Henry* should come to interrupt that agreeable Conversation, and therefore appointed a Servant to wait at the Door to deny him, sending another for such Things as were proper to entertain the Lady. This done, he return'd to please his Eyes with the Sight of that delightful Object, and being ravish'd with the Sweetness of her Words, desir'd she would continue

tinue the Relation he himself had interrupted, not long before he had the Misfortune of loosing her, when they were taken by the Peasants; begging she would not conceal the Cause that mov'd her to quit her Father's House, both for the Satisfaction it would be to himself, and that he might the better know how to Answer *Don Henry*, when they should meet again. She could not deny him any reasonable Request, and therefore deliver'd herself as follows.

‘ I have already told you, if I mistake not,
 ‘ my Name and Country, and therefore desiring
 ‘ your Attention, shall proceed to the rest. As
 ‘ I grew up to riper Years, my Mother disco-
 ‘ ver'd in me something of an airy Disposition,
 ‘ drawing towards more Liberty than is gene-
 ‘ rally allow'd in Woman. The better to di-
 ‘ vert my Thoughts and keep me employ'd, she
 ‘ contriv'd I should be instructed in some Prin-
 ‘ ciples of Morality and Rhetorick; which was
 ‘ the easier to her, because she had spent some
 ‘ Years on those Studies herself. This she
 ‘ thought would be the properest Course, believ-
 ‘ ing that Philosophy would make me acquaint-
 ‘ ed with those Virtues which render us accom-
 ‘ plish'd, and instruct me to shun the Dangers
 ‘ she believ'd my Wildness threatned me with.
 ‘ I apply'd myself to these Sciences, and be-
 ‘ came so knowing in them, that all Persons
 ‘ were amaz'd, who hear'd me, understanding
 ‘ how

‘ how young I was. Thus I spent my Time
‘ till the Age of Sixteen, when my Fame for
‘ Learning began to be spread about. My
‘ Beauty was such as you behold it, yet some
‘ cry’d it up to the Stars, so that there was
‘ scarce any Native or Stranger, but what Vi-
‘ sited me on Account of my Schollership, lov’d
‘ me for my Perfections, and commended me
‘ for both. It pleas’d me to hear them, for
‘ whoever dislik’d to be commended? The De-
‘ light I took in their Flatteries, made me be so
‘ far from avoiding of Visits, that I coveted
‘ them, so that what was contriv’d to compose
‘ me, prov’d the Occasion of my Ruin. Learn-
‘ ing prov’d the Cause of my Perdition, as Igno-
‘ rance does in others; whence we may infer,
‘ that a Woman to answer the honourable Ends
‘ of her Duty, must not be so foolish that she
‘ cannot speak, nor so full of Talk as to forget
‘ her Weakness; not so stupid, as not to know
‘ how to govern her own House, nor so Wise as
‘ to thrust herself into the Affairs of others; not
‘ so great an Ideot, as not to understand what
‘ is said to her, nor so sharp as to comprehend
‘ more than is spoken; and in Case she must
‘ incline to either Extreme, I know not which
‘ of them is the Worst; but must observe that
‘ I am brought into the present Condition, and
‘ that I shall now tell you, by raising myself so
‘ much above what I ought to be.

‘ Being

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' Being thus frequently Visited, and so much
 ' Gallanted, there is no Question to be made,
 ' but that I must take a Fancy to some one.
 ' Among those many who courted me, I found
 ' myself most inclin'd to a young Gentleman,
 ' whose Name was *Don Henry*, who is the same
 ' that last Night, was the Occasion of my for-
 ' tunate meeting with you. My Brother did
 ' not concern himself much about my Behavi-
 ' our, either because it is likely his Thoughts
 ' were otherwise taken up, or because some
 ' Men are so innocent themselves, that they are
 ' utter Strangers to Fraud, Malice and Suspicion.
 ' This gave me Opportunity to see my Lover
 ' and write to him, which took up the greatest
 ' Part of my Time. He attempted always to
 ' present me with such Things as I coveted, yet
 ' I would not accept of them, for Fear they
 ' should draw upon me an Obligation of making
 ' Returns. He had a Rival in his Love, whose
 ' Name was *Valerio*, a Man so base, malicious
 ' and senseless, that he did not stick to say what-
 ' soever he fancy'd, tho' he were in the Wrong,
 ' or sometimes knew it to be false. The Aver-
 ' sion I had for so vile a Wretch, made me slight
 ' his Addresses, loath his Love, and wish to be
 ' rid of him. To this Purpose, I caus'd *Don*
 ' *Henry* to speak to him; which I confess was a
 ' Folly in me, for the Woman, who once em-
 ' ploys a genteel young Man, that makes Love
 ' his Business, to take Care of her Affairs, and
 ' answer

answer in her behalf, at the same Time de-
 clares him her own. *Don Henry* did as I or-
 der'd him, and thus our Love was made known
 to the wicked *Valerio*. He out of Spight, or
 Jealousy, made such severe Reflections upon
 my Honour in the Presence of my own Bro-
 ther, and a Friend of his, whose Name was
Don Carlos, that they could do no less than
 kill him, to vindicate my Reputation, and
 Revenge the Affront. Thus he suffer'd as he
 deserv'd, my Lover absented himself, and the
 other two for a long Time kept so close, that
 our Parents concluded they were dead. It is
 a hard Matter to overcome evil Inclinations;
 so that tho' our Correspondence was inter-
 rupted for a while; yet at last *Don Henry* writ
 to me, giving me an Account, that he was in
 a Village near the City, as much in Love as
 ever, and only dreaded some Change in me,
 which he had Cause to fear from my natural
 Disposition. I answer'd him, blaming his sus-
 picious Temper, which he could not forbear
 to continue. At last, I bid him not trouble
 me with his causeless Jealousy, unless he would
 provoke me to give him some Reason to be
 so; and to take Notice, that they who will be
 Jealous without any Ground, bring themselves
 into Contempt. These Expressions were some
 Check upon him, and thus our Love went on,
 he coming sometimes privately and in disguise
 to see me. I was pleas'd with this Boldness of

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his,

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his, rather in Consideration of the Danger he expos'd himself to, if he should be known by *Valerio's* Friends, than for any Advantage I reap'd by seeing him, for it is natural to us to value the Dangers that are run for our Sakes; perhaps, because this is a Demonstration of the Esteem they have for us, since they undervalue such Hazards for our sakes.

My Parents being acquainted with what had hapned to my Brother *Alexander*, resolv'd to convert their Mildness into Severity, and contriv'd to cut off my Correspondence with *Don Henry*, in such Manner, as if only their Passion had been consulted in the Case; for they shut me up in a Place, which besides its being remote from all the rest of the House, had no Light but what came in at the Crannies of the Door. There I continu'd a long Time, leading such a miserable, idle, and disconsolate Life as is scarce to be imagin'd. No Body was allow'd to see me but a Maid, who came to clean the Room, my Mother staying at the Door all the while she was within, and locking the Door after her; there being two Locks upon it for the more Security. These Hardships drove me to such Despair, that could I have found the Means to get out, I would freely have gone away with any considerable Person. And certainly the Love I bore *Don Henry*, was extremely heightned by this Usage, for, as it generally happens, the more

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' I endur'd for his Sake, the more violent was
 ' my Passion for him. I would gladly have ac-
 ' quainted my Lover with my Sufferings; but
 ' the Difficulties that occur'd in performing it,
 ' made me despair of ever being able to com-
 ' pass such a Thought. Nor was he free from
 ' Care, being inform'd of the Course of Life I
 ' was in, for his Sake. Love being ever inge-
 ' nious at Contriving for its own Advantage, he
 ' found Means to convey a Letter to me, which
 ' was by bringing it about, that a Servant of
 ' his call'd *Laurencio*, should be receiv'd into
 ' my Father's Family. Which succeeded as he
 ' desir'd, and I had the Letter thro' the Cranny
 ' of the Door. I read it, and after many Ex-
 ' pressions of Concern for my Confinement, and
 ' his being depriv'd of my Sight, he desir'd I
 ' would consider what was to be done, and whe-
 ' ther there were any Possibility of making my
 ' Escape; for his Love was so great, that he
 ' would stick at nothing that might please me.
 ' He farther signify'd, that I might safely Trust
 ' *Laurencio*, my Father's Servant, who was there
 ' upon no other Account but to assist me, as
 ' Occasion should offer. I concluded this was
 ' the only Way to deliver me out of Misery,
 ' which might be soon effected, if I could but
 ' write to *Don Henry*, acquainting him with the
 ' Contrivance I had found to get out of that
 ' Dark Prison, and fly from the City, notwith-
 ' standing all my Mother's Care to secure me;

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‘ and Love being always Ingenious, Solitude
 ‘ furnishing Time to consider, and my natural
 ‘ Wit being apt enough, I met with a wonder-
 ‘ ful Project, which I believe you will allow to
 ‘ be such, and grant that Women are Sharp,
 ‘ Subtle and Quick in their Contrivances. I
 ‘ desir’d the Maid to tell my Mother, that since
 ‘ she deny’d me her Conversation, I begg’d she
 ‘ would afford me the Company of my Books,
 ‘ which were dumb Friends, that could do no
 ‘ Harm, but rather much Good, by diverting
 ‘ the Time, and rendring my Solitude easy. My
 ‘ Mother, I suppose did not dislike the Proposal,
 ‘ for the Maid soon return’d with Books as she
 ‘ thought fit, and light to read them by. When
 ‘ the Maid was gone, I took out a Pair of Sizers
 ‘ I had about me, and began to cut the Letters
 ‘ out of one of them, and to lay them together
 ‘ on a Piece of white Paper, taking such Let-
 ‘ ters as I had Occasion to form the Words I
 ‘ would have writ, and pasting them down with
 ‘ some Bread I kept at my Meals. Thus I
 ‘ joyn’d Letters to make Words and compos’d
 ‘ Sentences, without any Extraordinary Trouble.
 ‘ The Purport of my Letter was to bid him
 ‘ contrive my Deliverance out of that Confinement,
 ‘ or if he thought fit that he might again
 ‘ withdraw to the Village, where he had been
 ‘ conceal’d on Account of *Valerio’s* Death; for
 ‘ Fear lest being seen by any of my Family I
 ‘ should be guarded more strictly, since I only
 ‘ wanted

‘ wanted him to bear me Company in my Escape, and that *Laurencio* might do. I told him, that the Method for me to get away, was by setting Fire to the Door of my Prison, since I had Light allow’d me, which would render it practicable. Lastly, I order’d him to acquaint *Laurencio* with it, that he might be ready to attend me. How little did I think of that base Servant’s wicked Designs, when I writ this Letter; but it is easy to impose upon those who think no Harm. These were the Contents of the Paper, which *Laurencio* convey’d to *Don Henry*; who having bountifully rewarded him, discover’d how his Affairs stood, and told him what he was to do, which would be an eternal Obligation he would never forget. The wicked Servant promis’d to do all that lay in his Power, and so *Don Henry* withdrew to his Retirement, and *Laurencio* to our House, under Colour of serving him. We may contrive, but it is impossible to foresee those Accidents that depend on the Will, or Inclinations of others, as appears by me, who expecting to enjoy myself peaceably with *Don Henry*, instead of it found him intractable and uneasy, which render’d my Life miserable.

‘ Whilst *Laurencio* concerted these Things with his Master, and had other Thoughts unknown to me, I frequently apply’d the Candle, they allow’d me, to that Part of a Door Frame into which the Bolts of the Locks shot, and by

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' continual burning, tho' with that small Fire,
 ' at length burnt it to Ashes. Then waiting
 ' one Night till all the Family was dead asleep,
 ' I went to *Laurencio's* Chamber, and inform'd
 ' him, that all Things were so order'd that we
 ' might safely be gone. He made ready to at-
 ' tend me, and tho' I began to apprehend many
 ' Dangers, yet considering, that to go back was
 ' the sure Way, for ever, to deprive me of the
 ' Possibility of Escaping, I resolv'd to hazard
 ' all. Alas, what a Folly I was guilty of, in
 ' flying from my Parents, and not regarding
 ' their wholesome Advice. In short, I set my
 ' Resolution, and ask'd him, whether he had
 ' Courage to go with me; he said, he had, and
 ' I, well pleas'd, bid him follow me. I had a
 ' Key to the Street Door, ever since before my
 ' Confinement, so that there was no Difficulty
 ' in getting out. Thus I left the City the fol-
 ' lowing Night after I came from my Fathers,
 ' having lain conceal'd all the Day at a Friend's
 ' House, I could not but be soon weary, and
 ' often desire to rest, being a Foot, as having
 ' had no Opportunity to make any better Pro-
 ' vision, and dreading, lest I should be follow'd
 ' by my Father's Order and Murder'd, as I well
 ' deserv'd. *Laurencio*, for a long Time, spoke
 ' not one Word, which made me begin to sus-
 ' pect him, for too much Silence at such a
 ' Time, implies some ill Design. My Suspicion
 ' was soon verify'd by his Insolence, he begin-
 ' ning

' ning to acquaint me with his Love to discover
 ' his Design, and even to threaten, if I did not
 ' consent to his Will. See how soon I began
 ' to suffer for my rash Action; but having Ju-
 ' stice on my Side, I argn'd the Foulness of his
 ' Design so smartly with him, that he desisted,
 ' and fearing lest I should complain to *Don Henry*,
 ' as soon as we came to the Village where he
 ' was, began to blemish my Reputation, pre-
 ' tending, that whilst he liv'd at my Fathers,
 ' I had been guilty of such Indecencies, as were
 ' not fit for one he design'd to make a Wife
 ' of; besides, that I had by the way made
 ' known to him my lascivious Intention, for
 ' which he had reprov'd me like a faithful Ser-
 ' vant. However, he desir'd him not to tell
 ' me that he was acquainted with my Leud-
 ' ness, because I must needs know it was he
 ' that discover'd it, and would be apt to seek
 ' Revenge. *Don Henry*, having before some
 ' Conceit, that I took too much Liberty in Con-
 ' versation, to show my Wit, easily gave Cre-
 ' dit to *Laurencio's* false Information, and be-
 ' gan to treat me otherwise than he had done
 ' at first. I was much troubled at his Beha-
 ' viour; but not knowing the Cause of it, could
 ' not endeavour to apply the proper Remedy.

' Considering the Danger that might follow,
 ' if I should be found with him, he resolv'd to
 ' carry me out of that Country; unless perhaps
 ' as by the Consequence appear'd, he thought

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' fit to remove me far from my Friends, that
 ' he might with the more Safety exercise his
 ' Folly and discover his Designs. He left the
 ' Care of his Estate to a Brother, and we set
 ' out for *Spain*, by the Advice of *Laurencio*, im-
 ' barking at *Legborn*. Tho' I perceiv'd much
 ' Harshness in *Don Henry's* Carriage, yet I did
 ' not apprehend any Baseness he could act, for
 ' that Woman has little Confidence in herself,
 ' who fears Violence, it being a false Assertion
 ' to say, that Force may prevail, where the
 ' Will does not consent; since, if a Woman
 ' has Honor, she will sooner dye than be van-
 ' quish'd. In short, I ventur'd all and to save
 ' useless Circumstances, we came to *Madrid*,
 ' where I continu'd two Months, in the most
 ' disconsolate Life that can be imagin'd, be-
 ' cause the base *Don Henry* a thousand Times
 ' attempted to ravish me, without ever talking
 ' of his first Resolution, which had been to
 ' make me his Wife. *Laurencio* having hurt
 ' some Body in a Quarrel, left *Madrid* and
 ' came away to this City, where he said he was
 ' born; which was some Comfort to me, being
 ' deliver'd of one of my Persecutors. I never
 ' took Notice of what I endur'd from the Vil-
 ' lain *Laurencio*, for fear he should tell some
 ' scandalous Falshood of me, as if he had not
 ' done that before-hand; and I was forc'd si-
 ' lently to bear with his Impudence, because he
 ' still endeavour'd to rescue me from his Ma-
 ' ster's

ster's Lascivious Hands, for Jealousy may happen to do good, whence I afterwards concluded, that all the ill he told him of me, was to perswade him to leave me. When *Laurencio* was gon, *Don Henry* began to lay violent Hands on me, bestowing some Blows as well as ill Language, which turn'd all my former Love into downright Hatred. I durst not leave him in a Place where I had no Friend, and therefore endeavour'd by discreet and soft Words to compass what I could not bring to pass by Austerity. Ote Day being hard press'd by him, I beg'd he would tell me the Reason, why he refus'd to take me for his Wife; and he discover'd all he had been told by *Laurencio*. This put me into such a Passion, that I resolv'd to be reveng'd, and hope I shall soon compass it; that such as presume to wrong Woman may be satisfy'd, they do not want Courage to right themselves.

Here *Hippolyto* interrupted *Aminta* to give her an Account of what he had seen the Night before in Relation to *Laurencio*, and how he had clear'd her Honor, at which she was well pleas'd and then proceeded saying.

Don Henry then is now undeceiv'd, at a Time, when it should prove his greatest Vexation, but to return to my Story, he began to run after some Ladies of *Madrid*, which, I think was a Pleasure to me, having then an Aversion for him; yet I was very uneasy, for

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‘ the Hatred I bore *Laurencio*, and therefore us’d
‘ all my Endeavours to perswade *Don Henry* to
‘ bring me to this City ; which I compass’d at
‘ last, for it must be very hard, if a Woman
‘ does not accomplish what she once sets her
‘ Mind upon. We set out with two Servants
‘ and came to that Place, where I begun to be
‘ happy in finding of you. The reason of my
‘ being there alone, was the sudden furious
‘ Swelling of that Brook, when I was so For-
‘ tunate as to be upon the higher Ground, which
‘ the Water could not over-flow, whilst *Don*
‘ *Henry* and his Servants, who were foremost,
‘ meeting with the full Current, could not
‘ help me or themselves. That was his Sword,
‘ which you afterwards weilded to deliver us
‘ from the wild Bull. You know what hap’ned
‘ next, till those merciless Peasants parted us. I
‘ could not follow to procure your Liberty, be-
‘ cause I had the Misfortune to meet *Don Henry*
‘ on the Road, who having escap’d that Dan-
‘ ger, was looking out for me ; my Intreaties
‘ did not prevail on him to go after to procure
‘ your Deliverance ; but the next Day he
‘ brought me to this City. A House was pro-
‘ vided fit to entertain us, which was the same
‘ I came out of, at so unseasonable an Hour.
‘ I us’d my Endeavours to have *Laurencio* come
‘ to see me, which he always avoided, fearing I
‘ had been acquainted with his Baseness, and
‘ might seek Revenge at any rate ; yet I was
satisfy’d

' satisfy'd he saw *Don Henry*, and by what I
 ' found continu'd to confirm his wicked Inform-
 ' mation. I hated them both mortally, the
 ' one for his base Tongue, and the other for his
 ' vile Behaviour; yet still deferr'd my Revenge
 ' till a proper Opportunity. Sometimes I re-
 ' presented to him, how much I was oblig'd to
 ' you and extoll'd your extraordinary Courtesy,
 ' at which he was highly disgusted; yet I, not
 ' thinking he took it to Heart, proceeded in
 ' my Commendations, and wish'd I might see
 ' you to acknowledge your Favours, describing
 ' your good Qualities so advantagiously, that
 ' it increas'd his Jealousy, and was the Cause of
 ' using me worse. So great was his Folly, that
 ' because I one Day refus'd to accept of a Pre-
 ' sent he would make me, he desir'd I would
 ' take it for your Sake, which I did immediately,
 ' I know not whether for the Affection I bore
 ' you, or to punish his Ignorance. There is
 ' no Doubt *Hippolyto*, but that all Jealousy is
 ' attended with Folly, and his was to such a De-
 ' gree, that there was no enduring of it; which
 ' made me resolve to confess that which he only
 ' suspected, and to desire he would leave me
 ' and be gon. Thus we liv'd more unhappily
 ' every Day than other, till last Night, being
 ' quite out of Patience with him, I spoke more
 ' boldly than I was want to do. He, tho' I
 ' could never have imagin'd it, attempted my
 ' Life, with a Dagger, which made me resolve

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‘ to quit him, and ran out as you saw at that
 ‘ Time of Night. What else hapned you are
 ‘ acquainted with, tho’ I must own it prov’d
 ‘ my greatest Happiness since I met with you.
 ‘ *Hippolyto* to protect me, as you had been the
 ‘ cause of our falling out; and to conclude,
 ‘ having known my Brother *Alexander*, I durst
 ‘ not venture to stay with *Violante*, but came
 ‘ away to enjoy the Company of him, who I
 ‘ hope will prove the Comfort of all my Suf-
 ‘ ferings.

Thus *Aminta* ended her Relation, and *Hippolyto* began to be more in Love with her Beauty and Discretion, expressing how much he admir’d her excellent Parts, and how he had lov’d, since the first Moment he saw her. In this manner they pass’d away the Hours till *Feliciara* came to visit her, and *Leonardo* prepar’d a plentiful Entertainment, which was receiv’d with as much Courtesy and Gratitude on the one Side, as it had been order’d with Generosity on the other. Whatsoever in human Affairs is maturely weigh’d and consider’d, generally proves more successful, than those Actions we rashly undertake without Premeditation, as we shall see by the many Dangers *Hippolyto* ran himself into, by not reflecting seriously on every thing he took in Hand. We see him in Love with *Aminta*, and favour’d by her, which is the Height of Felicity in those Cases; yet he who knows not how to
 make

make the right use of his good Fortune, must not blame her, but only himself.

Jealousy, which never suffers any Man to be sloathful or negligent, rous'd *Don Henry* to go out that Day, after Dinner, with two Friends and an old Servant call'd *Stephen*, to endeavour to recover *Aminta* by milder Means than he had us'd till then. He walk'd several Times thro' the Street where *Alexander* liv'd, and where she had been left the Night before. He still kept his Eyes on the Windows, and observ'd the Doors returning very often to the Street. This he continu'd so long, till all People began to take Notice of him; but above all, *Alexander* observing he always look'd at his Windows, was most concern'd; and after viewing him from Head to Foot, remain'd fully satisfy'd that it was his Enemy *Don Henry*. He began to meditate what was best for him to do, as is always usual with wise Men, and thought with himself, whether *Don Henry* having heard where he was, came with a Design to kill him, as he had attempted it in their own Country. Then he reflected, whether he had not brought his Sister with him thither, not being certain that he had taken her from his Father's, but hearing that they were both miss'd at the same Time. These, and many other Thoughts distracting him and his Friend *Don Carlos*, being then absent, with whom he might have advis'd, he follow'd the Dictates of his Passion, and not regarding that his

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his Adversary was attended by three others, made up towards him. He, who was always upon his Guard, stepp'd back and knowing *Alexander*, turn'd pale. They both stood awhile, so full of Passion, that neither could utter one Word. The first that spoke was *Don Henry*, whose Tongue being guided by the Disorder that was in his Breast, could not be expected to utter any Thing was discreet, and accordingly he deliver'd himself thus, *I am satisfy'd, Alexander, that you are inform'd of all that has hap-
pened to me, tho' I had no Thoughts of finding you in this City, or could imagine the House you came out of was yours, where I last Night left your Sister, till some falling out between us were made up, and now have Cause to Fear, lest her Death may put an End to my Life. I cannot doubt, but you have exercis'd your Fury upon her, as now you intended to do on me; but I hope either to oblige you to restore her, if living, or else to revenge her Blood, if dead.* *Alexander* gave Attention to his Words, and check'd his Anger again, that his Discretion might take Place; and perceiving by what *Don Henry* said, that the Woman, whom he the Night before conducted, so carefully muffled up to *Hippolyto's* Lodging, was his Sister *Aminta*, concluded this furnish'd him an Opportunity to compass his Design, and said, *He was so far from having attempted her Life, that she was secur'd in Order for him to marry her, and put an End to so many Troubles, adding, that for her greater Con-
venience,*

venience, he had convey'd her to a Friend's House, whither he would conduct him, Don Henry consented and follow'd him, with the rest of his Company. Alexander by the Way consider'd, what was best to be done, Anger pressing him on to some rash Action, the other being so well attended; but concluding his Design would be safe with the Assistance of Hippolyto, of whom he had Tryal before. To this Purpose he desir'd Don Henry to stay, till he could see, whether she could be seen at that Time, and being come to Leonardo's House, order'd the Servants to call Hippolyto, bidding him take his Sword and follow him. Hippolyto took Notice, that he look'd pale, and was in much Disorder, and not knowing, what had hapned with Don Henry, concluded that he came to fight him, for concealing his Sister Aminta. He was not a Person, that would avoid any Hazard, where his Reputation lay at Stake, and therefore coming down, without saying any Thing to Aminta, follow'd Alexander, who went on without speaking one Word. This still confirm'd him in his Conceit, and being resolv'd to defend himself, in Case he could not appease him with Words, went along. As soon as ever Alexander came near Don Henry and his Company, he drew, without acquainting Hippolyto with his Design, being satisfy'd he would stand by him. How many Misfortunes are caus'd by Mistakes! Hippolyto being confirm'd in the Opinion he had conceiv'd,

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conceiv'd, and not thinking of any other Enemies, but looking on *Alexander* as such, drew, and gave him a dangerous Wound in the Side; for when a Man is unfortunate, those very Persons, who ought to defend him, prove his Ruin. When, the vile *Don Henry* saw *Alexander* down, being satisfy'd he came with a Design to fall upon him, he drew with his Friends to make an End of what *Hippolyto* had began; but he then finding his Mistake, and that *Alexander* had call'd him out against those Men, resolv'd to defend his Wounded Friend, and to revenge the Fault he had ignorantly committed on them. The first he reach'd was *Don Henry*, whom he wounded desperately on the Head; but the others coming up, he was hard beset, till his good Fortune brought *Don Carlos*, who as was said, had been out of Town into the Street, just as he was sinking under so many Adversaries. He knowing *Hippolyto*, immediately alighted, killing one of the adverse Party at the first Pass, at which the rest made no Difficulty to fly. The Fray lasted so long, that the Officers of Justice had Time to encompass the two worthy Friends, who being in Care for *Alexander's* Life, took none for themselves. Being Strangers to their Quality, they carry'd them to the Common Goal, whilst others convey'd the unfortunate *Alexander* Home to be cur'd. The News of what had hapned was carry'd to *Leonardo's* House; where, tho' all were concern'd, yet none so much as

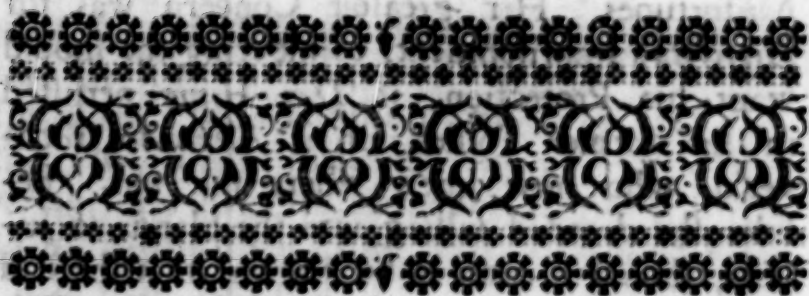
Aminia,

Aminta, as being so much a Sharer in those Misfortunes. Her greatest Concern was for *Hippolyto's* Imprisonment, considering she should want his Protection, if *Don Henry* persisted in his former Follies, or if *Alexander* recover'd, who now knew where she was. Besides she dreaded falling into the Hands of Justice, should it come to be known, that she had been the Occasion of those Mischiefs. This made her resolve to depart that City, thinking it would be no difficult Matter, from *Madrid*, whither she intended to repair, to acquaint *Hippolyto*, where they might meet again, when he was discharg'd. She lost no Time in putting what she had resolv'd in Execution, but left *Leonardo's* House that very Night, and the next Day departed the City, all alone and full of Affliction. *Hippolyto* and *Don Carlos* were put into Irons till the Morning, when *Leonardo* came to acquaint the Goaler, who they were, and inform *Hippolyto* that *Aminta* was fled; so that tho' his Body was eas'd of the Bolts, his Soul was more oppress'd with the Burden of Sorrow.

The End of the Third Book.



BOOK



BOOK IV.

THE two generous Prisoners remain'd many Days in the Goal, without hearing any News of the fearful *Amin'a*. During that Time, *Alexander* recover'd of his Wound, and his Affairs took a better turn than had been expected, thro' the Absence of *Don Henry*, who being cur'd of the Blow he had receiv'd on his Head, went away and could not be hear'd of. There was another Prisoner in the Goal, who to outward Appearance seem'd to be a Man of some Quality, of a good Presence and Discreet, his Name was *Leandro*. He resorted to the Room where the two Gentlemen met, to Discourse with them,

with

with which they were well pleas'd. He was diverting Company, without being Satyrical, for those are unhappy Jestts which draw Tears from some, to make others Laugh. He was always provided with comical Verses, and agreeable witty Sayings, with which he sometimes alleviated their inward Cares. *Alexander* came one Afternoon to Visit them, when *Hippolyto* found an Opportunity to excuse himself, and to convince him, that Inadvertency, and the Manner of drawing him out, together with his Silence, had been the Occasion of his Mistake. *Leandro* knew him by the Account they had given him of his Bravery, and after having pay'd one another the usual Respects, they fell into Discourse of several Subjects, among which, Politicks had not the least Share, every one pleasing himself with the Dictates of his Fancy, for Men who have no Business to employ them, make no Difficulty of governing the World, without moving from their Seat. Passing from one Discourse to another, they at length came to enquire into the Occasion of *Leandro's* Imprisonment. He endeavour'd to excuse himself by alledging, that it was requisite to give some Account of most of his Life, for the better Understanding of the Cause of his Imprisonment; but this which he alledg'd to avoid giving the Relation, rather heightened their Curiosity. At length, being overcome by their Intreaties, and willing to oblige them, he comply'd, and *Leonardo*

nardo coming in just at that Time, seated himself, and *Leandro* spoke to this Effect.

There are many Men, whose Inclinations are agreeable to the outward Modesty that appears in them, and no fewer who deceive the World by their exterior Show, concealing their vile Disposition under the Agreeableness of their Words, but a little Time discovers what they so carefully endeavour to hide. I am none of the latter, and am therefore sensible how much I must expose myself, by giving an Account of my Parentage, and other Particulars of my Life, being under a Necessity of delivering the Truth, both as it is my natural Inclination so to do, and in regard, that no Man ought to impose on Persons of Worth and Quality.

I was Born in the City of *Jaen*, in the Province of *Andaluzia*; my Parents, tho' not scandalous, were of the common Sort. This shows I am precise in speaking the Truth, since I tell you the Lowness of my Extraction, when I might as easily have pretended to the best of Families. As I grew up to ten Years of Age, I discover'd an unlucky Temper, likely to increase as I grew older. I was so fond of Cards, that I was never without them about me, and sometimes having laid them under my Pillow, would sit up at Night in the Dark to Play by Imagination, with as much Satisfaction as if I had been winning; and so strong was this Conceit, that fancying once I had lost my Shirt, I took it off,

off, and would not put it on again till upon a new Turn of Thought, I conceiv'd I had won it back. My Parents were out of Patience with my Unluckiness, and I grew as weary of Subjection, and bearing their Reproofs, and therefore resolv'd to leave my Native Soil, without mending my Manners.

Setting out accordingly, the first Company I met on the Road was a Parcel of *Gypsies*. What could have hapned more opportunely to improve my wicked Inclination? Being a bold and forward Boy, I fell in with them, began to Talk pleasantly, and they were pleas'd I should Travel with them. Among them was one of a good Presence, and better accouter'd than the rest, the seeing me so soon acquainted, struck his Fancy, and he ask'd me, whether I would serve him. Hunger beginning to pinch my young Stomach, nothing came amiss, and therefore I readily accepted, and we agreed, without any farther Consideration. Among the Gang was an old Woman, of whom to this Day I cannot be convinc'd, whether she was a *Devil* or a *Gypsy*, for so hideous a Countenance, it is almost impossible should be human. Her Forehead was full of Wrinkles, meeting every Way; on her Head was a dirty Clour, without any Hair; her Eyes so deep sunk, that they were nearer her Brain than her Eye-brows, the best Thing belonging to them, being two great Pearls, which almost cover'd the Sight; her Nose stood
all

all to one Side, as if it had been made of Wax; her Cheeks fallen in beyond Measure; in her Mouth were only three Fore-Teeth left, which serv'd to shore up the Gums, and of so delicate a Colour that I thought they had been Iron; her Chin was as big as her Nose, and both of them labour'd to hide her Mouth, for I have often seen them jostle one another. It is impossible perfectly to describe her, and therefore I desire you to rest satisfy'd with this Sketch of her Deformity. She took such a Fancy to me, that I could never be from her. Pray, Gentlemen, observe how little Fortune began to favour me. She call'd me Child, with a Voice so hideous, that I would rather have chose to hear a Learner on a Trumpet. My Master and she seem'd much concern'd to see me Travel a Foot; but I afterwards observ'd, it was no Compassion, but a Pretence to carry off a Mule they spy'd in a Meadow, a League and a Half from Cordova. They alighted from the Asses, which were their Sumptures, and pulling out a Parcel of Cords, and making a Ring drew together so regularly, that the Mule was soon enclos'd in a narrow Compass. It prov'd not so easy to take her, for never any Creature ply'd her Heels more dexterously. When they had her, I came up to my Master, and said, Pray, Sir, consider, that the Owner may have Occasion for this Mule. He answer'd, Don't you see it is meer Charity to ease your Weariness; hold your Peace, for we

Gypsies

Gypsies have a Priviledge to furnish ourselves with Carriages where-ever we come. Yes, Sir, said I, but I should be sorry you should swing for it, if the Owner should find his Mule. He gave me such a surly look, that I was convinc'd, if he had taken the Mule for me, he would have turn'd her loose again. The cursed old Woman came up, and appeas'd him, which I wish she had never done, for when he thought to do me a Kindness, he was as well reveng'd on my Drollery, as if he had purposely contriv'd it. I was set upon the Mule, who no sooner felt me on her Back, that she began to frisk and curvet, lifting me up as if I had been toss'd in a Blanket. I was quite stunn'd, besides being abus'd by my Master, who laid all the Blame upon me, saying, I suffer'd for want of Courage. I could not answer him for the Pain I endur'd, and he gave over beslaving of me, to desire one of his Comrades to help him up, that he might teach me not to be faint-hearted. As much bruiz'd as I was, I could not forbear Laughing to see his Bravery fare no better than my Pusillanimity; with only this odds, that I was only thrown, but when he was down, the Mule gave him such a loving Gripe with her Teeth, on the Brawn of the Arm, that he had no Use of it for many Days. The other *Gypsies* came in to his Assistance, but the Beast lay'd about her in such furious Manner with Teeth and Heels, that all of them being oblig'd

oblig'd to give way, she at length gave the Ass the old Woman rode, such a Salute, as threw them both into a Bog, where it was hard to know the old Devil from her Steed. The Gypsies yielding to the Rage of that Friend in the Shape of a Mule, were for turning her loose, the old Jade heard them Talk of it, as she lay in the Mire, and Spitting out that which had fill'd her Mouth, she cry'd out, it was base to be so easily overcome. One of them answer'd, Mother, what shall we do with a Devil? By this Time she was crawling out, and reply'd, set a Devil against a Devil, and then standing up, I concluded she had been one in Reality, for nothing could be liker. A young Gypsy, who it is likely might be her Daughter, made her clean, and she drawing near them, with a Voice as if it had come thro' a Cellar, said, What silly Fellows you are? How soon you are at a Loss when you meet with any Difficulty, by which the greatest Reputation is gain'd? If this had been a gentle Creature, what Credit were it for you? Not the least. Now since Strength will not prevail, Art must. I waited impatiently, and I believe you do so to, to know what the old Woman design'd, and I dare affirm, none but the Devil could have put such a Contrivance into her Head, as she found to tame the Mule. She call'd for a Leather Bottle of Wine, pour'd some into a great Pan, and putting some Powder into it, which what it was I could not learn,

gave

gave it the Mule, who being thirsty drank up every Drop. They let her stand awhile, till they had all fix'd themselves again, and then the old Woman said, she would ride to Cordova on the Beast they all so much dreaded. They would have dissuaded her, but in vain, for she mounted, and I protest, I never saw a gentler Creature. The case was, that the Wine and Powder being got into her Head, she tripp'd away nimbly, for Fear of falling, and thus left us all behind. I was amaz'd at the Effect, gave my Company the Slip, the first Opportunity I found, and being near, soon got into Cordova. The short Time I was among those People, I perceiv'd they were just to one another in Relation to their Women; sharp in compassing their Designs; pusillanimous; void of Conscience; in Danger of their Lives, and insensible of Honour.

I made the best shift I could that Night, and set out the next Morning with the Dawn of the Day, and a very hungry Belly. Being come into the Market Place, in Hopes to get some Relief at an easier Rate than that of my first Adventure, I met a Bully looking stern, with his Sword hanging before, his Hat high bridl'd, slovenly dress'd, and of a tawny Complexion. He ask'd me, Whether I wanted a Master? I said, I did, he reply'd, Then by Jove you are very fortunate in meeting with me, if you are honest. Tho' so young, I took Notice of his Behaviour

Behaviour and the Scile of those Fellows, who always affect bouncing. He carry'd me to the House of a Woman of an indifferent Presence, all whose Furniture was not worth the Bridle she wore. Her Face was very clean, but distinguish'd by some Moles, part of them made by Art. Having said something in a Sort of Cant, which I understood no more of than if it had been *Greek*, my Master lugg'd out about four Groats, and left it to my Mistress to choose what she would have for Breakfast. She order'd accordingly, and I brought some Mutton Chops from a Victualling-House. They put *Gravy Sauce* to it, discolour'd with Saffron, and much Pepper, that it might please the Palate, and relish the Wine. I mention this so particularly, because it is proper for the rest of the Event. I brought what was else requisite for such a Breakfast, and having receiv'd my Portion as a Servant, withdrew into a Corner. well pleas'd. This was the Posture of our Affairs, when, on a sudden, in came a Woman, dropp'd her Veil on her Shoulders, and without speaking one Word, made up to my Mistress, who thought nothing of the Matter, laid hold of her Hair with her Left Hand, and began to buffet her with the Right. My Mistress being thus surpriz'd, or else held down by the Hair, could not make any Manner of Defence. I started up from the Place where I was, and observ'd, that she every now and then dipp'd her Hand in the
wretched

wretched Sauce, and then daubing it all over my Mistress's Face, said, This is the Usage infamous Women deserve. When I thought she had done taking her jealous Revenge, after this comical Manner, which made me laugh heartily, she took up one of the Mutton Chops, and laid it about her Cheeks, till they were all dy'd with the Saffron. My Master, instead of Laughing, as I did, flew into such a Rage, that drawing his Dagger, he struck the revengeful jealous Dame over the Head, and made her Blood mix with the yellow Sauce. Now all was Confusion and Outcries. My Master took to his Heels, the wounded Woman ran after him roaring, my Mistress slunk away, for Fear the Officers of Justice should lay hold of her, and I was left alone viewing the sad Remains of that dismal Fray. The Table was all over Blood and Gravy, the Dish broken, the Glasses thrown Down, the Wine spilt and the Seats overturn'd. I might have paid dear for staying to make this Observation; for no sooner was I out of the Wretched Habitation, than in went an Officer, who was amaz'd at what he saw, and did not see, for all he could seize was not worth a Groat, by which we see how little what is ill-gotten thrives, and what wretched Lives they live, who endeavour to supply their Wants by Licentiousness.

I had heard mighty Commendations of *Madrid*, and particularly how favourable a Place it is to Strangers, and therefore having escap'd

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from the last Broil, I set out that Way, in Hopes to mend my Fortune. I there waited on a Genoeſe three Years, and five more on a Man of Quality, whom I left on Account of a Wound I gave a Fellow Servant, of whom I was jealous, for Love exerciſes his Dominion among the meanest, as well as the great ones of the World. For the more Security I left that Quarter of the Town, which in that vast Place was like removing into another Country. My Money being small, I took a Lodging where three were to lye in a Bed, and it hapned to be a Recepracle of Beggers. The first Night they were shy of Talking with me, but when we were better acquainted, they grew more open-hearted, and admitted me to their Meetings. There was a Prime-Mumper among them, who for some small Consideration instructed the Novices in the Trade, how they ought to behave themselves to move Compassion. They went to Bed betimes to save Candle Light, and as they lay, every one told how much he had got in the Day. One of them made a grievous Complaint of the Hardness of the Time, saying, He had all that Day got but Nine Groats, a Bag full of Bread and three Pair of old Shoes, which he immediately Sold for Five Groats. Hearing this Account, I thought that must needs be a good Trade, since a wretched Begger made so little Account of so much Money, and therefore I resolv'd to follow that Course of Life. I ac-

quainted

quainted one of the Elders with my Call, who told the Chief, and he putting it to the Vote, I was admitted. The next Night being appointed for the Solemnity, others were invited from Abroad, a Parcel of Rags was look'd out to equip me, and a dirty Clout was wrapp'd about my Head; one of my Legs ty'd up, and a Pair of Cutches given me to walk on. Then the Mumper appointed to be my Instructor, made a wretched Speech not worth remembring, and I as directed walk'd about the Room, on my Crutches, begging in a doleful Tone, with such dismal Looks and Actions, as gain'd me the general Applause. Having thus gone about to each of them, and every one contributing according to his Generosity, I gather'd about Twenty Shillings, which was laid out on a Supper. I do assure you, Gentlemen, as one who know it by Experience, that no Crime deserves it more, and is less punish'd. I say no Sort of Robbery is so compare to it, for he who Robs a rich Man, perhaps only takes from him what he had to spare; but these counterfeit Beggars rob the real Poor of what is their due, and what they cannot subsist without. Thus it appears to be the highest Injustice. In short, I became so dexterous at my Trade, that I improv'd upon all the Cheats that had been before my Time; for besides all the usual Frauds of counterfeiting Sores, and applying to all Persons in such Terms as most affect them, I learnt to represent a dead

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Man so exactly, that all People were mov'd to Compassion. Then two of my Gang begg'd to bury me, and when they had made a good Gathering, carry'd me off. At the next turning I rose from the dead, and we divided the Spoil. I hapned to be found out one Evening, and was oblig'd to alter my Garb, for fear of a Stone Doublet and a good Drubbing.

I mended my Habit, but fell into worse Practices, bought a Scholars Cassock, &c. and began to appear among better Company. I resorted to some private Places where they gam'd, and the Sharpers ran away with what the Charity of others had bestow'd on me. My small Stock shrunk apace, and I began to think of retrieving it. Having observ'd that some of the Gamblers were covetous, and not over-wise, I took them one Day aside, and told them so many Lyes, that had they not been disguis'd under much fine Language, they could not have fail'd of being known, and my Design discover'd. I discours'd them about a Treasure, in Search of which I was come from my Native Country, so great that they might all purchase Estates, raise their Families, and leave their Posterity happy, which they readily believ'd, and I cannot but excuse them, considering how vehemently I enjoyn'd Secrecy. In shorr, I got all I could of them in order to make Provision for discovering of the Treasure, and when no more was to be had, I contriv'd to
leave

leave them in the Lurch. I spoke to one of them to provide me a Mule, because I wanted some Things for the effecting of our Design, which might be had in this Place. He acquainted the rest, and they thinking it a Kindness, resolv'd to bear me Company. I could not dissuade them, for fear of Suspicion, and accordingly we all set out. All my Thoughts were bent upon some Contrivance to leave them, and could never hit on it, till one Evening we came to a Village, twelve Leagues from hence, on one Side of the Road. We alighted at the Inn, and going abroad to seek for some better Supper than the House afforded, saw abundance of People in the Way of Masquerade, diverting themselves with Variety of Sports. I enquir'd into the Occasion of that rejoycing, and was told it was the Wedding of a Gentleman, who for some private Reasons was come to keep it in that Village. My Curiosity being satisfy'd, there occur'd a Method of compassing the Design, I had been so long contriving to bring to effect, and therefore took my Companions aside, and said to them, Dear Friends, my Design in bringing you hither is not what I at first pretended, for as to that, the very Hour we return to *Madrid* I will put you into Possession of more Gold and Silver than the Bank of *Venice* is worth; what I brought you for is to be assisting in saving my Life, for if you do not, I shall certainly dye miserably. I have

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been several Years in Love with a Lady, who is to be marry'd to night in this Village to a Man she hates. She coasts on me, and I have her Consent, so that it will be no Matter of Difficulty to prevent her being so unfortunately marry'd, since this Rejoycing gives us an Opportunity; the Darkeness is our Security, and since you are all my Friends, you cannot deny my Request. This I said, not with any Intention to steal away a Woman I had never seen; but to engage them in such a Spot of Work, that they being either wholly intent upon it, or secur'd and thrown into Goal, I might get away from them. They all agreed to engage in that Affair, as if each of them had been Principal, I bore them Company to the House where the Wedding was kept, which was adjoining to that where we Lodg'd. I let them go in and shrunk away myself, took the ablest and best of our Mules, and without waiting the Event made away, taking up in the next Village I could come at, for fear of a Storm, Heaven seem'd to send for my Punishment. The next Day I came away to this City, and was no sooner enter'd it, than before I could furnish myself, an Officer provided me a Lodging in this Goal. Enquiring into the Cause for bringing me hither, tho' I look upon it as a Judgment for the Harm I did those poor Men, I was inform'd, it was because the Mule I came on had been stolen from an Inhabitant of this Place,

with

with some other Things. He requires, I should tell him of whom I had her, that he may recover the rest. I conceal it thro' Ignorance, and he detains me looking upon it as Design; but since I am fallen into the Company of such worthy Gentlemen, I shall reckon my Imprisonment the greatest Happiness.

They had all listned attentively to *Leandro's* Relation, and particularly *Leonardo*, to whom *Don Carlos* said, I rejoyce that thus unexpectedly you have been inform'd who was the Occasion of your Jealousy's being lay'd upon *Alexander* and me. *Leonardo* begg'd his Pardon, and *Hippolyto* interposing, promis'd he would cause those Men to be set at Liberty in the Village, for they were still in Custody, since they had attempted what they did upon no other Design. Then they intreated *Hippolyto* to oblige them with the Account of his Adventures. He answer'd, he would not refuse them, but only put it off to another Day, perhaps to avoid making a Medley of his honourable Transactions, with those so mean and scandalous of *Leandro*. However they thank'd him for having been so ingenuous, applauded his Contrivances, and promis'd their Assistance in procuring his Liberty. The next Day all the same Company met again, and then desir'd *Hippolyto* no longer to defer making himself known to them, which he agreed to, and did in the following Manner.

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In *Segovia*, a renowned City of Old *Castile*, liv'd formerly *Don Pedro*, a Gentleman of an honourable Family, whose Surname, as not material for our Purpose, I think fit to conceal. He was ancient, and had by his Wife a Lady of good Quality in the same City, whose Name was *Dona Maria*, a Son and two Daughter's. The Son's Name was *Jerome*, the eldest Daughter's *Antonia*, and the youngest *Clare*. I am so particular to avoid Confusion. Both those Ladies were celebrated Beauties throughout that Country. *Don Jerome*, a Man excellently qualify'd, well temper'd, sincere and brave. He had nothing of Rashness, yet as bold as a Lyon; a fast Friend, discreet in advising, generous and well discours'd. The old Gentleman *Don Pedro*, was extremely fond of his youngest Daughter *Dona Clara*, and she deserv'd it, not only as a Daughter, but for her Beauty, Discretion and courteous Disposition. There hapned at that Time to be an extraordinary Solemnity drawing near at *Madrid*, on Account of the Marriage between King *Philip* the Third, and *Margaret* of *Austria*. *Don Pedro* resolv'd to be there, because the Spanish Nobility and Gentry have so great a Veneration for their Kings, that they think it their Duty ever to adorn their Triumphs. *Don Jeronimo* resolv'd not to go with him, either because he was with-held by some Amour, or thinking it better to stay and keep his Sister *Dona Antonia* Company, having a particular Kindness for her.

her. *Don Pedro*, his Lady and *Dona Clara* set out for *Madrid*, where they arriv'd the next Day, and were entertain'd at the House of *Don James*, Brother to *Dona Maria*, *Don Pedro's* Lady. Having premis'd thus much for the understanding of what follows, I proceed to acquaint you, That I was Born in *Madrid* of an ancient Stock, descended from a spacious Vale in the Mountains. My Father's Estate was indifferent, and too small for the Expence he was oblig'd to be at on Account of his Quality. Heaven was pleas'd to give me a most Beautiful Sister, and a Brother of an extraordinary Capacity, which added to my Parent's Expence and Care; for they were to provide her a Portion suitable to her Birth, and to Support *Don Alonso*, that was my Brother's Name, at the University. These Things consider'd, and finding myself of Age to advance in the World, I resolv'd to take such a Course as becomes all Men of my Degree, that is, to seek that Preferment in the Army, which is not to be found among the sloathful Delights of Peace. I advis'd with my Parents, who tho' applauding my honourable Choice, at the same Time told me, That being the Heir of their Family, they did not think it convenient I should expose my Life to the Perils of War; but that since Gentlemen improve themselves by Travelling, I should instead of going into the *Low Countries*, take a Journey into *Italy*, as an Uncle of mine had
done

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done with such Success, that he had made his Fortune by it. I ask'd them, where he resided, that I might Visit, and make Use of him upon Occasion; but instead of that, my Father reprov'd me very severely, urging, That tho' reduc'd to never so much Want, I ought never to make it known to any Body; for that Men of Honor and Reputation will rather starve, than run the Hazard of hearing an Excuse from a Stranger, or being deny'd by a Relation. Whensoever, said he, you resolve to depart your Native Country, it must be in Order to advance yourself, not by the Assistance of others, but by your own Merit. Consider on it, and conclude, whether you will go to make your Fortune as becomes my Son, or stay and live on as you have hitherto done. If I had any Thoughts before of telling you the Place where your Uncle lives, I will now conceal it, that you may not have the Opportunity of seeing, or applying to him, tho' never so much distress'd. Look to yourself, consider who you are, remember your Quality, look upon yourself as one destitute of Support, and since you have the Resolution to quit your Country and Parents, fail not of it in obeying them, and behaving yourself like a Gentleman. Thus he reprov'd and confounded me for having been guilty of a Mistake, which might have produc'd Consequences unworthy of me; tho' in reality the Error was not great; but what is excusable in others becomes an unpardonable Crime

Crime in Men of Birth. I fix'd my Resolution, several Suits of Cloaths were provided, a Sum of Money given me, and a Servant I took leaving me at *Barcelona*, I travell'd thro' *France*. I will not lose Time to give an Account, of my Journey, or of the many famous Cities I saw, but being come to *Naples*, I stay'd there some Time, and going one Day to buy some Silk at a *Florentin* Mercer's, his Wife, believing I could not refuse making a suitable Return, declar'd she had been in Love with me ever since she saw me, as if declaring of her Love had not been the surest Method to be despis'd. Not so content, she every Day sent a Maid Servant to my Lodging, whom I very flatly undeceiv'd, telling her I was resolv'd not to engage with any marry'd Woman. She persisted in Courting me, and I in rejecting; till being enrag'd at my Disdain, she resolv'd to have me murder'd, either to prevent another's enjoying what she could not, or to conceal her own Leudness, knowing that some foolish Beaus, to gain a Reputation, not only tell what they do, but even that which no Woman ever thought of. To this Purpose she told her Husband, that I sent her Messages and Billets Doux. The *Florentin* applauded his Wife's Virtue, and contriv'd to prevent my ever molesting of her for the future. I had gain'd some Reputation of Bravery in the City, so that he durst not attack me alone, but got four or five more of his Country Men, who being well provided for their Delight,

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Design, found me one Evening alone, at the Corner of the Street. They spread themselves to come upon me on all Sides, and one of them standing up at a Door, drew, and before I was aware, gave me such a Thrust, as must have made me fall, had I not been leaning against the Wall. How great is God's Mercy! And how he delivers the Innocent; for notwithstanding that Thrust, I drew and stood upon my Guard. I thought I must of Necessity be hurt by so desperate a Thrust, having no Sort of Armour to prevent it; and was therefore afraid to stir, lest the Loss of Blood should make me faint. This Posture I was in, when two Men came up and bravely took my Part; being thus encourag'd, I stepp'd forward, and making a Pass, wounded him, who had the first Thrust at me, so that he dropp'd, and the rest fled like Cowards. I went off with those who had reliev'd me, and knew them to be these two worthy Gentlemen, *Don Alexander* and *Don Carlos*, here present, who observing the great Odds on the Side of my Enemies had generously taken my Part. I then thought it Time to see whether I was wounded, and we found that the Point of the Sword had stuck upon the Buckle of my Belt, without passing any farther. Those two Gentlemen went away for *Spain*, and I stay'd to be reveng'd of my Enemies. I shall never think any Difficulty too great for me to surmount, whilst I live, in return for so great a Fa-

your

your as I then receiv'd. *Don Alexander* and *Don Carlos*, made suitable Returns of Civility for *Hippolyto's* Gratitude, and then he proceeded.

I lay private two Months, to compass my Design, having got Information of the Reason, why they would have murder'd me; but I fail'd as well as they, and therefore my Mind changing, I thought better to forgive the Injury, than persist in seeking Revenge. At the Expiration of that Time, I receiv'd a Letter from my Brother, wherein he gave me Advice, that a Relation of my Father's was dead, by which a considerable Estate was fallen to me. I admir'd at the Expression, believing that whilst my Father was living, that Inheritance must come to him, and thence I concluded it must be he that was dead. I set out immediately, and arriving at *Madrid*, found I had not guess'd wrong. My Mother also departed this Life a Week before my Arrival. The Mourning being over, I began to appear very gay, and apply'd myself to those Exercises which become a Gentleman. At this Time hapned the Solemnity of the Marriage before-mention'd of *Queen Margaret*, on which Occasion I endeavour'd to exert myself in Gallantry. *Don James*, Uncle to *Dona Clara*, of whom I gave an Account at first, liv'd in the same Street, and but at a small Distance from me, and as has been said, *Don Pedro* had brought the young Lady and her Mother to see the publick Rejoycings. Fortune so order'd it, that as

Dona

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Dona Clara was going abroad, I had a Sight of her. Hence sprung all the Wonders of my Life, and those surprizing Accidents which I shall entertain you with.

That first Sight prov'd sufficient to inflame my Heart, so that my whole Study was to see *Dona Clara*, and to make my Love known to her, and she tho' in a modest Manner did not reject it; for most Women love to be admir'd, and are well pleas'd to be acquainted with it. At this Time *Don James*, that his Guests might enjoy all the Diversions which *Madrid* affords, appointed to carry them to a fine Garden belonging to a Friend of his, and that nothing might be wanting to the Entertainment, bespoke a Set of Musicians to attend them. Being acquainted with those Performances, I easily prevail'd with them to admit into their Company a Servant of mine, who had an excellent Voice and no less Skill. I enquir'd out the Garden where they were to divert themselves, and going thither in the Morning, spoke with the Gardiner and told him, it much concern'd me to represent his Person that Day. A small Gratification soon perswaded him to comply. I disguis'd myself in a mean Habit, and thus metamorphos'd expected my Master's Arrival. *Dona Clara*, her Parents, her Uncle, and the Musicians came, and desir'd me as Gardiner, having the Master's Leave, to admit them, which was the only Thing I desir'd. *Dona Clara* gaz'd on me,

me, and tho' she knew the Face, could not believe the Habit. If I hapned to fix my Eyes on her, she look'd down, and I then turn'd away that she might again look on me. I directed my Discourse to her Parents, conducting them about to see the Walks, the Water-works, and all the Garden afforded. The Musick then play'd, and my Servant Sang a *Sola* in Praise of *Dona Clara*. When that was over, I went aside to gather some Flowers, and *Dona Clara* laying hold of that Opportunity, and the Liberty, the Place, and my Disguise afforded her, came to me pretending to make a Nofegay. She return'd Thanks for my Contrivance, and at the same Time, reprov'd me for running the Hazard of being known by her Mother, who might remember my Face, when she should see me in a different Habit. It was some Satisfaction to me to see my Mistress so careful to conceal our Love, because by it, I perceiv'd she began to take the Affair to Heart, and therefore to make the best Use of the Time, I begg'd she would so order it, that we might meet where I might explain myself, with more Leisure and less Hazard. She promis'd so to do, and to give me Notice, which redoubled my Joy. The Entertainment being over, and Night coming on, they left the Garden, and I having return'd Thanks to the Gardiner, and promis'd him a farther Gratitude, put on my own Habit again, soon overtook the Coach and Rode by it. The Night

was

was not so dark, but that *Dona Clara* knew me, and was pleas'd with my Courtship; but as worldly Satisfactions seldom are free from the Alloy of some Disappointment, and our greatest Joys are attended with some Sorrow, so we now could not Escape without some Mortification. The Case was, that our Servants, according to the Custom of the Time and Place, rallying those that belong'd to another Coach which had overtaken us, they fell from Jest to Earnest, and from Words to Blows, drawing their Swords and Assaulting one another. Love is the Son of *Mars*, and can fight as well as sooth. My Mistress was looking on, so that I could not fail of acting beyond myself, and to say the Truth, I must own, tho' I had rather my Commendation should come from another Mouth, that I never acted so gallantly upon any Rencounter. I alighted from my Horse, at such Time as two of our Men were much wounded, and the rest of them basely gave Ground, but, as soon as I came up, the Scene was alter'd, for I having hurt some, the rest took to their Heels, I cannot applaud this Action of mine, for they were mean Fellows. Whilst I was in the Fray, *Don Pedro* and *Don Diego*, quitted the Coach, leaving *Dona Maria* and *Dona Clara* by themselves in it, the latter of which seeing me alight grew so uneasy, that her Mother had enough to do to still her Passion. When the Scuffle was over, I brought a Light from
a Mill

a Mill upon the River, to view the wounded Men on our Side, and my Face being blooded by bringing one of them, who had a Cut on his Head, which was not dangerous, *Dona Clara*, who was more intent upon me than the rest, thought I had been hurt, and told her Mother so. The compassionate Lady looking earnestly at it, tho' my Habit was alter'd, easily perceiv'd I was the same who had acted the Gardiner, and began to suspect that all those Contrivances were the Effect of the Love I bore her Daughter. She very discreetly took no Notice of it, but thank'd me for having assisted their Servants. *Dona Clara* being satisfy'd that I was not hurt, was pacify'd, I took my Leave and they all went on.

The Royal Festivals above-mention'd, soon came on, and were over in a few Days, *Dona Clara* and her Parents, immediately return'd to *Segovia*, and I set out after them, by that Means convincing her Mother of what she had before suspected. I had some Times an Opportunity of seeing her by the way, but never to speak to her, by Reason of her own Modesty and her Mother's Watchfulness. About Six Leagues from *Madrid*, they met a very compleat Gentleman, who stopp'd to speak to them, so that I had Time to ride up, having before follow'd at a Distance, and to observe that *Dona Clara* answer'd him lovingly. I began to be troubled that I had seen him, and tho' he talk'd to her in the Presence of her Parents, where nothing could

could be said prejudicial to my Love, my Imagination form'd Dangers in that Conversation, representing, that he might be some Gallant who was upon Treaty with them to marry her, and that might be the Reason why they all receiv'd him so affectionately. In short, I did myself the Harm, I was so apprehensive of, as if I had desir'd it. I might have sav'd myself that jealous Vexation, had I reflected, that he might be *Dona Clara's* Brother, who she had told me, stay'd behind to bear her Sister Company; but that never enter'd into my Thoughts. I came to a little Country Inn, which is at the Foot of the great Mountain *Guadarrama*, where I alighted, under Colour of refreshing myself, and they soon pass'd by without him, who had caus'd my Uneasiness.

At length we reach'd that famous City of *Segovia*, the Residence of my Mistress. I stopp'd at the Gate and sent a Servant, who was my Confident to follow them, and observe where they liv'd, which he accordingly did. We took a Lodging, and then I began to think, whether there might be any Possibility of Speaking to *Dona Clara* that Night; but considering that could not well be, she being then tir'd with her Journey, I resolv'd to stay within.

Now for the better understanding of my surprising Relation, it is requisite I should inform you, that the Gentleman, who spoke to *Dona Clara* and her Parents on the Road, when I conceiv'd

ceiv'd that groundless Jealousy was her Brother *Don Jerome*, who went to *Madrid* to his Uncle *Don James's* House, which being so near mine, as I have observ'd before, gave him the same Opportunity to fall in Love with my Sister, as had made me take an Affection to his. When I consider how much this Truth resembles some fabulous Inventions, I cannot forbear having some Value for, and almost crediting them, for when Fictions are likely, and within the Bounds of Probability, they cannot but please and claim some Belief, being such Things as tho' they never were; they might have had a Being, and if rightly manag'd, at the same Time as they divert, they inform us how to shun that which is Evil, and to imitate what is Commendable. *Don Jerome* let slip no Opportunity of courting *Dona Anna*, that was my Sister's Name, as if he had done it to be quit with me for my Design upon his. Neither of us knew any Thing of the other's Intrigue; but mine grew very tedious, because her Mother, by what I have said, having discover'd my Affection, kept *Dona Clara* very close. *Don Jerome*, as you will soon perceive, went on more prosperously; so that forgetting his Home; tho' he went but for a Month, he stay'd Abroad Fifteen; but why should I think much of it, since I did the same, I will not say, with less Reason, for my Mistress deserv'd it, but with much less Encouragement. My Brother *Don Alonso*, being then at the University

versity of *Alcala*, knew nothing of this, for had he been acquainted with it, he was of such a Temper, he would have trampled over all that could have stood in his Way to be reveng'd of his Sister and *Don Jerome*. When the Time I have mention'd was expir'd, *Don Pedro* sent for his Son *Don Jeronimo*, to give a Check to some Disorder which appear'd in *Dona Clara*, towards making some Return to my Love, tho' none knew it was I that courted her, because I did not appear Abroad in the Day Time, considering that a gay Stranger is taken Notice of by every Body in any Place that has not the Resort of a Royal Court. I walk'd out at Night, convers'd with my Mistress at her Window, if Opportunity offer'd, and return'd to my Lodging when the Day appear'd.

This Foresight of not making myself known, was afterwards of no small Consequence to me. *Don Jeronimo* in Obedience to his Father's Commands, return'd to *Segovia*; but came in so late at Night, that for Fear of disturbing his Parents, he thought fit to alight at a Friend's House; tho' I have since judg'd, that he did it, lest his Sister knowing he was come, should be upon her Guard; being very desirous to know, whether what his Father had writ to him was true, and in Case it were so, to be reveng'd of the Person that dishonour'd him. This I say is my own Supposition, grounded on what he then did, which was as soon as alighted, to go spy about
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his Father's House. He found me reaping the Fruit of my many Toils, that is, Talking to my Mistress at a small low grated Window, which was the utmost Favour her Modesty could grant, or my honourable Intention expect. Don Jerome perceiving that a Man was standing close to a low Window of his Father's House, and that since some Body within discours'd him, his Father's Suspicion was well ground'd, and his Honor expos'd, without any farther Enquiry, he gave Way to his Passion, and drew his Sword to Assault me. As soon as I saw a Man draw near me with his Naked Sword, I drew mine to defend myself. I presently fancy'd he might be another Gallant, who envying my Happiness, had resolv'd to vent his Spleen on me, this so fir'd me, that in a Moment I gave him two Thrusts, which made him drop, crying out for a Surgeon and a Priest. I perceiv'd that the clashing of our Swords had alarm'd the Neighbourhood, and therefore I then made haste out of the Street, and with the Dawn of the Day departed the City.

That same Night, tho' somewhat late, my Servant and I got into *Madrid*, I order'd him to carry the Horses to an Inn, to avoid making any Noise when I came Home, and to prevent making a Circumstance against myself, if upon Enquiry there should be any Suspicion that I had kill'd the Man, by Reason of my coming into *Madrid* that Night. I therefore went a Foot
and

and alone to my House, where my Sister liv'd, and I thought expected me; but when I knock'd at the Door, I observ'd they open'd it a little Way and said: *Take that Pledge, Don Jerome, and provide for it, we shall have enough to do here to look after the Mother.* I not understanding what they meant, or knowing what they gave me Charge of, or suspecting what I had to fear, till better inform'd, took what they would have deliver'd to *Don Jerome*, tho' I knew not who he was, and waited till my Man came. I told him what had hapned, and by his Advice, we went away to the Inn, where he had left the Horses. They show'd us a Room, and looking into what they had deliver'd to me, we discover'd a Beautiful Male Child, ill dress'd, by reason of the Disorder they were in, who help'd the Mother, and plainly showing it was new Born.

Among it's Mantles was a Paper, which I read, and by it discover'd the whole Secret, I read it so often, that I can remember every Word of it, and it ran thus.

Every Thing succeeds fortunately with us, for now the Apprehensions my Mistress Dona Anna liv'd under, of the coming of her Brothers, Hippolyto and Don Alonso, at such Time as she could not conceal from them her Love, and the Liberty you have taken, under the solemn Promise of marrying her, will cease. Receive that Infant, and
 bas take

take particular Care how it is brought up, for tho' he were not your Son, you ought to take Care of him as your Likeness. Witness those regular M^{les} on the left Side of your Face, which he has on his. My Lady has heard, that your Father Don Pedro, has sent for you from Segovia, to curb some Disorders in your Sister Dona Clara; nevertheless she intreats you to see her before you set out, because it will be a Comfort to her, and she has something to acquaint you with, which will prevent Trouble, and occasion rejoicing.

I was amaz'd at this strange Accident, and perceiv'd how much I had been in the Wrong, in minding my Love more than my Honor, which I look'd upon as lost thro' my Sister's Negligence and Extravagancy. I comforted my self with the Thoughts, that the Crime was not so great, since it tended to Matrimony, and I was so entirely devoted to *Dona Clara*, that since the Misfortune was to happen, I was glad my Sister had committed the Fault with her Brother, since it might be a Means to contract Friendship, and if I should propose to her Parents a Match with *Dona Clara*, Don *Fernando* would be oblig'd to perform his Promise to *Dona Anna*. I cau'd my Servant to provide a Nurse for the Child, which was easy enough in *Madrid*, where there are so many, and having taken an exact View of the M^{les} above-mention'd, and other Marks to know him by, went away Home with my faithful Servant. My Sister,

was then in her Bed, pretending Sickness, and I appear'd good humour'd. She complain'd, that I had not writ so long, or given Notice of my coming, that she might have receiv'd me accordingly. I excus'd myself, took no Notice of what had hapned to me, and went away to rest after my Journey. I began to consider, who the Man might be, that at *Segovia* had oblig'd me to quit *Dona Clara's* Window, and had fallen a Victim to his Presumption; but all I could ruminate serv'd to no Purpose, for I had never taken Notice that any Body courted her but myself. I rose early the next Day, and sent my trusty Servant to tell *Don Jerome* I desir'd to see him, to communicate something of Moment to him. He brought me Word, that he was gone for *Segovia* two Days before. I then began to fear he was the Person I had left at Death's Door. To be fully satisfy'd, I resolv'd to return to *Segovia*; but before I went, I spoke to *Dona Anna*, and said to her, *Sister, it concerns me to see Dona Clara this Night, (I made no Secret of the Name, because she was before acquainted with my Love) do you take Care of your Health, and of a Nurse, who will come hither with a Child to Day; I have not Time now to acquaint you, why I leave you such a Charge, besides that it does not become your Modesty to discourse of such Affairs; let me intreat you to do what I desire, and believe the Infant she will bring in her Arms is my near Relation, or I am much deceiv'd*

deceiv'd. She answer'd, in much Disorder, she would do so, and I without any more delay, leaving my Man to conduct the Nurse thither, set out to enquire, whether what I had suspected were true, that if it were not so, *Don Jerome* might either of his own Accord, or by Compulsion perform what he had so freely promis'd in Love.

It was late before I got to *Segovia*, and tho' it was so, resolv'd to pass thro' the Street where my Mistress liv'd. I heard a Noise in the House, but not being able to get Information of the Occasion, or to make any Stay, being a Horseback, proceeded to my former Lodging, and soon was overcome by Sleep. I lay close all the next Day, to avoid being taken Notice of; but when it was Dark, went Abroad to hear what the Consequence of my Adventure had been. I thought it too soon to ask any Questions, which might occasion a Suspicion of my Guilt, and therefore resolv'd to take a Turn thro' the Streets, considering how I ought to behave myself, in case it should happen to be known that I had kill'd the Man. Sometimes considering he might be *Don Jerome*, I was concern'd, troubled and afflicted. When I call'd to Mind how I had seen him fall so unfortunately, methoughts an imaginary Ghost started up and said, *How dare you to return so boldly to the Place, where you presum'd to kill a Man of such Worth? How can you without trembling walk over*

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that Spot which beheld your Crime? These Thoughts disturb'd me most after the Clock had struck Ten, when I came to the Church Yard of St. Stephen's Parish. I there began to Halt, considering that what I look'd upon as the Effect of Fear, might be a Warning from Heaven to avoid some Danger I was not sensible of. I therefore resolv'd to return to my Inn, and began so to do. I had mov'd but a few Steps before I reflected it was an Act of Cowardise, and the Sign of a faint Heart to go away where no Danger appear'd. With this I turn'd again, with a Resolution not to be a Coward, tho' I might be indiscreet.

To proceed to *Dona Clara's* House, I was of Necessity to pass close by the aforesaid Church, on that Side where there are some Chapels, the Vaults under which are the Burial Places of their Owners. One of them seem'd then to be repairing, some Part of it being sunk, and a Breach made there. Drawing nearer, I perceiv'd thro' the Breach, that there was some Light within. I admir'd there should be any at that Time of Night, and taking Courage, drew nearer; heard knocking within, as if it had been on a Coffin, and the Echo resounding in my very Bowels, my Soul started, my Colour fail'd me, and my Hair stood an End; yet my Heart seems to have been rather guided by some Divine Instinct, than by any Human Forecast; for tho' I did it, I am amaz'd how I could under-

undertake such bold Actions, without any Thing to push me forward. Amidst the above-mention'd Strokes and my own Disorder, I observ'd a Voice, which to me then did not sound as it it had been Human, arising from below, and amidst the repeated Ecchoes of the Vault, saying, *Come down*. I thought that could be directed to none but me, I being alone in the Street; however, the Danger amazing, the Fright with holding, and the Horror daunting me, I stay'd a while, without answering one Word, to listen with more Fear, till the same Voice again said, *You may come down*. I must own it, Gentlemen, I was never so much beside myself in my Life, so that I scarce knew what I did, or had Strength to move my Feet. The third Time I heard the Voice, still louder, and therefore more dreadful, cry out, *Come away, what do you stay for*. Having heard these Words, shaking off the Fear that possess'd me, I resolv'd to obey the Call, and answer'd, *Stay*. This said, I took Care my Sword should be no Hindrance to me in sliding down, laid hold of a Piece of Timber there was in the Breach, and just as I was going down began to reflect, whether it would be as easy to get out, as in; yet being resolv'd to proceed, just as I was descending, I heard a doleful Groan. Consider, worthy Gentlemen, I beseech you, what a Condition I was then in. It was too late to retire, I dropp'd down, and soon recover'd myself. The

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next Thing was to draw my Sword, an Action in that Place, rather Natural than Discreet, and, at the same Time, I spy'd a Man running up the Stairs of the Vault, to get away from me, and throwing away the Light, which had given Life to that dismal Habitation. It was my good Fortune, that tho' he threw down the Light, it did not go out, so that I snatch'd it up. Thus encourag'd, I grew sensible, that the Voice had not been so dreadful as I at first imagin'd, since the Person that gave it Birth and startled me was fled. In short, being thus come to myself, I went about it to see what that Man had been doing, and found that he had unnail'd a Coffin, in which a Man had been bury'd, with valuable Ornaments upon him. I uncover'd his Face, and looking earnestly on it, saw the Marks mention'd in the Note before spoken of, as being those of the Father of the Infant, that had been thro' Mistake deliver'd to me at my own House. This so much surpriz'd me, that I could not imagine how to proceed. I perceiv'd that was *Don Jerome*, my Sister's Lover, and concluded, that the Noise I had heard at his House the Night before, had been occasion'd by his Death. It griev'd me that he could not perform his Promise to my Sister, and I was convinc'd he had design'd to kill me for courting his Sister, and receiv'd his Death at my Hands. Whilst I was thus musing, I could see *Don Jerome* move, and fetching a Groan, like that I had heard before

fore sit up in his Coffin. All my Courage was now little enough to Support me, for finding myself in such a Place among none but dead Carcasses, with a Man I had kill'd, it was Natural to imagine that God had rais'd him to punish me for my Offence; but this Apprehension vanish'd, when I observ'd him gaze about, as amaz'd at the Place he was in, and tho' struck Dumb with Astonishment, by his Looks expressing what his Tongue could not declare.

After having continu'd in that Posture a considerable Time, fixing his Eyes on me, he broke that Silence, which kept us both in Suspense, saying, *I cannot imagine who has brought me hither, nor who you are; or whether it is a Dread, or a distracted Fancy, which represents such unusual Things to me. I intreat you, since by your Habit you look like a Gentleman, to behave yourself accordingly, and to tell me, what it is you want, or who brought me hither, for I begin to guess, that my being thought dead, has put me into this Condition.* Having taken Notice of his Courteous Language, I ask'd his Name, to confirm what I suspected. He answer'd, and I was convinc'd I had not been mistaken. I told him in short, what had brought me into that dismal Place, and exhorted him to trust in God, and rest assur'd, that since he had conducted me thither to assist him, after he had been by the Avarice of another discover'd, Heaven would also be pleas'd to restore him to his Health. This said, I took

him out of the Coffin, in the most gentle Manner I was able, for Fear of angering his Wounds, of which he complain'd and laid him on my Shoulders. I took the Light and went up the same Stairs, which had serv'd the other to make his Escape. All my Dread was, that I should find the Church Door shut, and *Don Jerome* would fare very ill till Morning, in that Condition; but it hapned better, for it was open. The Reason of it was, as afterwards appear'd, that he who open'd the Coffin and call'd out, frightening me, as has been said above, was the Sexton, calling to his Boy to hold the Light, to strip him of all that had been bury'd with him, as a Man of Quality. He hearing the Noise I made at falling in, and not knowing the Occasion of it, thought that all the Dead had been rising against him, and in that Fright took to his Heels; but recovering himself when above, and hearing no further Noise in the Vault, he again drew near to it, at the Time when I drew near to *Don Jerome*, and believing that I had gone down thro' the Breach next the Street, upon the same Design as he had done thro' the Church; he hasted away to acquaint the Magistrates, and in that Haste and Confusion only clapp'd to the Church Door, without locking it.

I had not gone many Steps from the Church, loaded as I have told you, designing to carry *Don Jerome* to his own House, before a great Company of Men, Arm'd with several Weapons
came

came up to us, one of them saying, It was a most hideous Crime to carry away a dead Man, to rob him of what had been bury'd with him. Seeing them make towards me, I begg'd *Don Jerome's* Pardon, lay'd him down gently and drew my Sword, to stand upon my Defence. They told me the Corregidor, or Governor was there present, and I considering the Respect that is due to a Supreme Magistrate, check'd myself and said, Sir, *by what I have heard one of your Followers say, I am convinc'd you are wrongly inform'd, and that what I have done is represented as infamous; I beg before you give Credit to any Thing prejudicial to me, that you will bear, what can be offer'd in my Behalf, since I have brought Don Jerome, a Person sufficiently known in this City, to justify me.* The worthy Magistrate drew near, and having been the Day before at his Funeral, was amaz'd to see him alive. He enquir'd of him, and was told, that, if he recover'd, he should under God be oblig'd to me for it, briefly relating all I had done for him, and how grateful he was for the same. They desir'd to know, what had mov'd me to go down into such a Place, at so unseasonable an Hour, of which I gave the shortest Account, as the Time then requir'd. I declar'd, that when I came down, *Don Jerome* was half stripp'd, upon which Information, having shut the Church Doors, some of the Officers carry'd away the

Sexton to Goal, whilst the rest convey'd *Don Jerome* Home. I would have left him when near Home; but he would not let me go, saying, he had House-room enough to entertain me, and could not in Gratitude quit me, after so great a Favour receiv'd. I submitted and went on with him. The *Corregidor* went in first, to prepare the Family, lest the unexpected Joy should be prejudicial to his Parents or Sisters, and having so done, caus'd *Don Jerome* to be brought in, he refusing to go without me, so that I was admitted where the Ladies were. They were all so surpriz'd and overjoy'd, that they knew not how to express any Part of their Thoughts. All there rejoyc'd, only I was Melancholy, because I did not see the Beautiful *Dona Clara*, with her Mother and Sister. Whilst *Don Jerome* was putting to Bed, he intreated his Parents to Entertain and make much of me, as the Preserver of his Life, if it should please God to grant it him. The Surgeons being sent for were astonish'd, having concluded him Dead, whereas it appear'd, he had only been in a Trance, thro' the great Loss of Blood. When he was dress'd, his Parents desir'd me to inform them how I came to find him, which I did in the best Manner I was able, to their very great Astonishment and Admiration.

This done, I was conducted to a Room, to rest the remaining Part of the Night; but I had
little

little Repose for thinking on *Dona Clara*. The next Day I enquir'd of a Maid, who told me, That her Parents, to prevent further Mischiet, had put her into a Monastery. This comforted me, having apprehended something worse from her Father's Passion. I then stirr'd no farther in it, expecting the Recovery of *Don Jerome*, considering how much it concern'd my Sister, and that proceeded so, that in Forty Days he was perfectly well. When he was restor'd to his former Vigor, I took him aside into a Room, and spoke to him as follows. *I have never made a suitable Return to your many Expressions of Gratitude, for the Kindness you have receiv'd from me, both on Account of my Want of Words to express myself, and because the Debt is not so great as you imagine, as well in Regard, that I did what was my Duty as a Man of Honor, as also for that it was my Interest, that my Sister should not be at such a Loss as it would have been to her, if you had not been able to perform the Ingagement you are under to marry her, and so your Son and my Nephew would have been left without a Father.* *Don Jerome* much surpriz'd, bid me explain myself. I did so, telling him, who I was, what had happen'd to me, and what Discovery I had that Night made by the Note my Sister's Maid had design'd for him. The worthy Gentleman was very attentive to my Relation, but grew very uneasy

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uneasy when I told him, they had given his Son to a Man, till I told him, who that Man was. He confess'd the whole Truth, adding, that if I was satisfy'd with his marrying my Sister, I requir'd the same Thing he desir'd, and prevented his Wishes with my Offer. He then imparted this Affair to his Parents, told them who I was, how well Born, and how considerable an Estate I had; extoll'd my Sister's Beauty, her good Qualities and Temper, and lastly, under what great Obligations he was to conclude that happy Match; pressing them not to deny their Consent towards making his Life happy. Don Pedro, his Father answer'd, That Matches among Persons of Quality, were to be made up for Politick Ends, and not for Love, and therefore it would be requisite maturely to consider that Matter. The amorous Youth reply'd, That he could never find a Person more worthy of himself, having weigh'd her Merit well before he engag'd so far; and that besides solemn Promises on both Sides, they had a Beautiful Son. His Parents hearing so much, made no farther Objections; but resolv'd that his Father, He and I should return to *Madrid*, to provide all Things, and then send for his Mother and Sisters. Accordingly we set out, tho' I had not seen my Mistress, as not daring to mention any Thing that concern'd my own Satisfaction, till a fitter Opportunity.

It is impossible to express the Joy my Sister receiv'd, when she saw her Husband alive with me, having been inform'd of his Death, and concluded that I had kill'd him. His Mother and Sisters were sent for, to be present at the Wedding, but *Dona Clara* being then Sick, the Miss of her struck such a Damp upon my Spirits, that all of them perceiving it, I could not avoid making known my Passion, and that it had been always my Design to marry her. *Don Jerome* being impatient, he was marry'd to my Sister, to his great Satisfaction, tho' I was then capable of little Joy, fearing the Danger my Mistress might be in. When the Solemnity was over, *Don Pedro* and I return'd to *Segovia*, where we were inform'd, that *Dona Clara* was almost at the last Gasp, being spent with Melancholy, not knowing what was become of me. In short, she was dead before we could see her, and I lamented that Loss to Excess. I was told she had left it as a Charge upon me, to go in Pilgrimage to the Church of *la Pena de Francia*, having promis'd it when her Brother was wounded. Her Body was laid in the Vault, where *Don Jerome* had been, and I return'd to *Madrid*, where Time eas'd my Mind, and within a Year, I perform'd the Pilgrimage she had enjoyn'd me, ordering two Servants to meet me here with my Horses. What hapned to me by the Way you partly know, and the rest I reserve to a fitter Opportunity.

Accord-

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Accordingly, soon after *Hippolyto* told them all that has been before said of his Adventures on the Road, only concealing the Love there was between himself and *Aminta*, in Respect that her Brother *Alexander* was present, His Relation being ended, they pass'd the Time with other Diversions, and here it will be proper to conclude this Fourth Book, to begin the Fifth with other surprizing Adventures.

The End of the Fourth Book.



BOOK



BOOK V.



Diversity is the true Touchstone of Fortitude, and this Virue not only gains a Man present Praise, but a lasting Memorial. Fortitude is one of the Ornaments of the Soul, and an Instrument of Felicity to the Body. The generous *Hippolyto* was not destitute of this Heroick Virue, which the greater his Misfortunes were, still exerted itself the more. He was now near recovering his Liberty, and well pleas'd with that Expectation; yet much in the Wrong, for an unfortunate Man is so most when any Prosperity befalls him, because that generally proves no other than an Introduction to greater Calamities.

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ties. This we shall soon see verify'd, for during the Hopes of the approaching Felicity, the Dispositions for a future Misfortune were laying. *Hippolyto* now labour'd under various Passions, sometimes the Love of *Aminia* prevail'd, then succeeded the Grief for having lost her, and after that Jealousy and Indignation against his Rival *Don Henry*. At length, the Day of his Deliverance, as also of his Friend *Don Carlos* came, when they had a noble Entertainment at *Leonardo's* House, when *Hippolyto* declar'd his Intention to return to *Madrid*, where he was expected by his Family. That same Afternoon he set out, and the next Day *Don Carlos* receiv'd Letters from *Italy*, giving an Account of his Affairs there. With these came Letters from *Dona Vitoria* for *Alexander*, wherein no mention was made of her Sister *Dona Marcela*, and *Don Carlos* having none from her, which he had never before miss'd of, since they parted, he began to apprehend some Misfortune, and therefore resolv'd to go himself to see how Matters stood, and look to his Estate, tho', as has been said, he had given *Alexander's* Father full Power to dispose of it. Accordingly he went away to *Barcelona*, and there embark'd for *Italy*, where we must leave him for the present.

Hippolyto arriv'd the third Day at *Madrid*, and was joyfully receiv'd by *Don Jerome* and his Sister *Dona Anna*. There he continu'd at his Ease some Months, and receiv'd Advice that

that a solemn Festival was to be kept at *Alcala*, in Honor of the Patrons of that Place *Justus* and *Pastor*. *Don Alonso*, Brother to *Hippolyto* was at that University, and being a Man of Extraordinary Natural Parts, did not apply himself so much to his Studies, relying on his ready Wit and Capacity. He minded dressing by Day, and Ranging Abroad by Night, being always very Gay, his Brother *Hippolyto* supplying him plentifully. In short, *Don Alonso* was very Brave, and Extraordinary Skillful at his Weapons, insomuch, that having gain'd Reputation in several Youthful Rancounters, he was envy'd both by Friends and Enemies. *Hippolyto* came to his House in the Evening, and waited for his coming Home, musing that Time on the Disappointments in his Love, first by the Death of *Dona Clara*, and next by the unfortunate Separation from *Aminta*. Whilst he was employ'd in these Thoughts, *Don Alonso* came Home with a Friend, whose Name was *Don John*, a Native of *Madrid*, of a wealthy and noble Family. *Don Alonso* order'd the Supper to be brought, and an Apartment made ready for his Brother; designing, as soon as he was a Bed to go Abroad again upon some Intrigue, with his Friend *Don John*. By some Words they let fall *Hippolyto*, discover'd their Intention, and declar'd he would bear them Company. They would have excus'd it, but at length comply'd, and they went out all three together. The Illuminations on the

Account

Account above-men ion'd, made the Night look like Day. There was a Masquerade a Horseback richly, and at the same Time most comically dress'd. They rode about by two and two with lighted Flambeaux in their Hands, diverting the whole Town. There were many other Entertainments, which lasted the first Part of the Night, till all retiring to rest, the Darknes of the Night took Place, and the Streets were left empty.

Don Alonso courted a Lady, whose Name was *Constanza*, but he did it against her's and her Mother's Inclination, and the Reason of this Aversion was, because *Don Alonso* would not permit any other to be a Gallant where he made Love, and he had such an Influence over all, that none would appear where he had settled his Affection. This was so grievous to *Constanza*, that she would leave no Stone unturn'd to be rid of one who watch'd her so narrowly, that she might be gallanted and presented by many. She therefore hated *Don Alonso*, and meditated how to shake off that Encumbrance to her Pleasure, pretending to Modesty, when her real Intention was to enjoy an undecent Liberty. This indiscreet Lady had two Kinsmen, who bore *Don Alonso* a Grudge, either for this, or some other Reason. She had some Time before, sent for them to ease her of the aforesaid Trouble. They consulted how to compass their Design, and knowing that Intreaties were ineffectual, consider'd of some harsher Method. One of the

the Kinsmen was for killing of him; but the other having weigh'd the Difficulty, said, *Nothing can be more acceptable to me than the killing of Don Alonso; but if we propose to execute it ourselves, we may be in more Danger than he; both by reason of his Valour, and because if we should succeed, there is no avoiding a certain Ruin in our Fortunes if we fly, or the Loss of our Lives if we are taken, his Interest being so great as it is. These Things consider'd, I am for bringing that about by Policy, which cannot be perform'd by open Force.* They all approv'd of his Caution, and told him, since he had so well consider'd the Danger, it was his Part to contrive how to avoid it, whereupon he proceeded as follows. *You are sensible that the Joyns of Wooden Balconies are subject to rot with the Rain, and this will be a Means to compass our Revenge. There are two such to Constanza's House, we will saw the Ends which fasten into the Wall so far, that the Weights of one Man may break it down, it will be then easy for Constanza to draw him into it, so that he will fall, and we being there ready, before it is possible for him to recover himself, will seize and convey him out of the Town, where we will finish what is wanting to his Death, and thus Constanza will be rid of him, and we shall have the Satisfaction of acting our Revenge with more Safety. Such was Constanza's cowardly Kinsman's Contrivance, for Cowards are always treacherous and cruel, and the rest agreeing with him, they had been*

been several Days before preparing to execute their Villainous Design on the Night of the aforesaid Festival, when, as has been mention'd, *Don Alonso*, suspecting no such Practice, carry'd *Don John* and *Hippolyto* to *Constanza's* House. They went up to the first Floor, without asking any Questions, and found one of the great Rooms full of Company, that had gone from *Madrid* to the Festival. Among them were three Ladies richly clad. *Don Alonso* seeing so many gay Persons, ask'd *Constanza*, who they were. She answer'd, that two of the Ladies were her Kinswomen, and the Men with them, their Husbands and Brothers. He would have known, who the third Lady was, but could not be inform'd; and therefore rested satisfy'd, as being a Thing that did not concern him. *Constanza* having answer'd his Questions, desir'd he would not go away too soon, because she had something to say to him, which she did, to bring about what she had contriv'd with her Kinsmen. He comply'd, and whilst he stay'd, desir'd *Don John* and *Hippolyto* to walk into another Room, that he might hear what *Constanza* had to say, that Familiarity being nothing agreeable to her usual Coinefs. The Ladies and Gentlemen sat Down, and missing *Constanza*, call'd her in, and prevented the Execution of what she was about. Some Time was spent in hearing the pleasant Musick of Voices and Instruments, and no less in agreeable Discourse,

during

during the which *Hippolyto*, through the thin Veil which cover'd the Face of the 3d Lady, before unknown, perceiv'd that she was his beloved *Aminta*, and taking off the Disguize he then wore, on Account of the publick Masquerading, made himself known to her, who immediatly ran and embrec'd him, nor would they have been parted so soon, but that they were call'd away to Supper.

Whilst these Things were in Agitation, *Constanza* consider'd that she could not execute her malicious Design that Night, and therefore sent to let them know so much, but that the next Night all should be accomplish'd. She also desir'd *Don Alonso* to be sure to come the next Night, as soon as it was dark, because she might have Occasion for him. He promis'd so to do, and whispering *Hippolyto*, told him, it was Time to go home. They took their Leaves, and particularly *Hippolyto* of *Aminta*, having promis'd to meet the next Day at the Bull-Feast.

They went home well satisfy'd, and particularly *Hippolyto*, for having found his lost Mistress. The next Morning *Hippolyto* having been inform'd, where *Aminta* was to sit, to see the Bull-Feast, took the next Place to her, that he might have the Opportunity of conversing with her. There *Hippolyto* understood what had been the Occasion of her quitting *Salamanca*, and that she had not writ to him from *Madrid*, for Fear the Letter should fall into her Brother's Hands, and
occasion

occasion more Mischief. Here he was fully convinc'd of *Aminta's* Love, being assur'd, that nothing had brought her to that Solemnity, but the Hopes, that she might perhaps see him there. The more he gaz'd on her, the more he admir'd her Beauty, and the longer they discours'd, the more he was taken with her Wit and Discretion.

The Sport being begun, several Gentlemen rode at the Bulls, but for the most Part very unfortunately, some being dismounted, and several hurt by those fierce Creatures. This gave *Hippolyto* an Inclination to show his Dexterity at that bold Exercise, and therefore slipping away, whilst *Aminta* was talking to some of her Company, he soon appear'd in the Square well mounted, and with his Lance in his Hand, where he stuck several Bulls so dextrously, that he gain'd the general Applause, but more particularly when a Bull fiercer and stronger than ordinary being turn'd loose, he pierc'd him so fortunately in the Neck, that he drop'd down dead at his Horses Feet, without stirring an Inch farther. These Successes procur'd him the Esteem of all the Spectators, encreas'd the Love of *Aminta*, and provok'd the Envy and Hatred of one single malicious Person. This was *Don Henry*, who, as was said in its Place, had the mighty Fray with *Alexander*, in which he was wounded at *Salamanca* by *Hippolyto*, after *Aminta* had left him, as has also been related. *Don Henry* knew not that she was at that Festival;

val; but bearing *Hippolyto* an immortal Grudge, and having before sought to be reveng'd on him, and then knowing him, he resolv'd not to return to *Madrid* without some Satisfaction for the Dammmages he had sustain'd by him. It has been necessary, to make this Digression for the better Understanding of the prodigious Adventures of that Night. To proceed where we left off,

Hippolyto's Friends advis'd him to go off with the Honor he had acquir'd, and not hazard all upon some unfortunate Accident. He did so, and return'd to his former Place, with his Brother *Don Alonso*. When the Spurr was over, *Hippolyto* took Leave of his Friends, and went with *Don Alonso* to wait *Aminta's* Return Home with the other Ladies. *Don Henry* dogg'd and saw them go into *Constanza's* Houſe, where he concluded they liv'd, because having ſtay'd ſome Time, they came not out again, and therefore he went to his own Lodging, and beſpoke ſome Friends to bear him Company. Young Men are ſeldom ſo diſcreet as to ask, whether what their Friend deſigns, is honourable, and they are generally raſh enough to ſtand by them, tho' it be in ſcandalous Enterprizes. Thus all his Friends, without asking Queſtions, resolv'd to attend him, and eſpouſe his Quarrel. Whiſt they were gathering, *Conſtanza* and her Guests went to their own Home. *Hippolyto* and *Don Alonso* kept by themſelves apart, to avoid being obſerv'd, and give them the Freedom to diſcourſe
of

of what they had seen. They supp'd, and when that was over, *Aminta* being eager to converse with her Lover, left the Company and went into a Room, where *Hippolyto* was alone, because *Don John* came, and carry'd away *Don Alonso*. She chid him for the Danger he had expos'd himself to against the Bulls, and he promising for the future to be obedient to her Will, they continu'd their Discourse with great Satisfaction, for the Time it lasted, which was not long.

Constanza having appointed her two Kinsmen, to put in Execution their treacherous Design at that Time, they waited in the Street, attended by two other Friends. *Don Alonso* being gone, she could not perform her Part, and they grown weary of waiting, resolv'd to murder him any Way they could. To this Purpose they form'd a Counterfeit Fray, and *Hippolyto* hearing the Clattering of Swords to see whether his Brother and *Don John* were not concern'd in it, stepp'd in to the Balcony, which had been prepar'd for the Destruction of his Brother, and no sooner set his Feet in it, than it drop'd down with him into the Street. The Noise of the Fall made them give over their pretended Quarrel, hoping to find their Enemy dead, or at least unable to defend himself. The Night being dark, they could discern no more than that he was still alive, and therefore resolv'd to carry him off, before any People came out, to murder him in the Fields, and cast his Body into the River. *Aminta* having seen
her

her Lover fall, ran down with all Speed, but when she came into the Street, found only the Ruins of the fallen Balcony. She stood amaz'd at it, and not regarding that some People were coming, only thought of looking about for *Hippolyto*, to be satisfy'd, whether he was much hurt. They that came on at that Time, were *Don Henry* and his Friends, with a Resolution to be reveng'd for his former Disappointments. Seeing such a Woman there, they drew near to know what she was looking for. *Don Henry* immediately knew her, and began to consider what to do, whether to take Revenge for her slighting him, or else pardon all for the Love he bore her. He concluded, to carry her away to some Place, where Opportunity or Force might in some lucky Minute procure, what she had for so many Years deny'd him. Having acquainted the rest, they hoodwink'd, gagg'd and carry'd her away to *Don Henry's* Lodging. All that were in *Constanza's* House, hearing the Noise of the fallen Balcony, went down into the Street, and finding no body hurt, went in again, without missing the unhappy *Aminta* for the present.

At the Time when these Things hapned, *Don Alonso* and *Don John* were in another Street not far off, and saw some Men carrying another, who they guess'd was much hurt, or dead; but not thinking it any way concern'd them, they let them pass and stay'd about their own Business. *Don John* spoke to his Mistress, *Don Alonso*

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so waited for him, and they return'd together to *Constanza's* House, in order to go home with *Hippolyto*. Not finding him there, by Reason of the aforesaid Misfortune, they ask'd for him, and were told by *Constanza*, that he had been wounded going from thence, and she had been told, those who did it, carry'd him away, to prevent any Discovery, when the Business should be enquir'd into. This the wicked Woman said, to disguise her vile Practice, or else being concern'd that it had fallen upon the wrong Person, or else perhaps in Hopes, that *Don Alonso* going to look after his Brother, her Kinsmen might meet, and murder him.

When the worthy Gentleman had heard this Account, and reflected that the Person, he had seen carry'd by, was his Brother, he fell into a Trembling with Anger, and his very Bowels earn'd with Grief. Nor could he forbear shedding Tears, which *Constanza* admir'd, knowing his fierce Disposition, and she was almost troubled for having been the Occasion of so much Mischiefe. It is a Folly to lose Time in lamenting of Misfortunes, which are within a Possibility of being retriev'd, which the brave Gentleman considering, he went away with *Don John*, who was no small Sharer in his Sorrow, and proceeding along those Streets, through which they had seen *Hippolyto* carry'd, came to a Breach, Age had made in the Wall, and through which they must of Necessity have gon out into the Fields, pursuant

suant to what they had heard from *Constanza*. They went from Place to Place to find them, sometimes clapping their Ears close to the Ground, to listen whether they could hear any Noise amidst the Silence of the Night, without discovering any thing. They came at length to the Banks of the River *Henares*, whose murmuring Noise seem'd to declare what he had that Night been Witness to. There the River is check'd by a Mill-Damm, and forms an Island so cover'd with Trees, that it is a difficult Matter to find the Way through them to the Mill. The two generous Youths came to this Arm of the River, as full of Anguish as may be imagin'd. *Don Alonso* often call'd out, and sometimes repeated his Brother's Name, and at last heard a Voice, which seem'd to answer at a Distance. They went down the River towards it, and calling again, heard the unfortunate *Hippolyto* answer, and having known *Don Alonso* by his Voice, utter'd these Words, *Dear Brother and Friend, it is high Time to assist me with Diligence, for my Life is in the utmost Danger.* The brave Youth perceiving that his Brother was on the other Side of that Arm of the River, and considering, that if he regarded the Depth, and staid to go over at the Mill, he might by what he heard his Brother say, come too late to do him any Service, he resolv'd to plunge into the Water, and succour him, tho' with the Hazard of his own Life. He held his Sword in his Mouth, and laid

his Target on his Back, and so flung himself into the River. *Don John* resolving not to be outdone, did the like. The Water not proving so deep as they had expected, they waded through, and landing on the other Side, came to the Place where *Hippolyto* lay in a very ill Posture among the broken Boughs of the Trees. *Don Alonso* took him by the Arms to ask, who had done him that Mischief, and found his Cloaths wet, which adding to his Confusion, he ask'd, whether he was wounded, and why he had so earnestly call'd for Help, since they saw none there to hurt him. *Hippolyto* desir'd, they would remove him from amongst those Boughs, and lay him on the soft Grass, which they having done, he said. *Dear Brother and Friend*, I shall never be able sufficiently to acknowledge my Gratitude for this Act of Generosity of yours. I have not receiv'd any Wounds, but am almost lam'd on one Side by a Fall. The Danger I apprehended was a Piece of Treachery, of which I will inform you, being deliver'd from it by your Assistance. When you two were gon out of that House, where I found my greatest Happiness in *Aminta*, I heard the Clashing of Swords in the Street, and you being newly gon, was willing to see whether you were concern'd in the Fray. I stepp'd into a Balcony of the House, which immediately gave Way, and came down with me into the Street. Being much bruis'd, I was not able to rise, and when I expected some would have come out of the House to my Assistance, four Men came up to me, and one of
the n

them viewing me more narrowly, told the rest I was alive. They then laid hold of me, and having pass'd thro' several Streets, brought me out into the Fields by the River Side. I held my Peace at first, because I heard them say, Constanza manag'd it very well, the Contrivance of the Balcony was excellent, for by that Means this Wretch shall now suffer for all the Uneasiness he has given us. I knew I was not the Person to whom that was meant, and that if I spoke, they would find out their Mistake; yet as I was silent at first to hear what they said, I continu'd so afterwards, for fear they should murder me, to prevent my discovering their vile Secret. I fancy'd they were carrying me out into the Fields only to leave me there, and for that Reason carry'd on my Silence with a counterfeit fainting. They brought me to this Bank of the River, and as they were laying me down, perceiv'd I was not the Person they thought. They would thereupon have left me, but for reflecting, that what I had heard might be of dangerous Consequence to them. This made them consult, what was to be done. One was for burying me in the Sand, another for casting me into the River; this was resolv'd upon, and accordingly put in Execution, and I swam over to this Side. When the Villains saw how luckily I had escap'd, they agreed to go round by the Mill to kill me, and I to avoid them, crept in among the Boughs, that they might not find me. At that Time I heard my Brother's Voice, which

encourag'd me to call out to him for Help. By this Misfortune I have been made sensible of his Affection, and of the Bravery of those he chooses for his Friends, both having so boldly expos'd themselves for my Safety, which Favour I shall ever acknowledge to my last Breath.

Hippolyto having done, they began to debate who those might be that had been guilty of so vile an Action, but were soon interrupted by hearing some Persons draw near, and one of them say, *How impertinent they were before they would let us thro' at the Mill.* Another answer'd, *It is true, but we may rejoyce that they knew none of us.* By this it appear'd that those Men were the same, who had before design'd to murder Hippolyto, and were then coming to put it in Execution. Don John and Don Alonso, got up and prepar'd to receive their Enemies. The two Friends fell on them with such Bravery, that two dropp'd down dead upon the Spot, and the other two leap'd into the River. The two generous Gentlemen forbore pursuing them, to attend Hippolyto, whom they carry'd into the City with much Toil, and took up in a Friend's House. Next they took Care to have Hippolyto dress'd, expecting the next Day to hear more of that Affair.

Don Alonso immediately perceiv'd, that Mischief had been design'd for him, having discover'd, that one of those whom they left dead in the Field was his Rival, and Courted Constanza.

He

He was sensible she had favour'd the Contrivance, as appear'd by what *Hippolyto* told him, and was confirm'd by *Constanza's* former ill usage to him, wherefore being convinc'd she had design'd to have him murder'd, his Love turn'd into Hatred, and he resolv'd to be reveng'd.

Don John and *Don Alonso*, kept in all the Day, and walk'd Abroad at Night, to enquire how Affairs went, and with a Design to meet the other two that had made their Escape, when they found *Hippolyto* in the Island; but they were as cautious to secure themselves, as the others were vigilant to find them, so that it was not likely they should meet. The second Night they had been Abroad in Quest of them, as they were returning Home, they heard a great Noise at the Door of a House that entertain'd Lodgers. They drew near, to enquire into the Occasion, and found one of the two they sought after kill'd. By him lay a Woman weltering in her own Blood, and almost expiring. *Don Alonso* view'd her, and perceiv'd it was *Constanza*. This surpriz'd him more than all the rest, and tho' he had design'd to have done that Execution on her himself, yet Compassion prevailing, he thought fit first to take some Care of her Soul, and then endeavour the Recovery of her Body. A Priest was call'd, and whilst he was discharging his Duty, *Don Alonso* went about to enquire, who had prevented his Revenge. The Landlady of the House knowing him, in

a mighty Consternation, said, *I conjure you, Don Alonso, by the Respect I ever had for you to protect me at this Time.* He ask'd, What it was she desir'd, and she answer'd, nothing but that he would convey her away to some Place of Safety, that she might not fall into the Hands of the Officers of Justice. Having a Curiosity to be inform'd about what had hapned, and knowing, that all Gentlemen are oblig'd to succour Women in Distress, he went away with her, leaving *Don John* to conduct the Priest back to his House. When *Don Alonso* was gone with the Woman, and *Don John* with the Priest, the *Corregidor*, or Chief Magistrate came with his Officers, whom he caus'd to carry *Constanza* Home to her Mother. Finding the Man quite dead, he began to make Enquiry after the Murderers, and going into the Lodging House, found the Landlord just come in from the Country, so that he could know nothing of that Affair. The Maids were call'd to depose what they knew, who excus'd themselves, alledging, That none but their Mistress could give any Account of it, because they being about their Business, had not seen what was done, and did not belong to them. The Landlady, as has been said, was gone, so that little or no Light could be then had.

Don Alonso carry'd the disconsolate Woman to the House where *Hippolyto* then lay, for her greater Safety. *Don John* also return'd in a
 short

short Time, and the Doors being secur'd, the Woman began to recover from her Fright, and *Hippolyto* invited her into his Room, with Assurances of Protection. She comply'd, and being come in, appear'd to be a Person genteel enough, and decently free in Behaviour. It was then about Nine of the Clock, and Supper being brought, they perswaded *Justa*, that was the Woman's Name, to eat with them, which she did. When the Cloth was taken away, *Don Alonso* declar'd, that the dead Man was one of the principal Managers of the Harm done his Brother, adding, that he was *Constanza's* Kinsman, and that he had found her almost dead, as well as him. This excited *Hippolyto's* Curiosity the more, to be inform'd by *Justa*, who could best give an Account of that Accident. She to requite the Courtesy of those Gentlemen, deliver'd herself to this Effect.

When the late Festival begun, a Gentleman came to Lodge at my House, with four Friends and Servants. By their Habit, they were Men of Quality, tho' their Behaviour was not answerable, for there is no judging by outward Appearances. I have reason to make this Reflection, because the very Night of the Day when the Bull Feast was, the Gentleman, whom I hear'd, call'd *Don Henry*, went Abroad with his Companions, and they all return'd soon after, bringing a Woman in their Arms. To prevent her being seen by any of my Servants,

they put her into a dark Room, which my Husband for his own Interest shew'd them, being the properest for their Design, because tho' the wretched Lady had cry'd out, she could not be heard, or reliev'd. Having left her in that Manner, they went out again, as I suppose to see, whether any Search was made after her. Perceiving that she appear'd to have been brought by Force, and by the Manner of her breathing, that her Mouth was stopp'd, I began to pry more narrowly into that Affair, and accordingly resolv'd to be satisfy'd, who she was, whilst they were gone. They having carry'd away the Key of another Room, which led into that where she was. I could not come at her, as I desir'd, and therefore went into another that was over it, and order'd to be kept empty by *Don Henry*. I took up a Board of the Floor, which was loose, and discover'd a Woman of a graceful Presence, a beautiful Countenance, genteely dress'd, and of modest look; but her Cloaths were black. She wrung her Hands and water'd them with Tears, Sighing, and complaining, as if her Misfortunes were beyond admitting of any Comfort. The Dress of her Head was curious, but discompos'd by her late Calamity, and she began to tear it off, like one in Despair. It griev'd my Heart to see so beautiful a Creature in such Affliction, and I perceive I have mov'd your Compassion.

By

By these Tokens Hippolyto understood, that the Person spoken off was his Mistress, and by the Name knew, who had carry'd her to that House, where *Justa* had seen her, and being sensible, that his inward Grief appear'd by some outward Sallies, he said to her. *Let not my Passions any way interrupt you, for my tender Nature and the Force of Imagination, have often such Effect upon me, that I forget my self, and am wholly transported.*

Justa then, no farther regarding Hippolyto, proceeded thus. When she had torn off her Head-Dress, she stood awhile talking to herself, and I could hear her call upon Hippolyto, declaring that since he was not to enjoy her Beauty, she would herself destroy it. Then laying hold of a Candle that was burning by her, she was about putting it to her lovely Hair. Hippolyto then no longer able to forbear, interrupted *Justa*, saying, *Did she burn it, speak quickly, that all my Sorrows may fall upon me at once.* You delay, answer'd *Justa*, the acquainting you with what you are so eager to know. I tell you, she laid hold of the Candle, in Order to set Fire to her Hair, but I seeing her desperate Resolution, could no longer keep Silence, and natural Tenderness prevailing, said, Hold, Madam, hear me, for tho' I am a Woman, perhaps some easier Remedy may be found for your Misfortunes. The Lady look'd at me, and was surpriz'd to find any Compassion amidst so much Horror

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Horror and Distress. I laid the Board quite aside, shew'd myself and added these Words, No Condition is so desperate, as to be utterly void of Hope, as you now find by Experience, for tho' I cannot now set you at Liberty, I am resolv'd to defend you, either by Policy, or by open Force. If you have but Courage to perform, I shall not want Ingenuity to contrive. Do you tell me, in short, what the Danger is you apprehend, that we may not take wrong Measures. I cannot express, what an Alteration these Words of Comfort produc'd in the beautiful *Aminta*, that she told me was her Name. She bound back her before dishevell'd Hair, and said, Dear Friend, since I must acquaint you with my Misfortunes, do you tell me, who you are. I did so, and then she proceeded thus, I am an unhappy Woman, tho' well Born, I love a Gentleman, who requites my Affection, and I hate another who torments me. The first of them I believe, is by this Time unfortunately murder'd, and the latter, when I ran down out of the House where I was, to see whether what I apprehended were certain, seiz'd and brought me hither, where I dread he will offer Violence to me. This is the Occasion of my Sorrow, you may judge, whether it is not well grounded. It shall cost me dear, said I, but you shall come off better than you imagine. However, lest your hated Lover should return, since I dare not discover this Affair to the Magistrates, be-
cause

cause my Husband has been corrupted by *Don Henry*; for the present, take this Key, which I then threw down, for tho' it will not open that Door, you may put it into the Key hole, and by that Means obstruct any Bodies coming to you this Night, and to Morrow Means shall be found for your Deliverance. She did so, return'd Thanks, and I took my Leave, laying down the Board, which had given us the Opportunity of conversing together. My Husband charg'd me to conceal that Business, because *Don Henry* was a generous Gentleman, and it behov'd us to oblige him. I found more Difficulty to avoid revealing my own Secret to him, than in assisting of *Aminta*; however, having undertaken her Protection, I held my Peace. In short, *Don Henry* return'd a long Time after, with his Friends; they withdrew to another Room, and he perceiving the House was still, repair'd to the Place where *Aminta* was; but was strangely disappointed, when he found there was no Possibility of putting the Key into the Key-hole. He acquainted us with what I so well knew before; my Husband told him, it was then too late to disturb the House by breaking open the Door, and therefore he would do well to go to Bed, and the next Day all Things should be order'd to his Mind. *Don Henry*, tho' much against his Will, was forc'd to comply. *Aminta* could not sleep a Wink all that Night, as she afterwards told me. As soon

as it was Day, *Don Henry* again try'd to open the Door, and being disappointed, endeavour'd to perswade *Aminia* to open it. She resolutely bid him be gone, and never hope to see her Face again, for should he presume to offer Violence, since she could not be his Death, she would not fail to kill herself. If you are so resolv'd, answer'd *Don Henry*, I am no less positive to proceed to Force, tho' it cost me my Life, my Reputation, and all that can be held dear in this World. I heard all he said, and was amaz'd, that any Man should be so brutal as to proclaim his own Shame. In short, he try'd all Means, and I being still consulted, disappointed all his Projects. I talk'd to *Aminia* the same Way as I had done the first Time, gave her something to eat, and so the next Day and Night pass'd away. When the publick Festival was over, those who had resorted to it from other Parts, return'd Home, so that most of my Lodgers went away, and none remain'd but *Don Henry* and his Friends, who thinking my Husband and I had both favour'd his Design, resolv'd to break through a Wall into the Room where *Aminia* was. I was at a Loss how to prevent this Mischief, and therefore gave her timely notice, that she might not be surpriz'd. She stood some Time, as it were astonish'd, till coming to herself, she said, Dear *Jules*, that is the utmost Malice of my Fate, and since he is resolv'd to come in that Way, it will be better to prevent giving Scandal,

dal, and let him in at the Door; perhaps that Compliance may render him the civilier. I was sorry to hear it, but finding her resolute, went and told *Don Henry*, that I had talk'd to her thro' a Cranny of the Door, and she had condescended to open the Door to him. The troublesome Lover rejoyc'd, and waiting till Night, the properest Time for such Designs, went in and shut the Door after him. I went to the usual Place over their Heads, and removing the Board but a little, for Fear of Discovery, yet so much as that I could see and hear, perceiv'd *Aminta* desir'd him to sit down a while, to calm the Disorder he was in. He did so, and *Aminta* began to grow so tractable, that I almost quession'd whether she was the same I had seen two Nights before in such a desperate Rage, and *Don Henry* at the same Time conceiv'd better Hopes of her. How very tractable you now represent her, said *Hippolyto*, fetching a deep Sigh, tell me quickly what was the Effect of her Tractableness, without keeping me so long in Suspense.

I did not imagine, proceeded *Justa*, that her being tractable had so nearly concern'd you, or that you were the Person she has lamented as dead; give Ear to what remains, and be assur'd, that had I known so much as I now do, I should have better provided for her Safety, and acquainted her that you were alive, and in a fair Way to see her shortly. Thus it was with
Aminta,

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Aminia, when *Don Henry* said to her. Do not think I shall hereafter show you that Respect I have hitherto done; for as you deserv'd that, till I came with you to *Salamanca*, so since that Time you have deserv'd the worst Usage from me. You are sensible there is no Person in this House to assist or protect you; therefore without farther Delay, resolve what you intend to do. She then understanding the Resolution of that vile Man, full of Courage and Undaunted answer'd, What matters it, tho' no Mortal can hear, if Heaven listens? So that I alone am sufficient, thou Villain, to defend myself and chastize thee. At the same Time she drew out a Knife I had given her to cut her Meat, and being so close to *Don Henry*, who expected no such Assault, she struck it into his Breast, and with the same Vigour drew it out again, and gave him a second Stab, which laid him on the Ground weltring in his Blood. Whilst she had been alone in that Room, she had put on a Suit of Cloaths, lest there be one of *Don Henry's* Friends, who was a little Man, so that dropping her Petticoat and Gown, she remain'd in Man's Cloaths, open'd the Door and made away very hastily.

Having been an Eye-witness to all these Transactions, tho' I hated the Man for his base Practices, yet fearing my Husband and I might be troubled, if he were found wounded there, I ran out crying, *Don Henry* was in Danger of
being

being murder'd. His Friends hearing me hasten'd to his Assistance. They found him in that Condition as has been said, and concluding it must be *Hippolyto*, or some Friend of his, that had rescu'd *Aminta*, and that they could not be gone far, they left us to take Care of the wounded Man, and went out to pursue the Persons that had treated him in that Manner. It hapned, that just at that Time, a certain Lady very famous in this City, as is well known to *Don Alonso*, her Name is *Constanza*, was then passing by, with a Kinsman of her's. She went along so fast, that *Don Henry's* Friends concluded she was *Aminta*, and he that was with her, the Person who had wounded *Don Henry*. Being fir'd by this Imagination, without making any Enquiry, to be sure of what they did, they immediately gave him two Stabs, of which he fell down dead, and left her desperately wounded by him, and crying out for Help. They fetch'd out *Don Henry*, and all together absconded. At this Time *Don Alonso* came up, and I being sensible, that when the Affair were examin'd, I must suffer as having been so far concern'd in it, begg'd his Protection, which he generously granted. This is the Occasion of my leaving my Family, and since I have been so fortunate as to be serviceable to *Aminta*, I hope that will be a Motive to you to continue your Favours.

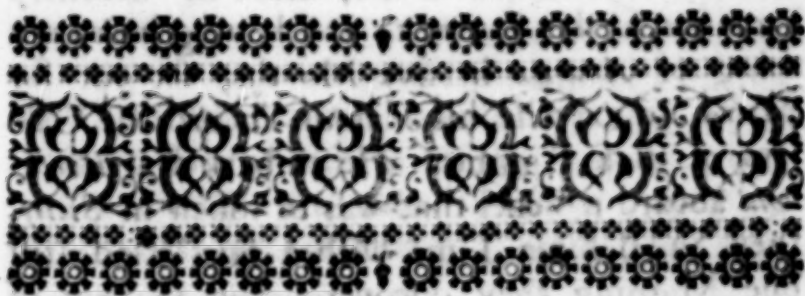
Thus *Justa* concluded the Account of that Adventure, wherein *Hippolyto* was so highly concern'd,

concern'd. He was overjoy'd to hear of her Resolution and Constant Love ; tho' at the same Time he could not but grieve that she was gone in such Manner, that he could scarce hope to see her again. In a few Days, *Hippolyto* recover'd of his Fall, Examinations were taken as to the Matters above related, and *Justa* return'd to her House. *Constanza* was cur'd of the Wound she had receiv'd, and all that could be known of *Don Henry* was, that his Friends convey'd him to *Madrid*. *Constanza's* other Kinsman, who had been concern'd in the Mischief done to *Hippolyto* was secur'd, and inform'd that *Don Alonso* and *Don John* had kill'd the two Persons, that were found dead near the River. For this Reason, by *Hippolyto's* Advice they made their Escape, and he return'd to *Madrid*, where he liv'd at Ease, till Fortune drew him into those Adventures we shall mention hereafter.

The End of the Fifth Book.



BOOK



BOOK VI.

WE have in the last Book seen how vile and degenerate *Don Henry* was in all his Actions, tho' by Birth a Gentleman, and of the best Quality; but those do not deserve the Name of Gentlemen, who have no other Claim to it but Descent, and who dishonour their illustrious Families by their base and scandalous Behaviour. Far from it was the brave *Hippolyto*, who besides the other excellent Qualities which gain'd him Respect and Applause, had an earnest Inclination to serve his Sovereign in the Army, as he had attempted to do in his younger Years. Having resolv'd to put this Thought in Execution, he entrusted his

Brother

Brother in Law *Don Jerome*, with the whole Management of his Estate, made the necessary Provision for his Journey, and having heard nothing of *Aminta* in five Months, set out for *Malta*, to exercise his Valour aboard the Gallies of those Knights. He embark'd at *Barcelona* aboard a Vessel that was to touch in *Sicily*, they Sail'd some Time with a fair Wind, till one Morning they discover'd four Gallies of *Biserta*, bound for *Constantinople*. They came up with the Ship *Hippolyto* was in, and his Encouragement being of no Force with those wretched Sailors, they basely surrender'd themselves. Only *Hippolyto* was taken out of the Ship and carry'd aboard one of the Gallies, some *Turks* were put aboard the Ship to secure the Christian Captives, and conduct it to the Port. The very next Day, they discover'd the Gallies of *Naples*, at some Distance. The *Turks* perceiving, that being lighter, they gain'd upon them, and that the Ship they had taken, could not make as much Way as they could have wish'd, they resolv'd to quit it rather than hazard all. Thus the Ship reach'd its intended Port, only *Hippolyto* remaining Captive among Infidels, who carry'd him to *Constantinople*. He liv'd in Hopes, that being Master of so considerable an Estate, there could be no great Difficulty in paying his Ransom. But our Expectations are vain, when Fate has otherwise decreed.

Hippolyto

Hippolyto fell into the Hands of a rich *Turk*, a Man of good Sense, who put a great Value on him. Here Fortune began a little to smile on him, for he soon gain'd his Master's Favour. The *Turk* hapned to speak *Spanish*, so that *Hippolyto* could receive his Orders, and was very punctual in the Execution of them. He sometimes would ask his Advice in particular Affairs, and by his Answers perceiv'd Nature had given him a more than ordinary Talent. At other Times he would discourse of Politicks, and when *Hippolyto* boldly stood up in Defence of the Christian Government, the *Turk* was well pleas'd, telling him, it convinc'd him that he was well Born, for when Gentlemen can no longer defend their Country and their Laws with the Sword, they are oblig'd at least to do it with their Tongues. *Hippolyto* apply'd himself to learn his Master's Language, and succeeded so well, that it gain'd him much Esteem. A certain *Alfaqui*, or *Mahometan* Priest, who was generally much respected, us'd to visit *Rezman*, that was *Hippolyto's* Master's Name. This Priest coming in one Day, when the Master and his Slave were discoursing, *Hippolyto* would have withdrawn; but his Master bid him stay, and he obeying, perceiv'd that the Priest began to Talk of Astrology, which he was much addicted to, and had by it gain'd the undeserv'd Reputation of a very Wise and Learned Man.

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Rezuan had a Daughter about Fifteen Years of Age, so close kept up, that she had scarce ever been seen, and this was occasion'd by an Astrological Judgment, the said *Alfaqui* had made, telling her Father, That a *Mahometan* would fall in Love with her, and she refusing to consent to him, he would be the Death of her. *Hippolyte* had been acquainted with this superstitious Notion, and endeavour'd to undeceive his Master. He judg'd this to be a proper Opportunity, and when they two were deep in Discourse, he began to smile, and by his Motions seem'd to despise all the ignorant Astrologer asserted, as to the Power and Influence of the Stars. *Rezuan* perceiving his Dissent, bid him deliver his Opinion. Then the discreet Captive putting on a serious Countenance, said,

I have always endeavour'd to convince all those who give Credit to such Chimera's, how much they are impos'd upon, and since you, Sir, desire to be inform'd, I hope I shall be able to give you Satisfaction. Among us the common Sort call those who deal in this pretended Science, Fortune-Tellers, and the better Sort Judiciary Astralers; but in reality, both they and those who give Credit to them are ignorant People, and deserve to be punish'd, for they lead Men into a Multitude of Errors. This I shall in a few Words make most evident. In the first Place, it will deprive us of our natural Liberty, or Free will; for if my Actions are to be guided by the Influence of the Stars, it will not be

in my Power to act otherwise, which is not only contrary to the Principles of Religion, but even of natural Reason, which shows that we are all free in our Choice, and may proceed indifferently. This is an undeniable Truth, but to proceed. The Judgments made upon Nativities, must be either taken directly from the Stars, or receiv'd by some Compact with the Devil. If you believe the latter, you cannot but be sensible, how dangerous it is to deal with him, whose main Design is to deceive us; besides, that it is almost universally agreed, that he knows not any Thing certainly of Futurity, and at the best only guesses at it. How then can you look upon that as certain, which our greatest Enemy asserts, since besides his Will to impose on us, he knows it not for certain himself? If you prefer the other Method, and say, future Events are known by the Stars; because by their Qualities we may know those of the Persons Born under their Influence; pray tell me, why you rather form a Judgment from those which have an Influence at the Birth, than from those which are predominant at the Time when Man quickens, or is animated? If you judge by these last, how will you know when that Time was, Opinions varying so much about it? Now supposing it to be as you would have it, and that only the Birth is to be regarded. Pray tell me, how shall we do to know exactly under what Stars a Person is Born? You will tell me, that is easie enough, if we know the Day and Hour when he first saw the Light, and if this be
your

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your Answer, you must needs be convinc'd of your Error, if you consider that the fix'd Stars are carry'd away by the Motion of the Primum mobile, which is so prodigious rapid, that Astronomers say, it amounts to some Hundred Thousand Miles in one Minute. So that if you should mistake an Hour as to the Time of the Birth, you would make your Judgment by a Star, which must at that Time be an infinite Number of Leagues from the Place you imagin'd. But to come closer, tho' you could know the Moment of the Birth, you could not possibly judge of his Disposition, because Men are often a long Time coming into the World, and therefore how can you be assur'd which of those Moments to make a Judgment by. Again, supposing all that has been said were possible, that is, you should know the Moment, the Star and the Inclination, what is there to hinder me from getting the better of them all, and acting by my free Will. To conclude, what Probability is there, that those Bodies which are at such an immense Distance from us, as Saturn is comput'd to be above Sixteen Millions of Leagues, should have the least Power or Effect over us. Much more might be brought to prove my Assertion, but let this suffice at present.

Rezuwan was well pleas'd to see his Priest so well handled, that he own'd he had nothing to say for himself. This gain'd Hippolyto much Reputation, and he was no less in Favour with Hali, Rezuwan's Son, which made him the happier for some Time; yet his Felicity was not lasting,

his

his ill Fate still attending him, which hapned in this Manner.

The *Alfaqui* not knowing how to answer *Hippolyto*, had submitted at that Time, yet it griev'd him to the Heart to be so run down, and forfeit all his Reputation, and therefore he began to observe all *Hippolyto's* Actions, that he might find some Opportunity to slander and ruin him. The generous Captive being, as has been said, in Favour with *Hali*, ventur'd sometimes in Discourse with him, to let fall some Words concerning the Christian Religion, in Hopes of working upon him by Degrees. *Hali* was a Youth excellently qualify'd, of a mild Temper, courteous, well belov'd, beautiful, strong of Body, and Twenty Two Years of Age. He was addicted to Reading, and generally employ'd two Men to Copy Books for him, because the *Turks* have not the Art of Printing. *Hali* was seldom from his Christian Captive, which gave the *Alfaqui* an Opportunity to tell *Rezuan*, that his Son was in Danger of being made a Christian, by conversing with his Slave. *Rezuan* hearing this from him grew into a Passion, and his Affection to *Hippolyto* was converted into Hatred.

Rezuan had a fine Country House, where he kept his Daughter *Lidora*, on Account of that vile Astrologer's Predictions. She was in the Custody of an Aunt, Sister to her Mother, of a harsh Temper, religious in her Way and An-

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cient. It will be necessary to describe this House, for the better understanding of what afterwards hapned to *Hippolyto*, and the clearing of such surprizing Adventures. It was very spacious, containing many stately Rooms for Delight, with Appartments and Lodgings for a numerous Family, and all other Conveniences of Offices, the whole founded on a solid Rock. The Front of it was adorn'd with all the Embellishments of Art. On the East Side of it was a small Wood somewhat lower than the House, enclos'd by an High Wall, overtopping the rising Ground of the Road that led to the City. There was a Door to this Enclosure, the Key whereof *Rexuan* kept himself, to prevent *Hali's* killing the Game that was kept in it. Some of the Windows of the House look'd out upon that wild Place, to see the several Creatures kept there. On the Opposite Side was a little Door, which led into a Dungeon, where the Slaves lay, when *Rexuan* liv'd there, which was generally the three hottest Summer Months.

Thither *Hippolyto* was carry'd, and led into a little Place with a Window, which he hop'd would afford him some Comfort; but seeing another Door within it open'd, he perceiv'd Fortune was not so favourable to him, being lock'd up in a Dark Dungeon, with no other Company but his Misfortunes. There was he left to feed his Fancy on the strange Transactions of his past Life, and his present Calamity. *Hali* was concern'd

cern'd for his Absence, which made his Father look upon him as lost, and redoubled his Hatred to the Person that had been the Occasion of it. *Hippolyto* had as much given him to eat, as would just keep him alive, and sometimes was neglected a whole Day. Two Months he continu'd in that miserable Condition, hopeless of any Deliverance, yet comforting himself with the Justice of the Cause for which he suffer'd, being his Constancy in the Christian Religion. That Time being expir'd, without having seen the Light of the Sun, he had a small Loaf of Bread given him in for his Meal, the usual Way. Having been a Stranger to such dainty Diet, he could not but admire it, and being hungry, he immediately broke open the Loaf and felt a Paper or Note in it. He could not read it for Want of Light, and that made his Curiosity the more eager. He consider'd, that since that Paper was sent him to read, which could not possibly be done without Light, there must needs be some Place to let it in at, tho' he being unacquainted, had never found it out. This Imagination prevailing, he began to feel about the Walls, and after much Time spent, he met with a little Door, which he forc'd open and found it lead into another Room, which receiv'd some small Light, at a strongly grated Window. He drew near and open'd the Note, which was in the *Turkish* Language, but well understood by him, and to this Effect.

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My Father is inclinable to murder you for your Kindness, in showing me the true Way to Salvation; and perceiving that the Misery you are reduc'd to has not ended your Days, is now resolv'd to use Violence. Assure yourself, I do not forget that you are my Master, and use my utmost Endeavours to save your Life; do you endeavour to bear your Misfortunes with Patience, since you cannot do any Thing for your Liberty; for that is the Remedy wise Men apply, when Hope fails them.

It is easy to judge how dismal this Intelligence was to Hippolyto. Every little Noise he heard, he concluded was caus'd by the Approach of some bloody Executioner coming to murder him. Four Days he continu'd under this Uneasiness, and the Fifth he receiv'd another Note, in the same Manner as he had the first, the Purport of it was this.

Perceiving my Father's Indignation to be beyond Measure, and that the more I spoke for you and begg'd your Release, the more he was incens'd, I have now artfully contriv'd to side with him, by which Means his Passion is abated. So that your Fear may now cease, and you may begin to hope for some Deliverance from the Danger you are in for my Sake, from which, if I live, I hope to deliver you, that you may receive the Reward due for such undeserv'd Sufferings.

This Intelligence reviv'd the unfortunate Captive. *Hali* writ this Note before his Sister *Lidora*.

Lidra, for he was permitted to see her, and she understanding that the Person it was to be sent to, was within that same House, being egg'd on by that Curiosity which is so natural to Women, grew the more earnest to know who that Person was. It has been observ'd, that none but her Aunt and her Brother were permitted to come to her, and therefore there being no other to inform her, she earnestly intreated him to tell her, what it was that mov'd him to write with such Privacy, and for whom the Letter was. *Hali*, either to comply with his Sister's Request, or to gain her to be assisting in conveying his Intelligence, acquainted her with *Hippolyto's* Misfortunes, and how much he was indebted to him, as his Master and his Friend. *Hali's* Generosity excited no less Compassion in *Lidra*. Such was the Posture of Affairs, *Hali* study'd how to relieve him, *Lidra* contriv'd to be assisting in it, and *Hippolyto* led a dismal and painful Life. Every Night was an Age to him; in the Day he look'd out at his little Window into the Enclosure, and sometimes wish'd for the Absence of the Sun, that he might have one Day less to lead that uncomfortable Life.

Standing one very dark Night at that Window, he heard a Noise at some small Distance, and soon after many doleful Sighs, and heavy Complaints. *Hippolyto* concluded it must be some Capive that so bemoan'd himself; but not being acquainted with the Manner of the House,

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and the Spot of Ground he us'd to look out on, being enclos'd with a strong Stone Wall, rising, as has been said to the highest Part of the Road, he fancy'd, that Person had gone out to complain in that solitary Place, and call'd out aloud, saying, Friend, whosoever you are, that bemoan your Misfortunes in that Solitude, draw near to this little grated Window, that being acquainted with one more unfortunate than yourself, you may bless Heaven for not having bestow'd the utmost Misery on you. The Captive following the Voice, drew near to the Window, where *Hippolyto* was, and having courteously saluted him said, If I mistake not, you are the Person my Master *Rezuan* keeps up so strictly, and to whom I daily bring so short an Allowance of Food. I earnestly beg of you to tell me, what Crime you have committed, or what could be the Occasion of your being so severely confin'd. *Hippolyto* was glad to hear he was the Person employ'd to carry him his Sustenance, that taking Compassion on him, he might for the Future add something to it. The more to incline him, he told him all that had hapned, how much Kindness *Hali* had for him, and that his endeavouring to convert him to Christianity, had been the Cause of his rigid Confinement.

Tho' he spoke this in the *Turkish* Language, yet not being perfect in it, he was sometimes oblig'd to thrust in a *Spanish* Word to make out his meaning. The other Captive having by
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that Means discover'd that the Prisoner was a Spaniard, he enquir'd in that Tongue of what Part of Spain he was. *Hippolyto* told him, he was Born at *Madrid*, and before he utter'd his Name, he perceiv'd the other was mov'd, and that some Tears falling from his Eyes, he dry'd them with the End of his Garment, for Want of an Handkerchief. Having done so, the Captive ask'd him his Name, and *Hippolyto* answering as he could have wish'd, his Sorrow was converted into Joy, so that fetching a deep Sigh he cry'd out, *Alas Hippolyto, how many Troubles and Afflictions have I gone through for your Sake, but I am in the Wrong to call those Afflictions, which have brought me to the Happiness of seeing you.* The generous Prisoner being surpriz'd at these Expressions, waited to have them explain'd, but at the same Time heard some Body from a Window of *Lidora's* Appartment, call to the Person he was conversing with, and say, *Stay Friend, do not go away till I give you Notice.* As much as *Hippolyto* was surpriz'd at what he had heard from the Captive, he was himself no less amaz'd to be call'd upon at that Time of Night, from a Place that was so narrowly observ'd, and he was sorry he had been seen there; but Love now prevailing, as Compassion had done before, he resolv'd to stay, and whilst he did so, ask'd *Hippolyto*, whether he remember'd an Amour he once had in *Salamanca*, which had its Birth at a Brook that was

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overflown and near a small Village. Nothing was more fresh in the unfortunate Prisoner's Memory, and therefore he easily perceiv'd it was *Aminta*, whom he had not known before, by reason of her Strange Disguise. Having spent some Time in Expressions of their Constant Love, *Aminta* was going about to acquaint *Hippolyto* with the Manner of her coming to that Place, when the Window above being again open'd, a white Handkerchief was thrown out of it, and the Person who did it, bid *Aminta* give it to *Hippolyto* and be gone, as knowing the Danger of being in that Place, and that *Hali* was about departing. The Prisoner, hearing there was Danger in her Stay, begg'd she would be gone, and endeavour to find another Opportunity for them to discourse more at Leisure. She promis'd to perform both, the latter for her own Satisfaction, and the former, because, tho' there were no Danger, she was oblig'd to wait upon *Hali*. Hence *Hippolyto* inferr'd, that *Hali* was her Master, and giving her one of the Notes he had sent him, desir'd her to give it to him, and by that Token assure him he might trust her with any Secret. This *Hippolyto* did, that he might have the better Opportunity of Talking to her by the Means of *Hali*, as also that he might be the kinder to *Aminta*, who being disguis'd in Man's Habir, went among them by the Name of *Ottavio*. Nor did his Contrivance fail him, as we shall soon see,

see, and she having deliver'd to him the Handkerchief, got away the best she could.

Hippolyto having shut his Window, for Fear *Rezan* finding it open, might deprive him of that Comfort, retir'd into his Room, and feeling in the Dark among the Things deliver'd to him in the Handkerchief, found a Candle and a Tinderbox, so striking Fire and Lighting the Candle, saw there was a small Loaf, which being open'd, he found a Letter in it, but the Hand was not *Hali's*, which surprizing him the more, he read, and it was to this Effect.

Having had some Discourse concerning you with my Brother *Hali*, he has given you such extraordinary Commendations, that I long to see and discourse with you, to be inform'd, what safe Way you began to lead him into, which he is so earnest to follow. If you being a Christian, taught him that Way, and he conceals it for Fear, when you happen to see him, bid him not be shy of me, because my Intention has been the same ever since, I had the Use of Reason, and I dare not reveal it to him, being apprehensive that he may perhaps talk to me as he does, only to know my Thoughts, and then obstruct the accomplishing of my Design.

Hippolyto having read that Paper, admir'd the Providence of God, in disposing those wealthy and young Persons to embrace Christianity, with the Hazard of losing such great Possessions, and even their Lives, and rejoyc'd to be made the Instrument of their Conversion.

It is to be observ'd, as was before said, that there were two Doors to be pass'd, to come into the Place where *Hippolyto* lay, and to avoid opening both those Doors, there was in the second Wall a Wheel, by which they turn'd in the Provision for the Slaves that were shut up. This Wheel was fix'd in the said Wall, so as not to be drawn in, or out; yet so as that it turn'd round, and by that Means what was put into it on the outside, with an half Turn went into the Prisoners; a Thing us'd in all Monasteries of Nuns. Thus *Hippolyto* was serv'd, a *Turk* going with *Aminta*, to open the outward Door and locking it again, whilst she went in to deliver the Provisions by Means of the aforesaid Wheel.

Aminta, who, as has been said, went by the Name of *Octavio*, gave *Hali* the Paper she had receiv'd from *Hippolyto*, and told him he was her Countryman and particular Friend, which gain'd her so much Favour, that he took Care she should not be put to any hard Labour. From that Time forward, when she went to carry *Hippolyto* his Mear, she took that Opportunity to deliver any Message from *Hali*, and added, whatsoever her own Love dictated. As soon as the Porter, who waited without open'd the Door, they talked of some other Subject and so parted.

The Danger *Aminta* ran in Talking to *Hippolyto* at the little Window of the Grove, where they had first met, was so great, that tho' he had

had no other Happiness but her Conversation; he begg'd of her not to expose herself to it; however Love would not be overcome by any Difficulties, and she could not prevail with herself to forbear enjoying his Company at all Hazards.

One Night *Aminta* coming to that grated Window, told him, that the Danger was not then altogether so great as it had been, by Reason that *Rexuan* was extraordinary ill, and therefore there was no Fear of his surprizing her. *Hippolyto* having heard her, thought it a fit Opportunity for her to acquaint him, how she came into that Country, and she to comply with his Desire, deliver'd herself in this Manner.

After we had been Parted by the Misfortune, you remember at *Alcala*, then she recounted to him all that has been above related in the last Book, till the Time, that she left *Don Henry* for dead, and proceeded thus. I set out from that Place in Man's Cloaths, and kept some Days close in a Village, for Fear of being pursu'd, resolving since I had lost you, concluding you were dead, to return into my own Country, to lay myself at my Father's Feet, and with Tears prevail on him to receive me again, and forgive my past Offences. Leaving the Village I embark'd at *Barcelona*, and within two Days was taken by the *Turks*, who brought our Vessel to this Place, and sold the Captives at an easy Rate, to several Masters. My first Master had Occa-
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sion for a lusty young Man, and I being weak, he again expos'd me to Sale in the Market. *Rezuwan* hapned to be there at that Time, and having Occasion for a Slave, because he had shut you up here, lik'd and bought me. I attended him carefully, and sometimes neglected bringing your Provision, to your great Harm. Coming hither one Night with *Ha'i*, he order'd me to stay before I came to this Place. I did so, and sleeping over the Way in the Dark, fell over the Enclosure from the High Part of the Road which over-tops it. The Fall made the Noise you heard, and gave Occasion to you to call out to me. I drew near, tho' not ignorant that the Punishment was no less than Death, for doubtless some superior Influence conducted me, since I have here found all my Happiness.

Aminta having finish'd her Relation, before *Hippolyto* could return a suitable Answer, he perceiv'd some Body come in at the Door of the Enclosure, to which none but *Rezuwan* had a Key, and make towards her very hastily. That Infidel, tho' somewhat indispos'd, having observ'd, that his Son *Hali* resorted to that Country House oftner of late, than he had been wont to do before, suspected it was to see *Hippolyto*, and that he therefore pretended to go stay with his Sister *Lidra*. This Notion prevailing with him, he resolv'd, tho' indispos'd as has been said, to find out the Truth of what he suspected. Discovering a Body, and concluding it was his Son, he
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grew so inrag'd as to resolve to sacrifice him to his Resentment, and accordingly came up with his Scimiter drawn. *Hippolyto* was struck dumb and motionless with the Apprehension of the Danger his beloved *Aminta* was in; but the discreet Lady, considering that the greater Hazards are run, the more Weight is laid to the Obligation of the Lover, stepp'd up to her incens'd Master and said, Sir, if you are resolv'd to shed my Blood, for having Talk'd with this Slave, who as I am inform'd is my near Relation, your Punishment will far exceed my Guilt. *Rezan* perceiving his Mistake, and that it was not his Son as he had imagin'd, curb'd himself and answer'd. Rise, for I will not defile my Sword with such vile Blood, but you shall both dye as soon as the Day appears, by the Hands of an Executioner. You for having disobey'd me, and that false Man for making me uneasy. This said, he commanded her to follow him, leaving *Hippolyto* under dismal Apprehensions. He had not been long in that Condition, before he heard the Door of his Prison open, and some Person thrust in after a violent Manner. The Door being shut again, and they two left to themselves, *Hippolyto*, by the Voice soon perceiv'd, that the other was his beloved Mistress. Their Joy for being confin'd together was smother'd by the dismal Doom they expected the next Day, so that after some amorous Discourse, they took themselves to prepare for their impending Fate.

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It was not long before they heard the outward Door open again, and concluded that *Rezman* had decreed not to expect the Return of the Day to put an End to their Lives, and therefore they lovingly took Leave of each other, and *Aminta* with the dreadful Apprehension of her last Hour being so near, fell in a Swoon. But instead of the expected Fate, the disconsolate Prisoner, found Comfort, hearing a Voice, which said, *My Friend Hippolyto, draw near and listen to me. I am Hali, and come with Selim, who has been entrusted with the keeping of the outward Door, to disappoint my Father's Design, he having sworn to put you to Death, as soon as the Sun appears, together with Octavio, whom he has to that Effect shut up with you.* Selim had only the Key of the outward Door, the Difficulty therefore was to open the Second, which being very strong, it was found impracticable, without making so much Noise as must alarm the whole House. *Hippolyto* therefore having consider'd the Wheel by which they us'd to turn in his Meat, found it large enough to contain him, and *Aminta* having the Key to it, she was first turn'd out that Way, and after her *Hippolyto*. *Selim*, was order'd to leave all lock'd as they had found it. *Hali* conducted *Hippolyto* and *Aminta* into the House, of which all he could observe was, that there was very rich Furniture in several Rooms they pass'd through. *Hali* order'd them to stay in one, where there was a rich Bed, and going out himself,

of Hippolyto and Aminta. 25

himself, soon return'd with his Sister *Lidora*. She was then Fifteen Years of Age, extraordinary beautiful, and of an excellent Temper. After some courteous and friendly Expressions they sat down, and then *Lidora*, told *Hippolyto* he was oblig'd to her Brother *Hali* for his Liberty; but that she had been desirous to see him, to be instructed in the Christian Religion, for which she had a great Esteem, and was no less willing to run any Hazard, to be deliver'd from the Confinement she liv'd in, provided it might be with Safety to her Honor. *Hippolyto* answer'd, That he bless'd God for having made him the Instrument for so good a Work, and that accordingly he was ready to perform whatsoever he should be commanded by herself, or *Hali*. He having observ'd *Aminta*'s extraordinary Affection for *Hippolyto*, and her singular Beauty could not but suspect she was a Woman, and therefore desir'd they would satisfy him as to that Particular, which they did, and then *Lidora* embrac'd her, resolving to put her into a proper Apparel, and then they parted, the Women one Way, and the Men another, in Order to take some Rest.

Hippolyto and *Hali* took but a short Repose, breaking it off to consider, how they might contrive to continue with Safety, which was not over difficult, because none being admitted to see *Lidora*, but her Father, Aunt and Brother, if they could be secure from them, there was no
Danger

Danger from any other. The next Day when *Rezuana* was to execute his Cruelly, *Hali* came hastily to hide them, his Father having sent Orders to put them to Death, and having been inform'd, that they were fled, was himself come in a Rage, to seek them, to enquire which Way they had gone out and to punish *Selim*, in case he were found faulty. *Lidora* hid them in a Closet, into which none went but herself, and then walk'd into the Lodgings seemingly unconcern'd. *Rezuana* came to the Place, where he had left them, and having carry'd away the Key of one of the Doors with him, and perceiving no Way they could get out, stood amaz'd, not knowing how to blame any Body, since he had endeavour'd to secure them himself, so that *Selim's* Office was easily conceal'd in that Confusion. Having mus'd a while, he went up to *Lidora's* Apartment. The Lovers could not but be in the utmost Consternation, hearing him as he drew near, say, *This Villain your Brother, is fond of another Religion, and Disappoints all my Designs; but since the Slaves are gone, he shall suffer in the same Place from whence he has convey'd them.* *Lidora* endeavour'd to appease him, alledging, that her Brother could not be guilty of that Crime; and added, that since he design'd to have kill'd one of the Slaves, only to prevent *Hali's* conversing with him, his Flight would produce the same Effect as if he were dead, and therefore she thought the best Way

would

would be to make no Search after them, since their Absence would make them easy; besides, that the Captive being a Man of such exquisite Knowledge and Cunning, he must certainly have provided against all Accidents. It is no difficult Matter to pacify those who desire it, since *Rezan* could be so easily perswaded by his Daughter. His Passion being lay'd, he lovingly advis'd *Hali* not to forsake the Religion of his Ancestors, and return'd to the City, better satisfy'd in his Mind, but more indispos'd in Body, than he had been before, by Reason of this Disorder.

His Absence joyc'd the Captives and their Deliverers, who continuing together some Days, the former spent all the Time they could be together unobserv'd, in instructing the latter in the Christian Religion, and their great Improvement was a Testimony of the extraordinary Call they had from Heaven. This Felicity could not be lasting, for one Day whilst they were thus employ'd, *Lidora's* Aunt overheard their Discourse, and withdrew to send Word to her Brother of the Discovery she had made. *Lidora* had spy'd her listning, and seeing her withdraw, suspected what she was going about, wherefore following gently into the Room where she was writing, and being sensible it would be impossible to dissuade her from what she had undertaken, she lock'd her in and went back, to consult

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sult what was to be done in that Case. *Hippolyto* declar'd, there could be no Safety but in their immediate Flight, and if it were possible to seize some Vessel in the Harbour that very Night, they must direct their Course for *Spain*. This at first Sight appear'd almost impracticable, but *Hali* made it easy, declaring, that his Father had a Ship then ready to Sail, aboard which there were many Christian Slaves, that they might pick up many more ashore, to be assisting to them, and he would so manage Affairs with the Commander, as that he should not obstruct their Design. *Hippolyto* and *Hali* went aboard, the latter told the Commander, that his Father being then just dead, he was oblig'd to go immediately to secure a Treasure without the *Dardanel*s. The Master knowing that *Rexnan* had been some Time sick easily believ'd it, and comply'd to all his new Master requir'd. *Hali* leaving him to make ready, went ashore again, and return'd with a Number of Christian Slaves he had pick'd up, most of them habited like *Turkish* Sailors, whom he brought aboard, and pretending that some of those who were before aboard, were not well affected to him, order'd them ashore. The Commander justifying those Men, *Hali* took Exceptions at it, and directed he should also stay behind till his Return, which the Commander, for Fear of disobliging him, also consented to. Having thus sent away many
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of the *Turks*, *Lidora* and *Aminta* were brought aboard, with all the Jewels, and other Things of Value the Time would permit, and immediately they sail'd, the Wind favouring as could have been wish'd. Being pass'd the *Dardanelles*, without any Difficulty, *Hali* being known in those Parts, an able *Turkish* Sailor, who was at the Helm, began to grow uneasy and to refuse to steer, unless he were acquainted with the Design they were going upon. A Christian, no less vers'd in Sea Affairs, soon put him from the Helm, and satisfy'd the Company there were others who could perform that Part, as well as the *Turk*. Whilst they were thus under Sail, *Hippolyto* and *Hali* having taken particular notice of one Christian Youth, who encourag'd the rest; they desir'd to know who he was, and he, without much intreating, gave them an Account of himself, by which they found he was a Native of *Barcelona*, and the same who kill'd *Don Lewis*, as was mention'd in the first Book. Among the Christians was also another Youth, whose Name was *Jacinto*, of whom more Mention will be made hereafter.

The Christians were all over-joy'd with the Hopes of having their Liberty secur'd in a Christian Country, whilst the *Turk* above-mention'd, who had been put from the Helm, appear'd thoughty and dogged. They had Sail'd four Days without any Disaster, when that vile Infidel,

fidel, being thus carry'd away against his Will, vented his Hellish Spleen on *Hali*, stabbing him in two Places, with a Knife. *Hippolyto* and *Fulgencio* ran to his Assistance, and the latter laying hold of a Scimiter, almost hew'd the barbarous Villain in Pieces.

The Wounds *Hali* had receiv'd were deep, and he being more intent upon the Health of his Soul, than the Cure of his Body, was most solicitous to be baptiz'd. Among the Christian Captives, who had been releas'd, there hapned to be a Priest, whose Name was *Ignatius*. He it was who administer'd that Sacrament to *Hali*, giving him in Baptism the Name of *Antony*. *Lidora* was under the greatest Affliction, considering that if her Brother dy'd, she should be left among Strangers, of whose Virtue she had no Tryal. *Aminta* comforted, promising never to forsake her, and *Hippolyto* assur'd her of his Protection, but he was soon disabled from performing those Promises.

It hapned, that the Christian, whom he had appointed to take Charge of the Ship, as being the ablest Sailor, fell in Love with *Lidora*, and concluding, that *Hippolyto* would not fail to obstruct his Design upon her, he anchor'd near a small Island, on Pretence of watering. *Hippolyto* and *Jacinto* went ashore with those that were to fetch the Water, and they having wander'd a little, to take a View of that Place, the treache-

reus Sailor hasted back to the Ship and spread his Sails, making off from the Island, where he left them ashore. *Fulgencio*, *Aminta* and *Lidora*, begg'd of him to stand in, and take them aboard again, but all in vain, for first he pretended to be hinder'd by the Weather, and afterwards made frivolous Excuses, many of the Captives, for Fear of meeting with Infidels, being willing to make the best of their Way, without losing any Time. In short, Night coming on, he stood out to Sea, and by the next Morning had quite lost Sight of the Island. The Villain then apprehending no Danger, as being the ablest Man to conduct the Ship, made no longer any Difficulty to declare his Love to *Lidora*, concluding he should soon obtain his Wishes. *Fulgencio* had been almost resolv'd before to put an end to that Wretch's Days, for his Barbarity in leaving *Hippolyto* behind, and this his Inclination was now confirm'd by the Fellows Lewdness. *Lidora* avoided him with the utmost Caution and Modesty; but he who watch'd all Opportunities, resolv'd one Night to accomplish his wicked Design; which *Fulgencio*, who was no less watchful, observing, he ran him thro' in two Places, putting an End to his Lascivious Love, and his Life together. By his Death, they were brought into great Distrets, there being none left aboard that so well understood the Art of Navigation, as to be capable of carrying the Ship to the desired Port;

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The Wounds *Hali* had receiv'd were deep, and he being more intent upon the Health of his Soul, than the Cure of his Body, was most solicitous to be baptiz'd. Among the Christian Captives, who had been releas'd, there hapned to be a Priest, whose Name was *Ignatius*. He it was who administer'd that Sacrament to *Hali*, giving him in Baptism the Name of *Antony*. *Lidora* was under the greatest Affliction, considering that if her Brother dy'd, she should be left among Strangers, of whose Virtue she had no Tryal. *Aminta* comforted, promising never to forsake her, and *Hippolyto* assur'd her of his Protection, but he was soon disabled from performing those Promises.

It hapned, that the Christian, whom he had appointed to take Charge of the Ship, as being the ablest Sailor, fell in Love with *Lidora*, and concluding, that *Hippolyto* would not fail to obstruct his Design upon her, he anchor'd near a small Island, on Pretence of watering. *Hippolyto* and *Jacin'o* went ashore with those that were to fetch the Water, and they having wander'd a little, to take a View of that Place, the treache-

reus Sailor hasted back to the Ship and spread his Sails, making off from the Island, where he left them ashore. *Fulgencio*, *Aminta* and *Lidora*, begg'd of him to stand in, and take them aboard again, but all in vain, for first he pretended to be hinder'd by the Weather, and afterwards made frivolous Excuses, many of the Captives, for Fear of meeting with Infidels, being willing to make the best of their Way, without losing any Time. In short, Night coming on, he stood out to Sea, and by the next Morning had quite lost Sight of the Island. The Villain then apprehending no Danger, as being the ablest Man to conduct the Ship, made no longer any Difficulty to declare his Love to *Lidora*, concluding he should soon obtain his Wishes. *Fulgencio* had been almost resolv'd before to put an end to that Wretch's Days, for his Barbarity in leaving *Hippolyto* behind, and this his Inclination was now confirm'd by the Fellows Lewdness. *Lidora* avoided him with the utmost Caution and Modesty; but he who watch'd all Opportunities, resolv'd one Night to accomplish his wicked Design; which *Fulgencio*, who was no less watchful, observing, he ran him thro' in two Places, putting an End to his Lascivious Love, and his Life together. By his Death, they were brought into great Distress, there being none left aboard that so well understood the Art of Navigation, as to be capable of carrying the Ship to the desired Port;

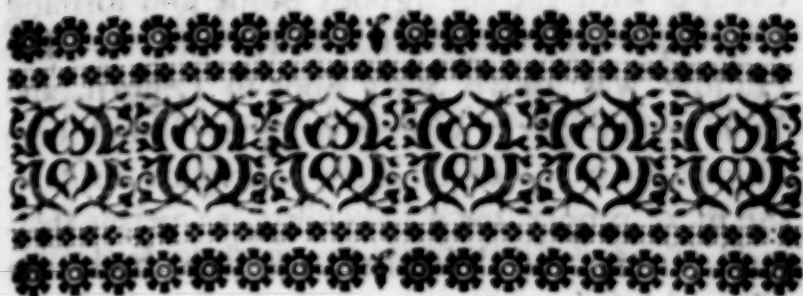
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Port; but Providence reliev'd them the next Morning, when meeting with a *Venetian Ship*, they were supply'd with a few such Mariners, as brought them safe into the Port of *Messina*, in *Sicily*. There the Christian Captives separated, every one taking such Course as he thought fit. *Hali* recovering of his Wounds, set out with his Sister *Lidora* and their Friend *Aminta*, for *Bologna*. *Fulgencio* bore them Company, yet resolving to proceed to *Barcelona*, his own Native Country, believing his former Quarrel there might be forgotten.

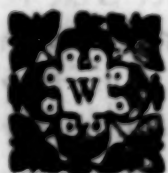
The End of the Sixth Book.



BOOK



BOOK VII.



WE left *Hippolyto* on the Island, which being desolate and void of Inhabitants, his only Company, was the Youth *Facinto*, before mention'd to have remain'd with him. They lay the first Night on a Rock, being the only Bed they could then find. Looking all about them the next Day, they could discover nothing but salt Water on the one Side, and open Fields on the other. Hunger began to pinch them, for a Man may fly from other Enemies, but this within him is not to be avoided. They walk'd into the Island, hoping to find some Relief, and at length came to an high Rock, and having gone round it,

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it, perceiv'd that were a great Cavity within, cover'd with the contiguous Stone and forming a Cave, with two distinct Ways into it. The Hollow was above Sixty Foot in Length, and Nine in Height. Going in, they found some Turnings in it, which they concluded made it the more proper for a Dwelling, as better shelter'd from the Weather. Before both the Mouths of it, were open Spaces over-grown with wholesome Herbs and pleasant Flowers. The very Clefts in the Rock were full of Sage, Time, and other wild Sweet Herbs. There appear'd some very large Birds, but such as rather look'd hideous, than excited an Appetite to feed on them. They were not quite destitute of all Comfort in this Solitude, for *Hippolyto* hapned to have brought with him the Tinder Box, he had been supply'd with in his Confinement. With that and some wither'd Herbs and Leaves they found about, a Fire was lighted, and continually fed with the Boughs of Trees, that it might never go out. The Shore supply'd them with Shell-Fish, and sometimes with other Sorts, left behind upon the Ebb of the Water, which, with some Roots they found, supported Nature, tho' they could not please the Appetite. They never fail'd to look out for some Ships to deliver them out of that miserable Confinement. At Night they retir'd into the aforesaid Cave, stirr'd up their Fire, and took their natural Rest.

They

of Hippolyto and Aminta. 265

They had been a Fortnight in the Island, when retiring one Night into their Cave, they heard a Noise at the Mouth of it next the Sea. The Surprise made them start, *Hippolyto* scatter'd the Fire, that it might not blaze and discover them, and drawing the Swords they had brought ashore, they stood close to listen, and distinctly heard a Woman, with a Voice as if she were tir'd and spent, cry out. *Hold off, stay, do not murder me; but so you spare my Honor, do what you will.* A Man answer'd in good Spanish, *I come not to murder you, and therefore you have been in the Wrong in running from me among those Rocks, where I am no less tir'd with pursuing you, than amaz'd that you have been able to hold out so long.* She reply'd, justifying herself, and he again rejoyn'd, threatening that she should have cause to repent what she had done. *Hippolyto* and *Facinto* heard every Word. The Man commanded her to rise, she said she would, when she had rested a little, and then wept and sigh'd bitterly. The Man still grew more obdurate, he revil'd, and she pray'd and begg'd. *Hippolyto* out of Patience resolv'd to defend her, whatsoever Danger he expos'd himself to, and having communicated his Design to his Companion, he promis'd not to forsake him. They contriv'd how to seize that Man, before he could call for Assistance, if he had any Company. *Facinto* went out at the other Mouth of the Cave, and *Hippolyto* staid ready

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to move, when his Friend should be at that next the Sea, where the Stranger was misusing the Woman. *Jacinto* coming up, told him, it was barbarous to insult a Woman, who was altogether defenceless. The Stranger perceiving by his Words, that he was none of those that belong'd to him, drew his Scimiter to fall on him; but *Hippolyto* coming behind him, seiz'd both his Arms. *Jacinto* assisting, they bound him with a Garter, and perceiv'd he was an Infidel, or *Mahometan*. Having secur'd him, *Hippolyto* comforted the Woman, who taking Courage, return'd Thanks for the Assistance given her. Then *Jacinto* lighted up some Boughs, being desirous to see those two Persons, and to be inform'd, what had brought them thither. His Curiosity was soon satisfy'd, the Fire blazing out, and giving Light to the Cave, they look'd earnestly on the Man they had bound, and *Hippolyto* soon perceiv'd he was the Master he had belong'd to at *Constantinople*, and Father to *Hali* and *Lidora*, He immediately unbound him and said, *God forbid, Rezuan, that I should return Evil for Evil, for neither does my Religion allow of it, nor is it generous to take Revenge of one who is defenceless. You cruelly imprison'd, and design'd to murder me; but I will save your Life, and restore your Liberty. Consider how merciful and just God is, who not only deliver'd me out of your Hands, but has put you into my Power. Rezuan* being unbound and hearing these Words, embrac'd

embrac'd Hippolyto, and answer'd, Your behaviour is a Demonstration that you are well Born, and it plainly appears that a superior Power protects you, and I must confess, I cannot decide whether I am more envious of your Generosity, or concern'd that I was not sensible of your Worth, that I might have tender'd you your Liberty, as freely as you do me mine at this Time. From henceforth command me, and you shall find one entirely devoted to serve you to the utmost. Hippolyto ask'd, what had brought him to that desert Place; he answer'd, he had come Abroad in Quest of his Son and Daughter, who were suppos'd to be fled with him, but that he was now convinc'd of the contrary. Hippolyto would not then undeceive him, but suffer'd him to proceed in his Relation, to this Effect.

Being come aboard one of my Ships in Sight of this small Island, we discover'd another Vessel, which seem'd to have been shatter'd, but perceiving us draw near, endeavour'd to stand out to Sea again. This Woman stood on the Shore, and another in a Boat calling out to them to stay, but Fear made them deaf. Hippolyto and Jacinto at this Time fixing their Eyes on the Woman, admir'd her Beauty and Habit, by which they perceiv'd she was no mean Person. Hippolyto desir'd her to be easy and cast off all Fear, for all there would treat her with the utmost Civility. She answer'd, I am so far from being under any Apprehension, that if you are the

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Person I imagine, I do not question but that I shall be in all Safety. She then ask'd him some Questions, and perceiving by his Answers he was the same she had taken him for, express'd much Joy, and seem'd to applaud her good Fortune in having hapned into his Company. *Hippolyto* was surpris'd at it, as not knowing that he had ever seen her before; but she soon clear'd his Doubts, proceeding in this Manner.

Generous *Hippolyto*, I am *Marcella*, Mistress to *Don Carlos*, of whom *Alexander* gave you an Account at *Salamanca*. I am Sister to the unfortunate *Victoria*, whom I call unfortunate, because as you will soon be inform'd, it was she who was making off in the Boat to the Ship, when I began to run into this Island, pursu'd by *Rezuán*. I will now inform you how I came acquainted with your Name, and knew you had heard of all my Affairs, telling you what hapned, after *Alexander* and *Don Carlos* departed *Bologna*. You have before been told, how a vile Servant Maid gave notice to *Valerio's* Father, that those who had kill'd his Son were in our House. They being convey'd away, our Fear ceas'd, and all our House was search'd by the Officers of Justice, and a Brother of *Valerio's*, whose Name was *Horatio*, a Man as like him in Temper, as he was near to him in Blood. That base Youth conceiv'd such an Aversion against us and all our Family, for having deliver'd his Enemies, that he soon discover'd how
much

much he meditated Revenge. *Eusebio*, who, as you have before heard, was the Servant that gave us timely notice for *Alexander* and *Don Carlos* to get off, ever appear'd vigilant in our Defence, and continually attending us, obstructed *Horatio's* wicked Design of wreaking his Revenge on us. My Mother being ancient and wholly addicted to Devotion, left us to our own Liberty, which we made Use of in appearing Abroad very gay, yet so as never to admit of any other Lovers, but those we were engag'd to. With them we continu'd our Correspondence, they sending their Letters for us inclos'd to *Alexander's* Father, who having open'd some of them, discover'd the Affection his Son bore me, and was no way displeas'd at it, considering what we had done for *Don Carlos*, and that we were nothing inferior to him in Birth. It hapned that I fell Sick, so as not to be able to answer *Don Carlos's* Letter, and my Sister for Fear of troubling him, made no Mention of me in her's. He, being uneasy at it, set out from *Salamanca* for *Bologna* to know the Occasion. I recover'd and writ to him, but so late that the Letter found him not in *Spain*, which as you will soon understand hapned well for us. I have given you an Account of *Horatio's* vile Temper, and the Hatred he bore us; which being premis'd, you will the less admire at what he did to be reveng'd on us. There was a delightful Garden near the City, much resorted to by the Inhabitants

bitants of *Bologna*, to divert themselves in the Summer. The Way to it was before a House *Horatio's* Father had, half a Mile from the City. Thus much I have acquainted you with for the better understanding of what follows. One Afternoon, having obtain'd my Mother's Leave, my Sister and I went thither, with an Ancient Lady of our Acquaintance, to take the Air. *Eusebio* never left us when we went abroad, as well because *Don Carlos* would have it so, and his Will was a Law with me, as because as he afterwards told us, he knew that his Company had at other Times stood us in stead. We spent the Day there with much Satisfaction, and the more because *Eusebio* sang extraordinary well; so that all the other Company was gone, and Night drew on before we thought of returning Home. *Eusebio* put us in mind that it grew late, we went into our Coach and set out for the City. When we came before the House *Horatio's* Father had on the Road, eight Men rush'd out of it, four of whom made up to the Coach, to stop it and take us out, and the rest struck off to kill *Eusebio*, who follow'd us, at some Distance a Horseback, but was halting on to defend us. He alighted and drawing his Sword, began to lay about him vigorously; but his Adversaries being too many for him, and those about the Coach meeting with no Opposition, they having desperately wounded the Coachman, that he might not discover, who had

had committed that villainous Act, carry'd us into that House, where we were design'd to fall a Sacrifice. We were thrust into a large Room, all hung with mourning, and over the black Hangings were several Pictures representing the killing of *Valerio*, his Father and Brother vowing Revenge, and the intended manner of performing it. There we were left alone to observe all these particulars, after which the base *Horatio* came in with a Kinsman like himself, the former saying to us, *I have deferr'd your Death, base Women, that my Father Octavio may be present at our Revenge, and he is now coming, and consequently your Lives are at an end.* We began to beg they would not be so cruel to Persons that had never wrong'd them; but the more we intreated, the worse they us'd us, bound our Hands, and stood by us ready to execute that barbarous Revenge as soon as *Octavio* should come in. I knelt at *Horatio's* Feet, and my Sister at his Kinsman's, shedding Tears and endeavouring to move them to Compassion. They held their naked Daggers in their Hands, and we only expected the coming of *Octavio* to put an End to our Days. Just at this Time in came two Men muffled, who drawing their Swords, one of them ran *Horatio* through, he being altogether unguarded, and then stabb'd him several Times, tho' the first Wound had been sufficient. This done he went to assist the other who came with him,

and they both soon made an End of the Kinsman. I drew near to thank our Benefactor, and knew *Don Carlos*, my beloved Spouse, but was so surpriz'd that I knew not how to speak to him. In this Disorder we did not observe, who the other Deliverer of us was, till coming into the next Room, where the Ancient Lady, who came in the Coach with us had been detain'd all that while, we knew him to be *Eusebio*, but that was no proper Time to enquire how he had met with my Lover, and brought him to our Assistance. As we were going out, two others of those who had been with *Horatio* would have detain'd us, but our Guardians drove them into a Room, and lock'd it upon them. We went again into the Coach, which *Eusebio* drove, the Coachman having been disabled, as was observ'd in its Place. By the Way we met *Ottavio* with a Servant going to partake of *Horatio's* Revenge, and little thinking of what he was to find. *Don Carlos* would have sent him after his Son, but at my Request he let him pass. To avoid being brought into Trouble on Account of *Horatio's* and his Kinsmans Death, we thought not fit to return to our own House, but repair'd to *Alexander's* Father's, having quitted the Coach at a Distance from it, to avoid being observ'd. There we lay that night, acquainting that Gentleman with what had happened, and having told him what we knew, desir'd *Eusebio* to inform us all, of the manner how he

came

came to light on *Don Carlos*, which he did in these Words.

When I had alighted from my Horse, to defend my worthy Ladies, being sensible it was impossible for me alone to rescue them out of the Hands of so many, I thought it better to endeavour to acquaint the Magistrates, and accordingly ran so swiftly, that they soon gave over pursuing me. One of them catch'd the Horse I had alighted from, but was so long about it and mounting, that he would scarce have overtaken me, had not things fallen out better than I expected. Being come near the City with my naked Sword in my hand I overtook a Traveller, who seeing me in that manner, enquir'd, what was the Occasion of my Haste and Disorder. I inform'd him in few Words of the whole Affair, and he turning his Horse, bid me follow him. Observing soon after, that I was spent, he alighted and desir'd me to mount and lead to the Place, where I had left my Ladies in such Danger. Whilst I was excusing myself, the Man, who pursu'd me on my own Horse came up, whom I presently knew and ran through, so that he dropp'd, and then both of us mounting, we soon came to the House, without meeting of any of those who had at first attack'd me, but that Wretch who had pursu'd me. We alighted, and knock'd at the Door, and somebody within ask'd, whether it were *Felix*. I answer'd, yes, and thence conclude,

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that *Felix* had been sent to call *Ottavio*, as well on Account of what my Lady *Marcella* had said, as because we afterwards met him on the Road. The mistaken Porter let us in, shut too the Door again, and gave Notice that *Ottavio* was come. Our then unknown Benefactor went up after him, and I follow'd, till we came into the Room where those Miscreants were to execute their barbarous Revenge, and instead of it receiv'd themselves the Reward they deserv'd. There we discover'd that the Traveller was *Don Carlos*, which was a great Addition to our Satisfaction.

Thus *Eusebio* concluded his Relation, and *Don Carlos* began to give an Account of the Occasion of his Journey, which as I have said was his not having receiv'd my Letter. We rested the remaining Part of the Night, and the next Day it was resolv'd, that *Don Carlos* should return to *Spain*, and we be put into a Monastery, to be out of the Way of any Prosecution. He gave full Power to *Alexander's* Father to dispose of his Estate, and transmit it to *Spain*, with his own, the Ancient Gentleman designing to go over himself to his Son, in hopes of finding his Daughter *Aminta*, of whom he had heard some News. *Don Carlos* however lay conceal'd a few Days in the City, during which time, he gave me an Account of you *Hippolyto*, telling me your Name, and extolling your Generosity. Who would have thought then, that
the

the Knowledge of those Affairs should so much concern me? He took leave of me and departed to *Bologna*; my Mother dy'd about a Fortnight after. The whole Affair being taken into Examination, *Don Carlos* tho' absent was clear'd, and we came off with Honor, being left at Liberty to go away into *Spain*, with *Alexander's* Father. About a Month after we embark'd, and when we had been four Days under Sail, there arose such a Storm, as made us all give ourselves for lost. Being much shatter'd, the Master of the Vessel resolv'd to come to an Anchor under this Island. My Sister and I being frightened and tir'd with the Tempest, were willing to refresh us a little on the Land. We did so, and continu'd there till towards the Evening, when we were to have return'd aboard again; but then unfortunately discover'd a *Turkish* Brigantine. I took to the Land, either because I knew not what I did, or thinking that being alone they would not follow me. My Sister went on, hoping our Ship would take her aboard; but the Master would not wait her coming. I stood on the Shore observing what hapned, and saw this *Turk* leap into the Boat where my Sister was, and send her aboard his Brigantine, which done, he drew near to secure me. I took Shelter among these Rocks, but was soon overtaken at the Mouth of this Cave. There I expected to have ended my Days; but Fortune prov'd more favourable in bringing you to rescue me.

Mar-

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Marcella having put an End to her Discourse, they rested that Night as well as the Place would permit, and the next Day went out to seek a double Quantity of Food, whilst *Rezuan* expected the return of his People. Night came on before his Expectation was answer'd, and therefore he return'd to the Cave, where he found the three Christians as well pleas'd, as if that Sort of Life were not the most grievous of Misfortunes; but it is a Sign of Wisdom to make the best of Disasters, when they are not to be eas'd by grieving. They sat down on the Grass, at the Mouth of the Cave, endeavouring to divert the Time by some Discourse, and had not been long so before they perceiv'd some Signals from the Sea, by which *Rezuan* understood it was his Brigantine that made them. He acquainted *Hippolyto* and *Jacinto* with it, and added, *Dear Friends, I am so thankful for the Favour I have receiv'd, that it shall be my Endeavour to show myself not quite unworthy of it. I wish I could convey you to some Place, where you might be safe and easy; but since you know that is not in my Power, I will endeavour to contrive your Deliverance as soon as possible.* They return'd Thanks for his Offer, and he took his Leave. Tho' there seem'd to be some Sort of Sincerity in *Rezuan's* Behaviour, Fear gave them some Jealousy, and they began to suspect that his Courtesy had been only to secure them; so that they almost repented having

having desir'd him to give them *Dona Vitoria*, for the Satisfaction of her Sister, lest the Occasion of leaving her being known to the other Infidels, they should oblige *Rezuan* to carry them all away. *Jacinto* was most apprehensive of this Misfortune, especially when he saw *Rezuan* return, and tell them, that since *Dona Vitoria* was to come, it would be proper that young Man should go and conduct her to them from the landing Place. However, rather than be thought fearful, he went away with *Rezuan*, and *Hippolyto* and *Marcella* stay'd behind under great Apprehensions, lest the Infidel should not prove as good as his Word.

They thought every Moment long, whilst *Jacinto* was absent, and their Fear redoubled when they heard firing, not knowing what the Occasion might be. It was not long before they perceiv'd that a Number of People drew near them, the Night and th-ir Confusion making them seem the more. *Marcella* hid herself in the Cave, and *Hippolyto* resolv'd to dye rather than be taken. As he stood in this Posture at one of the Mouths of the Cave, he heard Men at the other. The case was still more desperate, and he concluded that *Rezuan* had secur'd both the Passages into the Cave, that they might not escape him. Being resolv'd to dye, he advanc'd, declaring that he would Sell his Life as dear as possible, but *Jacinto* answering, told him, he was much mistaken, since all there
were

were his Friends, and came to deliver him from that dismal Life. *Hippolyto* hearing *Jacinto's* Voice, drew nearer and saw several Men, whom by their Habit he judg'd to be Christians. Among them was *Don John*, the same who at *Alcala* had been Companion to *Don Alonzo*, *Hippolyto's* Brother. They knew one another, and *Dona Marcella* was call'd out to share in their Joy. Then all together proceeded to the Shore, and were put aboard a Ship belonging to the Knights of *Malta*, of which *Don John* had the Command.

They rested that Night, and the next Morning their Satisfaction was renew'd, *Marcella* again embracing her Sister *Victoria*, and *Don John* rejoicing with *Don Jacinto*, who was his own Brother. The Weather being fair and the Ship under Sail, all who had partaken in that wonderful Deliverance, were desirous to know by what strange Accident it had been effected, which *Don John* acquainted them with in these Words.

When I had parted with *Hippolyto* at *Alcala*, where these strange Adventures befell him, I repair'd, with his Brother *Don Alonzo* to *Barcelona*. We stay'd some Time in that City, and *Don Alonzo* engaging in an Amour; I resolv'd not to spend my Youth in Idleness, and therefore having obtain'd the Consent of my Parents, I sail'd for *Malta*, in Order to serve there till I could be admitted a Knight of that Order.

I have

I have continu'd in that Service ever since, and about a Fortnight ago, the Great Master was pleas'd to give me the Command of this Vessel to go a cruising against the Infidels. Yesterday we came before this Island, and spying a *Turkish* Brigantine, attack'd and sunk it. Endeavouring to save some of those that were floating on the Salt Water, we among the rest took up a Woman. At this Time we observ'd some Person calling to us from the Island, which somewhat surpris'd us, as knowing it was not Inhabited. Drawing near, we could distinguish that tho' in the *Turkish* Language, one said, *I am Rezuan your Master, what makes you stay, my Friends, Draw near, for I am alone, and there will be no Danger in taking me aboard.* I landed with a few Men, and *Rezuan* taking us for his own People, came up boldly. *Don Jacinto* also concluded at first that we were Infidels, but we in a short Time undeceiv'd one another, and he appear'd to be my own Brother, and inform'd me, that he had left you in that desert Place. By his Description I knew my Friend *Hippolyto*, and desir'd him to conduct me to you, which he did, what has hapned since you are all acquainted with.

Don John having given this Account, *Dona Victoria* inform'd them, that after she was put aboard the Brigantine, the *Turks* had given Chace to the Ship, *Dona Marcella* and *Dona Victoria* had been aboard; but not being able to come

come up with it, they return'd to the Island to take *Rezuam* aboard, and then what *Don John* had related befell them. *Don John* then desired his Brother to acquaint the Company with the Manner of his being brought to that unusual Place, which he perform'd in this Manner.

My Father, whose Name is *Laurencio*, was in his youthful Days one of the wild Beaus of his Country, and in his riper Years one of the most virtuous Men about the Court. Having learnt Experience by past Dangers, he would have had us begin where he was ending, never considering what he had done before, and that since a Man is to be young and old, it is better his Actions should be youthful in his Youth, than to invert the Order, and having play'd the old Man in his Youth, act the Youth in his old Age. He was so severe upon me, having discover'd my wild Temper, that he look'd more like an Enemy than a Father, and the Truth of it was, that his Aversion was to my ill Inclinations. He punish'd me severely, and tho' it is requisite to chastize Boys; if it be to an indiscreet Excess, it rather helps to ruin and make them impudent and fearless. I grew up still worse and worse, which was a great Affliction to my Father, who could not then use his former Severities, and therefore took a worse Course, which was not to speak to me, nor allow me Cloaths befitting his Son, and all he gain'd by it was, that being ill clad and unfit to be seen

among

among my Equals, I kept Company with many much worse than myself, so that he became more disconsolate and I more vicious. Considering, tho' so young, that I was running to my Ruin, I resolv'd to quit my Native Country, rather than see my Father show me such a stern Countenance continually. I got some Money, cloath'd myself indifferent well, and set out for *Segovia*, where, to avoid Idleness and falling into my old Courses, I serv'd a Gentleman of Quality, whose Name was *Don Pedro*, Father to *Dona Clara*, *Hippolyto's* first Mistress, who you have been inform'd of in her Prime, and to *Don Jerome*, whom the same *Hippolyto* sellor'd to his Family, after they had lamented him as dead, and actually bury'd him. Here *Hippolyto* told the Company all that Adventure, as it has been before related in the Fourth Book, and then *Don Jacinto* proceeded as follows.

I was miss'd at home the next Day, and not long after, much Enquiry being made, my Father heard where I was, and in what Manner. He was well pleas'd at it, believing that would be a Means for me to consider how much better I had liv'd at *Madrid*, and to reflect on the Advice he us'd to give me. He writ privately to *Don Pedro*, acquainting him who I was, and why he thought fit to leave me in his Family, hoping he would from that Time use me the better. The worthy Gentleman did so, and tho' I knew not which way I had gain'd so much Credit, I began
to

to be so favourably treated, and so much respected by the other Servants, that whatsoever I order'd was immediatly done. *Dona Antonia*, who was Sister to *Don Jerome*, being inform'd how well born I was, took a Liking to me, and I soon discovering her Inclination in her Eyes, was not wanting to improve it. Whilst my Brother *Don John* was at *Alcola*, and afterwards when he went away to *Barcelona*, I had frequently writ to him, yet never acquainted my Parents where I was, for fear they should call me away, and by that means deprive me of the Company of *Dona Antonia*. It hapned that *Don Jerome* had a Friend, who coming sometimes to the House, fell in Love with *Dona Antonia*, who made no Returns, as not liking his Person, and being before engag'd to me. The base Man resenting her Disdain, took a strange and foolish Way of making Love, which was by Threatning and base Language. Not so satisfy'd, he gave out that *Dona Antonia* countenanc'd his Courtship, and boasted of Favours, which I knew to be false. Thus his Insolence became insufferable, and the poor Ladies Reputation suffer'd. His Audaciousness advanc'd to such a Degree, that one Day as she was going abroad with her Mother, attended by me and another Servant, he presum'd to utter such Words as put the two Ladies out of Countenance, and oblig'd me and the other Servant to answer him accordingly. I then wore no Sword, my Father having

ving desir'd it of my Master, *Don Pedro*, to prevent my committing any Extravagancies. The vile Gentleman and two Friends, or Servants that were with him, drew upon us, I could at first do nothing, having no Sword, my Fellow-Servant did his best, but he being soon wounded, I took his Sword out of his Hand, and ply'd it so well, that in a Moment the Principal of my Adversaries dropp'd down dead, the other two being hurt drew off, and I made into a Church for Sanctuary.

I lay there conceal'd four Days, and thither *Dona Antonia* writ to me, confessing her Affection, and promising never to change, tho' I should be oblig'd to fly. I return'd an Answer full of grateful Acknowledgment, and getting away by Night, travel'd to *Barcelona*, where I thought my Brother *Don John* had been; but was inform'd of his Departure for *Malta*. I resolv'd to share in his Fortune, and embark'd in a Vessel bound for *Sicily*. Crossing over from thence to *Malta*, we were taken by *Turks* and carry'd to *Constantinople*. There I continu'd a considerable Time, till one Night I hapned to meet *Hippolyto*, who without knowing any more of me than that I was a Slave, invited me to recover my Liberty. I follow'd him, and we arriv'd at that Island, where the Malice of the Master of the Vessel, as I guess by some Particulars I observ'd, left us expos'd to such great Dangers.

Don

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Don Jacinto put an End to his Adventures, and the Wind proving favourable, the Ship in a few Days arriv'd at *Malta*, where *Don John* and all his Company were well receiv'd. He being oblig'd to make a longer Stay there, the rest a few Days after sail'd for *Spain*. By the Way *Hippolyto* discours'd *Rezuana* about the Christian Religion, which he resolv'd to embrace, but first to return to *Constantinople* to transport his Wealth. In fine, *Hippolyto*, *Don Jacinto*, *Dona Marcella* and *Dona Vitoria*, arriv'd at *Barcelona* in a very poor Condition, as coming out of Captivity, and from thence *Rezuana* set out to return to *Constantinople*.

The End of the Seventh Book.



BOOK

BOOK VIII.

 HE two Gentlemen and the two Ladies being arriv'd at *Barcelona*, in great Poverty, as was hinted, because the small Vessel they came in had perish'd on the Coast, and they with much Difficulty sav'd their Lives, losing all that *Don John* had supply'd them with at *Malta*, they repair'd to an Inn, where the two Ladies were left to rest after their Fatigues, whilst *Hippolyto* and *Don Jacinto* went Abroad to seek some Friends that might supply their present Wants. They spent much Time in vain, for either they met not with such as knew them, or if any did, seeing them in that poor Condition, they deny'd their

their Acquaintance. Returning comfortless, and much more concern'd for *Dona Marcella* and *Dona Victoria*, than for themselves, they found that Relief in the Inn, which they had miss'd of Abroad. The case was, that the Host going into the Room where *Hippolyto* was, immediately knew, embrac'd and express'd his Joy for seeing of him. *Hippolyto* recollecting himself, perceiv'd that this Host was *Leandro*, the Prisoner he had been kind to at *Salamanca*, and who then gave an Account of his Adventures, from his first departing the City *Jaen*, the Place of his Birth. Being pleas'd at this unexpected Meeting, they fell into Discourse, and *Leandro* recounted what had hapned to him since their parting, which prov'd more reputable than his Living at *Madrid* among the Beggars. In conclusion, he added, that after much rambling he came to that City, where he had courted a Widow who was Mistress of that House, and of a considerable Fortune besides, whom he marry'd, and being Master of her Fortune had settled there. *Hippolyto* acquainted him with his Misfortunes and present Want, and *Leandro* leaving him speedily, return'd with a considerable Sum of Money, saying *It is excusable not to relieve Friends before we know their Wants; but now I know yours, I should be unpardonable did I not make a suitable Return for the Favour I receiv'd when I was in Distress.* After some Expressions of Gratitude on both Sides, they went about to furnish

furnish themselves as became their Quality. Their next Care was to set out for *Madrid*, where *Dona Marcella* and *Dona Victoria*, expected to meet their Lovers, *Alexander* and *Don Carlos*; *Don Jacinto* hop'd to hear of his *Dona Antonia*, and only *Hippolyto* remain'd unfortunate, as not knowing what was become of *Aminta*.

Having provided all Things, taken Leave of *Leandro*, and promis'd him fully to return his Courtesy, they set out, and alighted at an Inn on the Road, *Hippolyto* there saw his Brother *Don Alonso*, sitting by the Turkish Lady *Lidora*, with her Brother *Hali*, or *Don Antonio*, and among them his belov'd *Aminta*. It is impossible to express the Joy they all conceiv'd. When those Transports were over, they Din'd, and then *Don Alonso* acquainted them how he had found *Aminta*, delivering himself to this Effect.

When *Don John* left me at *Barcelona*, I gain'd many Friends, and having no other Employment, gallanted a Lady of no indifferent Quality and Beauty. Another Gentleman of that City was my Rival, whom I challeng'd upon that Account. When *Don Gaspar*, that was the Gentleman's Name, and I were in the Field; I being as has been said, the Challenger, he said to me. I suppose you are convinc'd, *Don Alonso*, that I am not guilty of refusing to answer any Man with my Sword; but I always desire to know the Occasion of drawing it, and cannot but blame those

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those who expose themselves, without knowing on what Account. Having heard my Adversary, and perceiving that he spoke with Discretion and void of Fear. I answer'd him thus. *I have brought you hither to decide an Affair, which I question whether we shall agree about. You know I have courted Dona Eugenia, for the Space of a Year, what Favours I have receiv'd in private, are not to be discover'd by one who calls himself a Gentleman. You have said too much, answer'd Don Gaspar, for when a Man speaks in such a dubious Manner, he says all, he who hears him may, or is pleas'd to imagine I grant it is proper to conceal Favours receiv'd; but in this Case, it is no Discovery to reveal them to one who knows how to conceal them; but a Justification of your coming to this Place. I will therefore acquaint you with what Favours I have receiv'd from the same Person you say bestows them on you to show you how much I am in the Right.* He then drew out some Letters, and among them those I us'd to write to her, which he read to me, and I stood amaz'd; nor was he less so, when I produc'd those that he had sent to her himself, and she transmitted to me. So that she receiv'd *Billets doux* from us both, and then sent me his, and mine to him. We heartily laugh'd at the Contrivance, and instead of fighting, became particular Friends, agreeing to meet often in that Place, to communicate to each other how our Intrigues went on with that Woman, our Affec-
tion

tion to her being converted into a D. fire to make Sport with her. One Afternoon as we were thus making ourselves merry, we saw two Men go into the City in Company with *Aminta* and *Lidora*, *Don Gaspar* took notice of one of them, and said to me, *Friend, do you behave yourself as becomes you, whilst I endeavour to kill Fulgentio. You would understand this Matter better, were I at leisure to inform you, that this Fulgentio had kill'd one Don Lewis, who was Kinsman to Don Gaspar, on Account of a Sister's Death. Hippolyto* bid him proceed, as being satisfy'd that all there present, were acquainted with that Story, he having related it himself, as it is to be seen in the First Book. *Don Alonso* was glad that they all understood that Affair, and then proceeded thus.

Don Gaspar drew, and *Fulgentio* perceiving it, did the like. I might have envy'd their Bravery, had I not found Employment enough to defend myself against *Don Antonio*, who attack'd me in Defence of his Friend. The Officers of Justice came upon us, and *Don Antonio* being a Stranger, was taken alone and committed to Goal, whilst we, who were acquainted with the City, made our Escape. *Fulgentio* and *Don Gaspar*, having thus reviv'd their ancient Enmity took the Field, with their Friends and Relations. I having kept in some Days, on Account of a small Wound *Don Antonio* gave me, thought of demanding Satisfaction, and hearing where he was, went to

O.

seek

seek Revenge in the very Prison. I found him under the Protection of his Sister's Beauty and *Aminta's* Graces, who could think of hurting him when so well guarded. I immediately knew *Aminta*, and was wonderfully overjoy'd, considering how often my Brother had lamented her as dead. I acquainted her, who I was, solicited *Don Antonio's* Release, and they all resolv'd to live with me, saying, They were content to be under my Protection, during your Absence *Hippolyto*. *Aminta* however could not be satisfy'd, wanting her Lover. I therefore desir'd to know, whether she would have me conduct her, and she resolv'd for *Madrid*, as the likeliest Place to hear of you. *Lidora* and *Don Antonio* would not leave her. We all set out accordingly, and had travell'd no farther than this Place, when we had the Happiness of being joyn'd by your Company.

The Ladies and Gentlemen renew'd their Joy, when *Don Alonso* had done speaking, and being so delightfully taken up, perceiv'd not how the Time slipp'd away, till the Sun being set they bethought themselves, that it was then too late to proceed on their Journey for that Day, the Roads there being always dangerous, and much more since *Don Gaspar* on the one Hand, and *Fulgensio* on the other, were withdrawn into the Mountains, each of them with as many Friends and Followers, as would espouse his Quarrel, besides the Accession of all desperate Persons and Criminals

Criminals fled from Justice, as would joyn them. Both Parties being oblig'd to live upon Rapine; either plunder'd the Country People, or robb'd the Travellers that came in their Way. For this Reason they resolv'd to stay that Night in the Inn, which being chosen as the safest, yet prov'd the most dangerous Course, as we shall soon see.

It was mention'd in the Fifth Book, that *Don Henry* recover'd of the Wounds he had deservedly receiv'd at the Hands of *Aminta*, to avoid his base Attempt upon her Honour. He then spent some Time at *Madrid*, following his Wild Inclination, and indulging his Inordinate Passions, and thence went to *Barcelona*, either designing to return into his own Country, or to avoid the Punishment due to his many Extravagancies. At *Barcelona* he became familiarly acquainted with *Don Gaspar*, who, as has been said, was *Fulgentio's* Enemy. He having taken that vile Course, of forming a Troop of Out-laws on the Mountains, *Don Henry*, who was fit for any base Undertaking, follow'd him, and at all times in his Absence commanded his Gang of Robbers. The Friendship between *Don Alonso* and *Don Gaspar* had made *Don Henry* known to *Don Alonso*, yet so that there was some natural Antipathy between them, which I say was natural, for *Don Alonso* knew not that *Don Henry* was the Person, who had been the Occasion of so much Trouble to

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his Brother *Hippolyto*; nor was *Don Henry* acquainted that *Don Alonso* was Brother to his Enemy *Hippolyto*. One of *Don Gaspar's* Gang, that Afternoon inform'd *Don Henry*, that he had seen *Don Alonso* with two most beautiful Women, and that they were gone into the Inn. *Don Henry*, tho' loath to offend *Don Alonso*, because *Don Gaspar* was his Friend, resolv'd to take the Women from him, and in Order to it, distributed some Money among several of the Robbers, with whom he beset the Inn, where *Hippolyto* and his Company thought to have lain that Night in Safety. *Don Henry* disguis'd himself to have the Opportunity of seeing those Beauties the Robber had so much extoll'd. He came into the Inn thus disguis'd, about two Hours before Sun-set, where he spy'd *Hippolyto* and *Don Alonso*, with *Aminta*, and the other Ladies, as also *Don Jacinto*. He was much surpriz'd, and the more knowing *Dona Marcela* and *Dona Victoria*, both his Townswomen and near Relations. This gave him some Check, for he would willingly murder *Hippolyto* and *Aminta*, but was unwilling to fright *Victoria* and *Marcela*, besides that he could not doubt, but that his Companions would offer Violence to those Ladies, and it would not be in his Power to prevent it. This Consideration was of such Weight with him, that he went out again, not knowing which way to accomplish his intended Mischief, without occasioning that which he desir'd to obstruct.

No

No sooner was he gone, than the Innkeeper came into the Room where his Guests were, and begg'd of them not to go away that Night, because one of the most inhuman Fellows that had ever taken Shelter in those Mountains, had view'd them and was gone to lye in Wait for them with his Gang, as he had done by many others, who refusing to take his Advice, had been the next Day found murder'd. They thank'd him for his Advice, declar'd they were resolv'd to stay, loaded their Fire-Arms, to be in a Readiness upon any Occasion, and then fell again into Discourse, as they had been before. Only *Aminta*, having known *Don Henry* thro' his Disguize, was struck dumb and could not shake off her Fear.

Whilst these Things hapned in the Inn, *Don Henry* was contriving how he might compass his Revenge, and at the same Time deliver *Marcela* and *Victoria*. After much musing, he concluded to Assault the Inn at the Front, to the End that *Hippolyto* and the rest being press'd, might slip out at a little back Door there was to it. At some Distance from it he posted a Number of his Followers, with Orders to observe and secure any that should offer to go out. This he did to the End, that whilst the others were taken in the open Field, he might give *Marcela* and *Victoria* an Opportunity to escape, and then pretend to his Company that they fled unknown to him, whilst he was otherwise employ'd.

Those he order'd to lye in Ambush among the Bushes were Six Men, and those he kept with him about Ten. *Don Alonso* and *Don Jacinto*, apprehending some Danger shut all the Doors; nor were they in the wrong, for as soon as ever it was dark, *Don Henry* and his Out-laws came, and made Show as if they would break open the House. *Hippolyto* observing the Number of the Enemies, concluded that all Advantages ought to be taken, and therefore clapping the Muzzle of his Pissol to a Hole there was in the Door, he fir'd among them, and hapned to kill that very Fellow, who had given the Intelligence to *Don Henry*, and advis'd him to seize them.

That Fellow's Death incens'd his Comrades, who now rather sought to revenge their Friend, than to oblige *Don Henry*, and accordingly came on so desperately, that *Hippolyto* and his Friends gave their Lives for lost, especially when those Out-laws had set Fire to one Part of the Inn. The Inn-keeper seeing his House on Fire, his Goods like to be destroy'd and his Family perishing, he drew near to *Hippolyto*, and said, Sir, *The Flames begin to rage, those Men without threaten us, and all Things seem to conspire our Ruin; it is a miserable Case to dye after this Manner, and yet it seems unavoidable, unless what we want in Power be made up by Policy. I can see no Way to prevent our Calamity, but by giving notice to the Magistrates of a Town half a League from hence, I have a Horse in the Stable as swift as Thoughts,*
if

if, as you had Courage to kill that Man, you dare attempt to venture out, you may save us all. Hippolyto readily embrac'd the Motion, but Aminta, having known Don Henry, would not let him go without her. It was in vain to dissuade, and therefore he resolv'd to take her with him. The Night was then far spent, and the Moon might serve instead of a Guide to show the Road. Hippolyto and Aminta mounted and sally'd out at the back Door. Don Henry and his Company were on that Side, which had taken Fire, giving them Liberty to pass, but they had not gone far before the Six Men laid in Ambush by Don Henry, appear'd at a Distance. Hippolyto halted, designing to turn back; but the Six Robbers making a Signal, Don Henry and his Gang cut off the Retreat. Hippolyto seeing his Enemies both before and behind, would have turn'd off to either Hand; but on the Right was a steep Hill, and on the Left a deep Precipice; however, he resolv'd to venture up the Hill, rather than fall into the Hands of his Enemies. In this Distress he recover'd a small Path, leading up to the Mountain between two great Rocks. He put his Horse into it, and soon made Way into that dangerous Place of Refuge. They had not gone far before they lost their Way, and were got into such an uncooth Place, that they were forc'd to quit the Horse and go on a Foot into such a Place, that had not the Fear of Death push'd them on, they could never

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ver have been able to make any Advance in it. Having conquer'd that Difficulty, they came into a more open Place, and travell'd on, without knowing whither, till *Aminia* quite spent, was oblig'd to sit down upon a Rock. They had not been there long before they heard some Men draw near, and one of them say, *Had Don Henry come up sooner, he would not have miss'd his Aim, nor should we have come thus far without any Hopes of finding the Person he says has so much injur'd him.* Another of them answer'd, *It is true, we shall take more Pains, but it is impossible they should escape us, because we are better acquainted with these Mountains than they; besides, that having left the Horse behind them, they must of Necessity be hereabouts.* Others added more to the same Effect, so that the two Lovers seeing no Hopes of escaping, embrac'd and took the last Farewel of one another. By this Time *Don Henry* drew near, and having spy'd them, made Signs for his Company to come on. Fourteen, or Fifteen Men, who had before divided themselves to find them out, soon came together. *Hippolyto* seeing so many, resolv'd to dye, rather than be taken, and to sell his Life as dear as possible. He pointed his Pistol to the Place where he had heard *Don Henry* Talk, but the Flint fail'd him, and the Robbers perceiving, that he had miss'd doing Execution on that Account, did not think fit to fire upon him, but press'd on to take him. They
 bound

bound his Hands, and began to use him after a most barbarous Manner, nor was *Aminta* treated with any more Humanity, which made her rend the Air with dismal Skrieks, and Heaven seem'd to hear them, for they brought down from amidst the highest Rocks about Thirty Men, led and commanded by a Captain. Those who had seiz'd *Hippolyto*, knowing the Signal made by the others, bound him to a Tree and stood upon their Guard, as did *Don Henry*, who had not Leisure to secure *Aminta* in the same Manner. The new Comers fell bravely on *Don Henry's* Party, who having drawn them within the Shelter of the Trees, the Engagement lasted a considerable Time. *Aminta* in the mean Time unbinding *Hippolyto*, advis'd him to assist their Benefactors, that their Victory might be the more certain. He did so, with such Resolution, that the others soon betock themselves to Flight. *Don Henry* perceiving it, stepp'd aside, and in that Rage to deprive *Hippolyto* of *Aminta* stabb'd her in two Places, and the unhappy Lady falling at the very Edge of a steep Hill, roll'd down into a fruitful Plain.

Hippolyto hearing some of the Groans *Aminta* gave at that Time, not thinking it had been she, but some of the Party in which she was engag'd, hasted thither to revenge him. *Don Henry* seeing him fled, but *Hippolyto* soon overtook, and firing a Pistol he had taken from one of his Comrades, at him, aim'd to right that the

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Wretch never spoke Word more. Such was the End of the Wicked *Don Henry*, suitable to the whole Course of his monstrous Life. Some Time after the Commander of those who had deliver'd *Hippolyto* drew near, and he knew him to be *Fulgentio*, who as has been said headed that Party there, in Opposition to *Don Gaspar*. Their mutual Satisfaction was redoubled when *Hippolyto* told him, how opportunely he had been sent by Heaven to deliver him out of the Hands of the barbarous *Don Henry*. They made most diligent Search for *Aminia*, often repeating her Name, but neither could she answer, nor they meet with any Tokens of her. They therefore resolv'd to stay till *Fulgentio's* Men return'd from the Pursuit, and the Light of the Day appear'd to clear their Doubts.

The Men returning, brought with them the Spoils of a Man they had robb'd by the Way, which *Hippolyto* knew to belong to *Don Antonio*, and acquainting *Fulgentio* with it, he caus'd him to be brought thither. *Don Antonio* knowing them, took Heart, and said, That *Don Alonso*, *Don Jacinto* and himself, having heard some Shots, and concluding that *Hippolyto* had lost his Way, they came out to seek him, and by that Means he had fallen into the Hands of those Men. They all then began again to search every Place for *Aminia*. The Lady when she fell, had let fall an Handkerchief, which her Lover easily knew, and seeing some Blood near it, concluded

cluded that what he fear'd was true; He search'd more narrowly and discover'd other Tokens of what had hapned. Being come to the Place, where of Necessity the Body must have stopp'd, they were still more surpriz'd to find nothing but the Signs of it as having lain there some Time, there being a considerable Quantity of Blood among the Grass. *Hippolyto* was inconsolable, and all the rest shar'd in his Sorrow, both for his Sake, and for the unfortunate End of the Lady. Being convinc'd that all their Search was ineffectual, they agreed to return to the Inn, to seek *Don Alonso* and *Don Jacinto*, that *Fulgencio* and his Men might conduct them in Safety out of that Part of the Country, from the Danger of falling into the Hands of *Don Gaspar* and his Party, who they believ'd would give them no Quarter. Neither *Don Alonso*, nor *Don Jacinto* were then at the Inn, which oblig'd them to wait their Return, and in the mean Time they acquainted *Marcella*, *Victoria* and *Lidora* with all that had hapned, and they heavily lamented the Loss of *Aminta*. There being no News of *Don Alonso* and *Don Jacinto*, nor any Hopes of finding *Aminta*, *Hippolyto* imagin'd they two might have found and carry'd her away to the next Village, in Order to her Cure. This seem'd the more likely, when after expecting them some Days, no News of them could be heard. Upon this Notion, they all began to conceive Hopes of a better Event than they

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they had at first imagin'd, and therefore setting out, they desir'd the Inn-keeper, if *Don Alonso* and *Don Jacinto* should happen to return, to acquaint them that they were gone for *Madrid*, where they should impatiently expect to hear from them.

Fulgentio and his Followers would not forsake *Hippolyto* and the Ladies, but when they came near any Towns went about, for Fear of falling into the Hands of Justice. Our Travellers coming into the Market-Place of one of those small Towns, heard Bells tolling to excite the People to pray for some Persons that were to be executed. They enquir'd, what Crime those Persons were to suffer for, and were told they were two Men, for Robberies and Murders committed on the Road. Having gone a little farther, they spy'd a young Man richly clad, and of a genteel Mien, and he drew near to view the Ladies, whom he could not know because they were mask'd; but *Dona Victoria* knowing him, unmask'd, threw herself off the Horse and ran to embrace him. *Hippolyto* was at first surpriz'd at her Behaviour, till drawing nearer, he knew his Friend *Alexander*, whom he had left at *Salamanca*, when he departed that City. They all embrac'd and congratulated their happy Meeting, and *Alexander* perswaded them to stay there that Day, whereupon *Hippolyto* went to give notice to *Fulgentio*, who waited at the other End of the Town to guard

guard them, that he might withdraw for his own Safety, acquainting him that two Men were to be Executed the same Day for following that Course of Life. *Fulgensio* thank'd him, and promis'd to be near the Road to defend him and his Company. *Hippolyto* returning to the Town, *Alexander* and he went to the Prison to see the Criminals that were to be executed, thinking they might perhaps be some of those who attack'd him at the Inn. He knew neither of them, but in the same Prison found his Brother *Don Alonso* and *Don Jacinto*, whom he lovingly embrac'd, and acquainted his Friend *Alexander* who they were. It seems they had been taken on the Mountain with Firelocks on their Shoulders, and Pistols at their Girdles, and not being known, suspected to be Highwaymen, and as such secur'd. *Hippolyto*, and *Don Antonio*, *Marcella* and *Victoria* appear'd in Court on their Behalf, deposing upon Oath, that they belong'd to their Company, and how they had gone out in Search for *Hippolyto*, relating all that had hapned to them at the Inn. For a farther Proof, the Inn-keeper and his Servant were also brought and gave the same Evidence, whereupon *Don Alonso* and *Don Jacinto* were discharg'd, after they had been Thirty Days in Prison. *Hippolyto* was all this while under the greatest Uneasiness, being convinc'd that he had been mistaken in his Notion, that *Aminta* was with *Don Alonso* and *Don Jacinto*. Having made all possible Enquiry

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qu岸 after her, they resolv'd to continue their Journey, giving notice to *Fulgencio* to meet them. They had not travell'd above a League, before they spy'd him, and his Men hastening to meet his Enemy, *Don Gaspar*, *Hippolyto* and *Alexander* perceiving the others did not halt to speak to them, but that they struck out of the Road, made Haste after them. It was not long before the two adverse Parties came in Sight of one another, and immediately they made ready to fall on. Whilst *Hippolyto* and *Alexander* were observing them, they saw a Gentleman, with a fine Lady and several Servants make up to them, and perceiv'd the Gentleman was *Leonardo*, who had entertain'd *Hippolyto* at *Salamanca*, and the Lady was his Wife *Feliciona*. *Hippolyto* without losing Time, told *Leonardo* what Parties those were whom he saw so near engaging, and that the Quarrel being upon his Account, he might prevent the Mischief that must ensue. *Leonardo* assur'd him the Cause of his coming from *Salamanca*, was no other than to endeavour to obviate any such Effusion of Blood. With this they hastened forward to the Place where the two Parties were drawn up, and *Leonardo* and *Feliciona* riding in between them, were presently known. *Feliciona* made up to her Brother *Fulgencio*, whilst *Leonardo* drew near to his Kinsman *Don Gaspar*. *Fulgencio* was amaz'd to see her alive, whom he had so long concluded to be dead, and laying aside his Weapons, ran to embrace

embrace her. The Parties then drew nearer, but not to the same Intent as at first, *Leonardo* gave them a short Account of his Adventures, and when he said he was *Feliciano's* Husband, *Fulgentio* embrac'd him, *Don Gaspar* did the like to the Lady, and then to him, who had been his greatest Enemy. Thus the intended Field of Battle, became the Place of Reconciliation.

Thus full of Joy, they return'd to the Road, and were no sooner come into it, than *Hippolyto* discover'd *Aminta* coming with *Don Carlos*. He was surpriz'd at this unexpected Felicity, and could scarce believe his own Eyes. The Satisfaction of the whole Company was redoubled, only *Alexander* was thoughty, believing himself oblig'd to chastize his Sister *Aminta*, for the extravagant Liberty she had taken in abandoning her Father's House. *Don Carlos* reprov'd him, and all there present excusing *Aminta*, and alledging that his Honor was abundantly satisfy'd with the Death of *Don Henry*, who had deluded her, *Alexander* grew easy, and *Hippolyto* could never sufficiently express his Satisfaction. *Don Carlos* was no less happy in meeting his beloved *Marcella*. They all agreed to proceed together to *Madrid*, taking *Don Gaspar* and *Fulgentio* with them, and arriv'd safe at that Place, without any Accident of Moment befalling them by the Way.

As great as their Joy was on Account of the happy Meeting on the Road, it was now no less upon finding *Don Gregory*, Father to *Alexander* and *Aminta* in *Hippolyto's* House. He, as he afterwards inform'd them, having escap'd from *Rezuan's* Vessel, arriv'd safe with his own and *Don Carlos's* Treasure at *Alicant*, and afterwards at *Madrid*, tho' much concern'd for the loss of *Marcella* and *Victoria*. By his Relation *Hippolyto* discover'd that *Don Gregory* was his Father's Brother, and consequently *Aminta* his Cousin German. A farther Satisfaction was added to them all by the Arrival of *Don Pedro*, Father to *Don Jerome*, with his antient Wife and beautiful Daughter, who came from home to see *Don Gregory*. This was most peculiarly pleasing to *Don Jacinto*, being restor'd to his first Love *Dona Antonia*. In short, they had all Cause to rejoice, at such unexpected Happiness, after so many Misfortunes. When they were more at leisure, *Hippolyto* recounted how he had recover'd his Liberty in *Turky*, by that means giving an Account of *Don Antonio*, or *Hali*, and his Sister *Lidora*. Then *Aminta* was desir'd to inform them, how she had been wounded and afterwards fallen into the Company of *Don Carlos*, which she did in this manner.

When Fortune began to appear favourable to us, by the Approach of those Men I knew not, and the Victory began to incline to our Side,

Don

Don Henry came up, and gave me two Wounds, with which I fell, and rowl'd down from a Rock into a green Plain. I cry'd out to Heaven for Mercy, at such Time as *Don Carlos*, who had been at *Barcelona* expecting my Father, having lost his Way, heard my Voice, took me up and carry'd me to a neighbouring Village. His extraordinary Care to have me well attended, is a Debt never to be forgotten. My many Misfortunes, and what I have lastly suffer'd by my Wounds, has made me sensible how little the Things of this World are to be valu'd, and how uncertain the Felicities of it are, I have therefore resolv'd to quit all at once, and expose myself to no more Hazards, but to endeavour to secure an happy Eternity, by retiring to lead a Religious Life in a Monastery. My Love to *Hippolyto* was always chaste, and I doubt not but that his to me was the same, whence I infer that he will not repine at my Resolution, for a true Lover cannot be displeas'd at what is so much the Advantage of the Person belov'd; and if he had any other Design, I would advise him to fancy me dead of the Wounds I receiv'd on the Mountain, and to lay aside all Thoughts of me for ever. *Hippolyto* was so far from opposing her Will, that he highly applauded so religious a Design, protesting that tho' he had ever been her Admirer since their first Meeting, he had never been so to that De-
grec

gree he then was, considering she had fix'd so generous and Godly a Resolution. *Amin's* Father and Brother were transported with Joy, and all the Company applauded and congratulated her. *Lidora* having been baptiz'd a few Days after, embrac'd the same Course, and went into the same Monastery with *Aminia*. *Don Jacinto* marry'd *Dona Antonia*, as did *Alexander* and *Don Carlos*. *Dona Victoria* and *Dona Marcella*. *Leonardo*, *Feliciama*, *Don Gaspar* and *Fulgentio* return'd to *Barcelona*, where upon their Reconciliation the former Animosity ceas'd. Within a Year after *Rezus* arriv'd at *Madrid*, with much Treasure. He was baptiz'd and liv'd long after in great Reputation. His Daughter *Lidora*, who had taken the Name of *Agnes*, profess'd a Nun in the Monastery with *Aminia*. *Don Alonso* went away to *Melita*, to serve against the Infidels, with his Brother *Don John*, and *Hippolyte* continu'd at *Madrid* with his Sister *Dona Anna*, and her Husband *Don Jerome*.

Thus ended the Misfortunes of these generous Friends and faithful Lovers, all of them entering upon that happy Course of Life, which was most agreeable to them. The Nuptials above-mention'd were celebrated with all the Magnificence that so solemn Occasion an requir'd, and as could be furnish'd in so great a Court as that of *Madrid*, by Persons so wealthy and of such Quality, who being all met in a State of Prosperity,

Prosperity, after such tedious Sufferings and Calamities, were resolv'd to spare nothing that might contribute to their mutual Satisfaction, and redound to the Honor of their illustrious Families. Having therefore return'd most hearty Thanks to God, for his wonderful Protection, and their providential Deliverance from so many Perils, when the Religious Duties were perform'd, which with other necessary Employments generally took up all the Mornings, they employ'd the rest of the Day, during a Week that the Wedding Feasts lasted, in innocent Diversions. The Tables were most plentifully furnish'd, Noon and Night, not only to entertain the invited Guests with all Sorts of Varieties and Dainties, but to relieve the Wants of the Poor, who resorted from all Parts of the Town to partake of that Charitable Generosity. Three Days they had Plays acted, by the King's Comedians in a spacious Hall of the stately House, or Palace, which had been provided for them. The other Days, they had Consorts of the finest Musick, and the spare Times from the said Plays and Musick was spent in Conversation, and the Relation of some remarkable Adventures, which had befallen, or were well known to such of their Friends, as came to partake of the Nuptial Rejoycings, or other merry Tales, either real or invented, that serve to move Laughter among young Persons, who are not
always

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always satisfy'd with the more serious Pastimes, but will be throwing in something of Farce into the most regular Comedy.

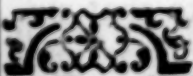
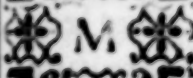
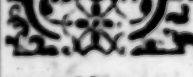
Among the rest of the Gentlemen, who undertook in their Turns to divert the Company with some agreeable Narrative, was *Don Alonso de Salas*, a Native of *Madrid*, and a Person of good natural and acquir'd Parts, who being made sensible that something was expected from him for the publick Diversion, began as follows, in the next Book.

The End of the Eighth Book.



BOOK

BOOK IX.


 sfortunes, which as is well known

 to most of this worthy Com-

 pany, frequently force those who
 think themselves the most settled
 in the World, to abandon their
 Dwellings, having oblig'd me to absent my self
 from my Habitation at *Madrid*, I took the fa-
 mous City of *Burgos* in my way, and after a
 short Stay there, proceeded to *Zaragoza*, the
 Capital of *Aragon*. I spent some Days in view-
 ing its magnificent Structures, both sacred and
 prophane, dedicating many Hours, to divert
 melancholy Thoughts along the delightful Ri-
 ver *Ebro*, adorn'd by two stately Bridges, the
 one

one of Wood, and the other of Stone, and the Country on both Sides embellish'd with curious Gardens, fruitful 'Orchards, exuberant Corn Fields, rich Meadows, delicious Vineyards, and all the Ornaments Nature could bestow on a fertile and abundant Soil. All these Delights affording little Satisfaction to an absent Lover, who no where finds rest, till he is restor'd to the Presence of his beloved Object, I resolv'd to go away to *Sevil*, as soon as the violent Heat of the Summer was over, and in the mean while to withdraw to the City of *Tudela*, in the Kingdom of *Navarre*. Before my Departure, I thought fit to visit the famous Hospital for distracted People in *Zaragoza*, where I found no Person any way remarkable, or diverting; but it griev'd me to reflect, what a heavy Judgment Heaven bestows on those it reduces to that unfortunate Condition, since it deprives their Souls of their most precious Ornament, and takes from them the noblest Part of a rational Creature, which is to reason right, and in due Season. I there observ'd the same, I have often taken Notice of in Prisons, where I have seen many in Irons for Robberies, and other Offences, and yet their Crimes were much inferior to those daily committed by the Goalers that kept them, or the Informers who brought them thither.

An unfortunate Fellow was there shut up as a Madman, because he said, he was the Catholick King *Ferdinand*, and had himself, expell'd the
Jews

Jews out of Spain. A Clergyman standing by, was the Person that took the greatest Freedom in talking, and laughing at his Folly, without ever looking back upon his own; for he, tho' possess'd of some rich Benefices, which might enable him to live comfortably, and suitable to his Dignity, deny'd himself even Necessaries, to settle an Estate upon a Nephew; being no less puff'd up with Pride and Vanity, than he was macerated, and dry'd up with living miserably. Alas! Poor unhappy Criminal; how often does he who passes Sentence upon you, deserve greater Punishment for the same, or a greater Offence? All this World is no better than a Mad-House, and he is the greatest Lunatick, who thinks he is not so. Most Men have their Share in this Infection, and every one shoots his Bolt, when he least thinks of it. Observe those mighty Men of Sense, who listen to, and admire their own Words, and weigh every Sentence they speak, censuring the Lives of others, and carping at all Actions but their own; and you will find all that outward Appearance is counterfeit. Their Wisdom is the greatest Madness, for they do not practice Virtue, because it is its own Reward, but to be spoken of by others. They live under the Servitude of Vain-glory, gaping after a good Name, and proud to be admir'd, and pointed at by the Multitude. What are these but Madmen? Can any Man deny it? If he can, let him, who is better acquainted with
their

their Merit, give them a properer Name; for my Part, I know none that fits them better.

I left this Prison of unfortunate Persons, and at the Door met with a Friend, one who had read both Men and Books, whom I acquainted with my intended Journey, and he said, Since you are resolv'd to leave us, and we must lose your Company, I am heartily glad you are going to *Tudela* in *Navarre*, one of the ancientest Cities in *Spain*, famous for its delightful Situation, renowned for its worthy Citizens, ennobled by its illustrious Gentry, and generally pleasing for the sincere, and ingenious Conversation of its Inhabitants. You will there find good Diversion during the scorching hot Season, which seems to threaten us, for you will not fail to meet with honest *Tom Telstroth*. I answer'd, with no little Surprize, who is *Tom Telstroth*? Is there any one in this deceitful lying Age of ours, that can justly claim that Title, and proceeding with Sincerity, be well affected by others? You must understand, reply'd my Friend, that in this very Hospital you now come out of, there was once an ingenious Man, born at *Toledo*, who flying hither on Account of some unlucky youthful Prank, ran mad for the loss of his Mistress, whom he was oblig'd to leave behind, without Hopes of seeing her again in any reasonable Time. I can assure you, as famous as that City is for producing of notable Wits, this Person I

speak

Speak of is no Way inferior to any of them; for besides his profound Knowledge in Philosophy, and Mathematicks, and his being a most sublime Poet, his Mouth is a continual Source of Eloquence, and tho' he Talks much, it is always good, and for the most Part admirable. His Talent is universal, his Jest's easy and inoffensive, his Sentences Judicious, and he always brings in a Story, or Tale to his Purpose, proving the Matter he speaks to; and the aforesaid Name has been given him, in Regard that whatsoever he affirms is ever found true to a Tittle. I am glad with all my Heart, said I, that there are others under my same Circumstances; for, tho' no body has found me out, I am not far from being as mad as he, and my Distemper proceeds from the same Cause, being absent from my Mistress, and in a despairing Condition. I am a Fellow Sufferer with him, and share in his Misfortune. Such a Friend I stand in need of; it will be a Comfort to me to see I am not singular, and that another has already run the same Race. With this I took Leave of him, and prepar'd for my Journey, being very eager to meet with a Man so remarkable both in Misfortunes, and Wit, and flattering my uneasy Mind with the Hopes of some Tracquillity, after so violent a Storm of Trouble and Affliction.

I went thro' to *Tudela* in a Day, for, tho' they reckon Sixteen Leagues to it from *Zaragoza*,

they are very short, because Providence having made that Country so delightful, the very Road is pleasant, and nothing tedious. Finding a good Reception and Entertainment in this City, I confirm'd my Resolution, taken before, of settling there for some Time, without travelling any farther. Having rested that Night, the next Day I walk'd about the Town, whose Stones testify the Antiquity of its first Founders. I visited the Cathedral, which tho' none of the largest in *Spain*, is inferior to none for Beauty, and Symmetry, and where God is serv'd with Splendor, and Devotion, by the Dean, who there represents a Bishop, and his Canons, in some Measure answering to those of the Metropolitan of *Toledo*. After performing my Devotions, and taking a View of the Church, I spy'd a Man in a long Gown, whose Face seem'd to denote Wit, and the Oddness of his Garb did not contradict it. He talk'd to himself, and had some irregular Actions, which plainly show'd that his Senses were disorder'd. I concluded rightly, that he was the Person I sought after, and therefore made up, to begin some Discourse, and engage him in Talk, that might divert, and inform me. To oblige him, I made use of Courtesy, and Civility, which I look upon as the most prevalent Obligation, to obtain what one desires of a Person unknown, and the best Way to succeed. Thus a well bred Tutor makes Friends with his Hat, and purchases good Will

of

of all Men, at an easy Expence. This we see generally practis'd in all famous Universities, by such as aspire to be Professors. He listen'd to what I said, with a smiling Countenance, being glad to meet with one he could Talk to in his own Way, and his Country-man. It was near Dinner-Time, and I press'd him so hard, to come and Dine with me at my Lodging, that he was pleas'd to comply. We soon concluded that troublesome Affair, for I look upon eating to be no better. As they were taking away, in came a Lawyer, who was to draw some Writings for me to send to *Zaragoza*. No sooner had he got the Door upon his Back to be gone, than my new Companion clearing his Throat, and giving a loose to his Tongue, without farther Ceremony took up the Discourte, and said, unhappy Man, do you deal with this Sort of People; then own yourself to be a most wicked Sinner, strike your Breast, and bewail your leud Life with Abundance of Tears; for it is most certain, that God would never deliver you up into the Hands of such perverse Men, were it not as a Punishment for some heinous Sins. Can you encounter, and overcome these Giants by Dint of Patience, and Profusion of Mony? Doubtless you are some enchanted Knight. There are those who say, that of the fallen Angels, whose Pride was the Occasion of their being converted into Devils, one Part remain'd in the Air, and another upon the Earth, which

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are those we vulgarly call Fairies. These, in my Opinion, taking upon them human Shape, are the same we make use of, by the Name of Lawyers. Let their own Actions answer for them, and we shall see, whether any of them by their Behaviour will give me the Lye, and by clearing his own Reputation, prove me a Slanderer. Every Man's Cause in their Hands is good, or bad, according to the Weight of his Purse; if the Client is poor, no Right avails him, if rich, no Injustice can make him miscarry. In all Sutes he sways more than the Judge, and Jury, and turns the Ballance more than the Witnesses; for if he draws up a Case, or takes Depositions, he writes not what they say, but what makes for his Purpose; and if he happens to set down the Truth, because sometimes a Man, if he be wise, will read before he Signs, yet afterwards he adds, or leaves out, as pleases him best. I knew a Lawyer, who us'd to quote Witnesses that were dead, and to forge Names of others that never were in the World. He ply'd at Court, with a Constable, as like him in Temper, as if he had been cast in one Mould, and playing the Pyrates among young Country Cullies, seldom fail'd running them into a Goal, where, if their Purse were well lin'd, they found good Entertainment, and a speedy Redemption; but if that fail'd, their Sufferings were tedious. He never wanted three Witnesses; *Stiles, Robbins,* and *Johnson*, were ever call'd upon to prove Whore-

Whoredom and Drunkenness; *Rogers, White,* and *Wolf*, to swear to Assaults and Batteries. This was afterwards made out by unquestionable Testimonies, when once he came to be call'd to an Account; for he only chang'd the Christian Names, calling his Witness in one Deposition *John*, in another *Peter*, and in a third *Antony*. This Man very well deserv'd to have ended his Days in the Air; but good Friends prevail'd so far as to mollify the Sentence, sending him for Ten Years to ply an Oar in a Gallie, where a hard hearted Boatswain took Care to flap the Flies from his naked Back, much oftner than he could have wish'd.

The Lawyer puts me in Mind of the Night Officer the Law has provided for keeping of the Peace, and yet, is very often the first that breaks it. It is his Duty to apprehend Criminals, but he is frequently more criminal than those he apprehends; he ought to suppress Vice, yet commonly encourages, and indulges himself in Leudness. Those Fellows, being commonly Hirelings, and of the lowest Rank of the People, wander about from Tavern to Tavern, and from Eating-house to Eating-house, where they gorge themselves with Fowl and the richest Wine; for the Vintner makes much of the Constable, that he may connive at his keeping a publick Bawdy-house. Thus they raise their Lust, and prompted by it run to find out leud Women, enter their Houses, on Pretence that

P 3

they

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they come to see the Business of Reformation carry'd on. If the Cully they find there appeases them with mollifying Gold, instead of reprov'g, they encourage and protect him; but if he happen to be some unfortunate Wretch who has neither Mony, nor some great Man to stand by him, they stick close, give him ill Language, and after plundering him of Hat, Wig, and Sword, away he goes to the Counter or the Round-house. This done, they return to those Women, where they found the Booty, and after satisfying their Lust, if the Wenches have any thing, they stay and sup with them; and that done, if the Doxies have no Mony, they take away a Gown, or a Petticoat, bidding them be thankful that they are not carry'd to Goal. If they mutter, or offer to speak for their own, they are soon laid up in the *Work-house* or *Bridewell*; and it is well, if they do not make a Holyday for the Mob at a Cart's Tail. When these Men are upon the Watch, they rather design to rifle a Gentleman that has the Misfortune to fall into their Hands in Drink, than to reprove and secure him from coming to harm. I knew one of these dark Magistrates, who had an inseparable ill look'd Attendant, as great a Knave as became his Profession. This Fellow lay in wait about Midnight, at the Corners of Streets, whence he had a View of all that pass'd by, and as soon as he spy'd any Man, whose Purse was likely to bleed, never fail'd to

pick

pick a Quarrel with him, then set up the Cry for the Watch, and swore the other was drunk and had abus'd him. His Master was always at Hand, the suppos'd Criminal was surrounded, and perhaps well beaten. The Street resounded with the Noise, and Tumult, the Innocent could not be heard, the Watch were Judges, Jury, and Witnesses, and nothing to be expected but the Severity of the Law. When they had thus terrify'd, and made Mummy of the pretended Peace-breaker, the Constable took him aside, and said, you are a young Man, and a little overseen in Drink, I am tender hearted, and would not disgrace, and put you to more Charges than needs must. If you are wise, the best Way is to compound this Matter, a couple of Guineas will content my Follower for being beaten, and another Guinea to make the Watch drink, and stop their Mouths; for my own Part, I only desire to serve you, because I see you are a Gentleman, and may do me a Kindness another Time. If you refuse this Civility, you must lye in the Round-House all Night, and in the Morning go to Goal, or find good Security for your Appearance next Sessions, where you will be fin'd, and otherwise punish'd, the Evidence being positive against you. This will cost you at least Twenty Pounds, besides the Disgrace, and loss of Reputation. The young Man fearing to disoblige his Friends, and perceiving himself in the Power of otherwise implacable

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Enemies, dropt the *Guineas*, and in return had a Watchman to light him home. Such was the Justice of this Nocturnal Magistrate, who thus thrrove, getting out of a blind Alley into a stately House in a broad Streer, and his Lady's blew Apron, and ragged Gown, were converted into Silks and Muzlin; but what Country his Soul went to keep Watch in, I cannot determine. If there were no Lawyers, scoundrel Officers and Bayliffs in the World, *Lucifer's* high Court of Justice would want Employment. They are a People that do the Devil much Service, and put him to little Trouble, or Charge. They are serviceable, because every one of them drags a whole Ward, nay some a Parish, and the ablest of them a Township after him to Hell; and for Trouble, or Charge it is inconsiderable, because they flock thither of their own accord, without fetching, or the Expence of Carriages, or so much as baiting by the Way; for they are so hasty, that before their last Foot is well out of this World, their first is in *Pluto's* Dominions, where they take as much upon them, as if they were at home, and have attempted to rebel, and make themselves Masters of that Sulphureous Empire, as well knowing, if they once go about it, they will make abler internal Spirits, than those who have practis'd it for so many Ages. The Prince of Darkness is so well satisfy'd of their Ability, that he now thinks no more of sending Devils into the World to promote the

Interest

Interest of his Kingdom, by encreasing the Number of his Subjects, but has decreed to encrease the Number of the Lawyers, having examin'd his Records, and found by them, that a Lawyer sends him more Souls in one Month, than the ablest Devil can bring in an Age. In short Sir, those fallen Angels have enough to do to bear with, and are grown so weary of them, that were it in their Power, they would certainly once for all expel them their Dominions, as the *Spaniards* did the Off-spring of the *Moors*. These People look upon it as a greater Wrong to talk to them of Christianity, and Charity, and of protecting the Widow, and supporting the Orphan, than if you went about to debauch their Wives; they do not get their living that Way, nor can they endure to hear of it; but rather blush that any Man should think them capable of it. I never question God's infinite Mercy, but on the contrary, am fully satisfy'd he would forgive them all their heinous Sins, could they incline him, by a sincere Repentance; but they are utter Strangers to it, never think of any such Matter, and are satisfy'd if any one among their Thousands ever proposes to be sav'd. Alas, for you wretched Creatures, how much I pity you! For, if as a *Portuguese* Preacher said of the *Spaniards*, *Still you are Men, and Brethren*, I cannot but lament your Perdition. As *Rome*, when she was Mistress of the World, gave its own Franchises, and Privileges to ma-

ny brave Men, who had deserv'd well, tho' they were born, and liv'd very remote; so Lawyers, and Catch-Poles enjoy all the Immunities of infernal Citizens, before they come to be settled Inhabitants of the *Tartarian* Mansions, on Account that it is their Profession to do Mischief to all Mankind, and good to none; and if they ever happen accidentally, or by Mistake to be guilty of the latter, they are sure heartily to repent, and make a solid Purpose to avoid the like for the future. Now to give you one Instance of the Practices of these Men, listen to a Story I will tell you of a Lawyer.

The Lawyer.

THE Renowned Person I speak of, was endu'd with all the Qualities requisite for his wicked Profession. There was such an inviolable Friendship betwixt the Devil and him, that they were never known to have the least falling out. His Birth was in a small Town, little better than a Village, in *Castile*; where during his very Infancy he gain'd the Reputation of Sharpness, to such a Degree, that the cunningest Men were afraid to be out-witted by him. Lying was so natural to him, that it was observ'd, the first Thing he ever spoke was false; and this grew up with him to such Perfection, that it was impossible ever to guess at his true Meaning; for he had the Art of pal-
tiating

liating his own Thoughts, and prying deep into the Hearts of others. At nine Years of Age, he was so great a Master at writing, as to counterfeit his Father's Hand, so exactly, that there was no discerning between them. Nothing that was wicked came amiss to him; and he was so bold at any thing of Mischief, that no Man ever seem'd to have so well deserv'd the Title of Villain. His Parents would have bred him a Scholar, thinking to send him to the University, in hopes he might become a Clergy-man; and therefore put him to the *Latin* School to prepare him for higher Studies; but he, instead of learning the *Latin* Grammar, apply'd himself to imbibe the Frauds of the *Greeks*. His early rising, and late setting up at Night was only to contrive Mischief, and lay Schemes for imposing upon others; disguising the Truth in such strange Shapes, that it retain'd not the least Resemblance of it self, and so averse to hear it naked, that nothing could terrify him more. But what wonder, in an Age, when all Men entertain Falshood in their Hearts; and we are come to that pass, that to lye with a good Grace is now reckoned honourable. He who knows no Fraud is not fit to keep Company with the great ones, being contemn'd by all Men, and look'd upon as a Fool. The finest Gentleman takes a Pride in lying, glories in deceiving his Friend, and thinks it the greatest Evidence of his Wit never to deal sincerely. But why should
Men

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Men of Quality speak the Truth? It is too mean for them; and only now befitting low contemptible Wretches, who making a Conscience of what they say, or do, never rise above their Misery; who will be great and fortunate, must never offer at Plain-Dealing. In an Age, when Falsehood is its own Recommendation, our Youth was excellently qualify'd, and fit for any Company, or Business; for, tho' he had several Designs in Hand, he manag'd each apart so dexterously, as if it were the only Object of his Thoughts.

In fine, urgent Business call'd him away to *Madrid* to follow a Law Sute his Father was engag'd in, about some Affair of Value. The old Man thought his Son most fit to attend his Cause, as being so well skill'd in Tricking and Deceit. He dismiss'd him at the Age, when the Beard first begins to write Man upon the Face; and he protested he would omit no Wiles or Arts that might promote the Business he was intrusted with. Being furnish'd with the necessary means of Gold and Craft, tho' the Cause was intricate, obscure, and rotten, the Youth soon set it in such a Light, that his Adversary, thinking the first Loss the best, threw up the Gudgeons, and suffer'd himself to be Nonsuited. He being thus left Master of the Field, follow'd his Strokes so close, that Judgment was given, and all Things terminated to his Hearts Desire.

This done, he asks leave of his Father, to stay in *Madrid*, where he questions not, but by his Wit and Industry he shall thrive and mend his Fortune. The Dotard thinking Merit might raise him to some Preferment, readily consented, without reflecting, that such a vicious Disposition must needs rather lead him to his Ruin than Preferment. Our Sharper, whose Name was *Alonso*, stay'd at *Madrid*, and having no Inclination for the Church, initiated himself a Lawyer, the fittest Profession for his subtle Genius. *Satan* rejoyc'd at his Resolution, and made a solemn Festival in Hell, not doubting but his new Gown-man, would bring him Home a plentiful Harvest of Souls. Nor was he deceiv'd, for the Pettifogger no sooner appear'd in his Gown, but he set all Men together by the Ears, entangled their Causes, ran down Right, supported Wrong, and made miserable Havock of Estates. His Name grew famous, and the flouting Multitude, whose Tongues no Man escapes, in spite of his Hypocrisy, found out the Cheat, and call'd him, *Harmless Alonso*. They all unanimously cry'd out, Happy *Madrid*, blest'd with so sanctify'd a Soul, for sure Heaven needs must bless the Ground he treads on. To him as to some holy Shrine we all repair, with Gifts, and Offerings in our greatest Wants, and earnestly implore his Favour and Assistance. But as no Virtue is proof against the Tongues of Sland'ers, so neither is any Villany destitute of some Protection.

Protection. *Alonso* wanted not some body to stand by him, to such a Degree, that his vilest Actions were applauded as the bright Effects of Ingenuity. This made him bold, and now he stuck at nothing that might turn to Advantage, tho' never so base in Sight of all the World ; for what should he fear, when back'd by those who sat in higher Seats.

Nothing more dangerous than to soar too high, or thrive too fast, for Fortune oft grows weary of following an insatiate Villain, and when she has rais'd him to the Top, oft crushes him under her Wheel. This we shall soon see verisfy'd in *Alonso*, and may we see the like, on all who lift themselves upon the Ruins of others. It hapned that *Alonso* had Occasion to repair to *Sevil* upon some important Law Business, where he play'd his Part, as he had done at *Madrid*, entangling all he had to do with, and dreining their Purcses, till being left Penniless, they were reconcil'd to one another, and joyn'd in cursing him. At this Time, the *West-India* Fleet coming in, brought 60000 Pieces of Eight, left by a Person deceas'd in those Parts, with a Copy of his Will, directing that they should go to the next Heir of his Family ; yet so, that Search should be first made, for a Will he left in *Sevil*, before his Departure for *America*, and in Pursuance to it 20000 Ducats should be restor'd to the Person therein mention'd, to whom they were justly due ; specifying the Scriveners Name
that

that drew, and had it in keeping, with his Place of Abode, for the easier finding of it; but his Care prov'd in vain, for the Scrivener was dead. *Alonso* was one of the first that got Intimation of this Matter, and as soon as he heard it, set his Wits at Work to find some Method to make the 20000 Ducats his own, imploring the Assistance of all the Devils in Hell for the compassing of his Design, and by their Favour succeeded, tho' it cost him dear.

The deceas'd Scrivener's Papers were all safe lock'd up in a Room, near that where the Scrivener had Lodg'd, and where *Alonso* then lay. To it he provided a Pick-lock, or false Key, and in the dead of Night with Ease got in. After long Search he meets with the Will, and full of Joy returns to his own Appartment. Two Days he kept close up, unseen by his nearest Friends, viewing the Will, examining every Letter, and by it found that one *James de Ybarra*, a Gentleman of *Biscay* was the Person to whom the 20000 Ducats were assign'd, as due to him. But *Alonso* makes a new Will, exactly like the old, in all Particulars, bating that instead of *James de Ybarra*, he inserted his own false Name, counterfeiting the Scrivener's, and the Witnesses Hands so exactly, that had they been living, they would have sworn they were their own. He admires the Excellency of his Handy-Work, and commits the true Will to the Flames, that it may never rise in Judgment against him. This done,

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done, he waits the Opportunity of another silent Night, and entering the aforesaid Room, by the Help of the same false Key, conveys the Forg'd Will into the very Parcel of Papers, in which he found the True one, retiring thence to his Bed, where he sleeps, delighted with pleasing Dreams, caus'd by his waking Satisfaction, flowing from the Hopes conceiv'd, that nothing now could deprive him of that Treasure.

Whilst he is busy about these Contrivances, *James de Ybarra*, a grave old Gentleman repairs to *Sevil*, out of *Biscay*, summon'd by the News of that Sum of Money so lefr, which he knows to be his Due. Enquiring after the Scrivener that made the Will, he finds he is dead, and gives a Pistole to one who had been his Clerk to search for it, among the Papers of his Master deceas'd; with farther Promise of a Gratuity, in Case he finds it. The Youth encourag'd by Reward, loses no Time, and being acquainted with his Master's Papers, soon finds the Will; but is much surpriz'd, *Ybarra* is not nam'd in it, but our *Alonso*. To him he runs, and asks a Recomperce for his good News. *Alonso* plays the Hypocrite, and blessing himself, cries out, *Good God, I thought this Money lost, and now you bring it unexpected.* This said, he gives the Youth an Hundred Crowns, for his good Tidings, which links him so fast to his Interest, that he discovers *Ybarra's* Pretensions, promising at the same Time, if he thinks fit to lay

lay him up in Goal, as a Cheat. *Alonso* consents, and the innocent old Man is imprison'd, without being admitted to Bail, or finding any body to plead for him. Whilst he implor'd the Assistance of Heaven, our *Alonso* follow'd his Eu-
 finess so close, that the Money was put into his Hands, and he puff'd up with so great a Sum, began to take upon him as a Gentleman. *Narra* getting out of Prison, with much Trouble, now thought of nothing but returning speedily to *Biscay*, for fear of falling into some other Snare, after losing his Money; but a Son he brought with him, advis'd him first to read, and narrowly examine the Will. He readily complies, and after examining every Line, had he not arm'd him-
 self with Christian Fortitude, might have been in Danger to run mad, seeing all Things so re-
 sembling Truth, and yet knowing all was false. At length, examining the Date, he found it was
 Thirty Four Years since the Signing of it, and *Alonso* was not yet Thirty One Years of Age. This rightly weigh'd, he perceives the Cheat, for how could the Money be due to him by
 Name before he was Born. *Narra* hastes away to the Judge in those Cases, and acquaints him
 with the Discovery he had made, begging he will do him Justice, and not suffer such a Vil-
 lany to go unpunish'd. The Judge who was no Stranger to *Alonso's* Parts, did not like the
 Case, but presently concluded there was some
 base Practise. The young Clerk was immedi-
 ately

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ately secur'd, but he was innocent, and knew nothing of the Contrivance. *Alonso* hearing what was in Agitation, fled, and his Flight was a Testimony of his Guilt. The Hue and Cry went after, and soon brought him back to Goal, where for Fear of the Rack, he instantly confess'd, laying open the whole Mystery of Iniquity. The Matter being so plain, the young Clerk is discharg'd, the Money restor'd to *Ybarra*, and poor Harmless *Alonso* is adjudg'd to make Satisfaction for this, and all his other Ingenious Pranks, on the Tripple Tree. This was the End of that Monster, such as most of his Profession deserve, and were the Gallows always hung with Lawyers, it would worthily be esteem'd one of the noblest of Trees.

Thus ended my Mad-man's Story, which I very much applauded, and he would have run on in his Discourse for an Age; but that being oblig'd to go visit *Don Gracian de Beaumont*, a Gentleman of the greatest Quality in the Kingdom, and no less Worth, I was fain to stop him in his Carreer, appointing to meet again after Supper at his Lodging; thinking it but reasonable, that since it was I who reap'd the Advantage of the Discourse, I should be at the Trouble of going to seek it.

It must needs be own'd, that hitherto my new Friend has not deserv'd to lose the Title he has gain'd, since all he has said on the Subject above is undeniable Truth. When I had done my Business,

liness, I return'd to my Lodging, and dispatching my Supper in as short a Time as could be, went away to find him out; but he was gone abroad, for the Night being excessive hot, he went away for Coolness to the Bridge, where I found him talking with some of the Gentlemen and Ladies of the first Quality in the City; that Place being much frequented, as well in regard that the Bridge is one of the noblest in *Spain*, as for its lying over the swelling River *Ebro*, which runs by the City Walls, affording a most delightful Prospect to the Eye. He took leave of his Company, and came away, conducting me to a Seat, where we were by our selves. I long'd to give him a good Cue, and dropt several Hints, with a Design that he should lay hold of some Subject, and begin his Discourse. He inquir'd after several of the Wits about the Court, and being well pleas'd to hear how most of them spent their Time. When I came to tell him, that one of them had all his Dependance on the Favour of a Great Man, who was his Friend, and promis'd to Prefer him, he turn'd to me in a Rage, as if I had been the Person spoken of, and said, He is a Fool, I shall no longer entertain a good Opinion of his Parts; Does he steer that Course? You may conclude he is a lost Man, and give him over as gone. Great Men never affect the Ingenious for the sake of their Capacity, nor are they capable of so good a Design; Vanity is the only End many of them pro-

propose, aspiring to be render'd famous by their Works, and to be sooth'd with the delightful sound of their false Commendations and Flatteries; and in Case they ever presume to expose some Truth, that it be so palliated and disguis'd, that all the Bitter of it may be lost, and only the Sweet may reach the Taste; for the naked Truth is Harsh, and it would be look'd upon as a Disrespect to lay it before a Great Man, unless so veil'd and muffled up, that it is scarce to be known. Thus they impose upon the Multitude, who being rude and ignorant, imagine, that the Person who entertains Men of such Merit, must needs be himself of singular Capacity. There are others, and those I suppose the greater Number, who have a more wretched Prospect, which is, that they do not value a Man of Parts, and Natural Abilities, for them alone, but because they serve to promote his Pleasure. Would you have an Instance hereof, I will soon afford it you, that you may not complain you are not fully'd satisfy'd. How often have you heard one puff'd up with excess of Vanity, declare, there is nothing so charming to his Soul as good Poetry and Musick; and you believe him, with some Appearance of Reason, because he entertains some Servants that can Sing, whom he seems to favour above the rest, and when any witty Persons visit him, he makes them sit down, pays some Respect, and is generous to them. This he does, because the latter celebrate his

Amours

Amours, and the former sing what they Compose. When that Fit is over, he either turns away those Servants, or uses them so ill that they are forc'd to dismiss themselves; and entertains his Friends so coldly, that they withdraw, and come no more near him. You who are curious, will be apt to enquire what was the Occasion of this Change; you will ask, whither they were ill Servants? And will be answer'd, That none were ever more exact in their Duty. Did they commit any Rudeness in the House, were they audacious or impudent? No Sir, they were all modest virtuous Persons; their Behaviour so regular and pious, that the worst of them wanted only the Habit to be an absolute religious Man. What then was the Motive, cause me of this Scruple? You press too hard; but it shall out. You must understand, that his Lordship courted a Lady, Things did not fall out as he could have wish'd, and therefore the Design failing, he stands no longer in need of those Men. Now you have it, what do you think of the Matter? Weigh the Circumstances, look into them, and Experience will undeceive you. Is it not plain now, that an empty Great Man, does not value the Gifts of Nature for their own Sake; but only as far as they are conducing to his own Satisfaction? Perhaps you may imagine, those Persons will be satisfy'd, if you serve them with Diligence and Respect. You mistake them, they will have you sacrifice

vice your Rest, and even your Sustenance to
 them, and require you should forsake both to
 attend their inordinate Humours. It is impossi-
 ble for you ever to please them, for if they Com-
 mand you to do any thing, which is notoriously
 dangerous, as for Instance, to take a Journey,
 in the scorching Heat of the Summer, and you
 happen to answer, That you are indispos'd, and
 it will be your Death to undertake a Journey in
 such Weather, desiring they will excuse you, and
 employ another; tho' you have serv'd them
 twenty Years, and got nothing by it, they will
 treat you ill, and turn you out of Doors. If
 you run the Hazard, rather than disoblige, and
 come home Sick, they bid you take Care of
 yourself, and when that is done, expect you
 should serve them, without any Reward. If you
 obey not their Commands, they'll say you are
 a base Fellow, and behave yourself accord-
 ingly. If you humour them in all Things, and
 carry all their Burdens, the greatest Recompence
 and Favour you can expect, will be, in your
 Presence, to tell some of their own Rank; My
 Lord, such a one is an excellent Servant, he is
 as good a Man as myself, and at the same Time
 he will not give a Groat to save you from the
 Gallows. How deceitful are their Tongues?
 How slyly do they disguise their Thoughts, when
 they have need of your Service? How lovingly
 they Smile on you? How affectionately they
 cherish you? How generous they are in promi-
 sing,

sing, especially if they are sensible you are credulous, and easily to be impos'd upon? They will show you more Tricks than a Jugler, and yet, as soon as their turn is serv'd, they will scarce know you, or remember your Name. They lose their Memory, they look aside, and turn their Back upon you; and he who but Yesterday was a Favourite, and could do every Thing with them, is now to make an Interest by means of his own Creature. This is a Melancholy Subject, I will now entertain you with a pleasant Tale to make amends for the Heaviness of my past Discourse. Then my pleasant ingenious Mad-man proceeded in this manner.

The Tricking of the Filt.

THE Renowned City of *Barcelona* is seated in such a happy Soil, that the Flowers there seem never to fade, the Earth producing them without Art, in such a continual Succession, that it is never destitute of their fragrant Ornament, and the Eye ever delighted with their Beauty, can scarce discern, whether the same always live or fresh ones, sprout up in the Place of those that dye. To this charming City resorted an *Andalusian* Lady of Pleasure, not out of any Curiosity to behold its magnificent Structures, nor in Pursuit of any faithless Man, that had stolen her Heart, as the Damsels us'd to do in the Days of *Amadis de Gaul*, and the Knight
of

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of the Sun; but flying from the long Hands of Justice, for fear of attoning at a Cart's Tail for some Frailties of her own. Her Mien was lofty, her Discourse loose, her Complexion swarthy, her Eyes black, her Teeth white, and her Hair of a dark Chestnut Colour. That she was fond of being taken notice of was visible by the perpetual Motion of her Hands, and every Part of her seem'd to express the same; for she was singular in her Dress, had an affected Gate, often mask'd and unmask'd, and as often drew her Glove off and on, acting all these Parts with such Dexterity, that it plainly appear'd she was no Novice, but an absolute Mistress of that Art. No Creature was ever more proud, and conceited, as believing the greatest of Mortals could not forbear paying Homage to her; and yet with all this Vanity, and Haughtiness, as covetous, and sordid, as any other of those who expose their Bodies to Sale, and devote themselves to follow the Venereal Rules, and Instigures. Her rude Behaviour soon disgusted the licentious Youth of that City; for they, tho' wild, being of a generous Temper, value themselves upon protecting the humble, and courteous, and at the same time never fail to cast down such as pretend to soar too high, on the Wings of their Pride, and Presumption. All the loose Beaus conspir'd against her, vowing most severe Revenge; but the first that handled their Arms, as being more enur'd to them, were a Parcel of
young

young Officers of the Kingdom of *Toledo*, who were waiting there for the Gallies to transport them into *Italy*. They held a Council of War, and after the Secretary had laid before them the Difficulty of the Enterprize, representing how little Reputation was like to be gain'd, in case it succeed; and what a Disgrace it would be, should the Enemy, understanding their Designs, over-reach them with some Stratagem of worse Consequence than that they were meditating; they began to debate, whether the Attack was to be given by Sea or Land, and which of them would prove safest and least expensive; believing they should gain much greater Reputation, could they compass their Design without the Help of the Exchequer, and as they underwent all the Toil, might justly lay claim to all the Reward. After much Variety of Opinions, as is usual in all Courts, even upon trivial Matters, and of small Moment; because as Men's Faces differ, and are never so much alike, as that two can be said to be exactly the same; so there is the same Diversity in Judgments, which makes me oppose what another holds, and say it is false; whence it follows, that tho' many Times Judges determine wrong, yet they cannot be said, to be wicked in the Intention, but to have mistaken the Case. In fine, I say, after much Altercation, it was resolv'd, the Action should be Naval, and perform'd on the Water, and therefore they waited for the coming of the Gallies, and within a few Days those

of *Malta* hapned to put into the Harbour for some fresh Provisions. This was most welcome News to them, and they rejoyc'd, embracing one another, as well because those Gallies were to sail over to *Italy*, very speedily, which was the Conveniency they expected, as in Regard they hop'd aboard them to compass their Revenge on that jiltring Lady, who had so often shut her Doors upon them, alledging, that she was not us'd to entertain poor Soldiers, but Men of the first Rank, great by Birth, greater for Wealth, and greatest of all in Generosity. They went aboard the Gallies, and visited their Friends, and old Acquaintance, with whom they had serv'd in *Flanders*, and in other Parts. Their first Discourse was about News from all Parts, thence they fell to martial Affairs, till leaving the God of War, they came to his Mistress *Venus*, two Deities almost inseparable. They fell to reckoning up the Courtizans of their Acquaintance, laying open all their Qualities and Perfections, as if they had kept a Record of all the Actions of those loose Livers. When it came to the Turn of the Gentlemen of *Toledo* to speak, for so I must call them, because born in that Kingdom, tho' not in the City; they told Wonders of *Theodora*, that was the Name of the haughty Jilt we have describ'd at *Barcelona*, her Disposition, and notable Qualifications, declaring how she had provok'd them, and consequently how much Reason they had to seek Revenge. They all concluded the Plea-

ture,

tiffs, had Right on their Side, and Justice ought to be done them, and therefore offer'd their utmost Assistance, without allowing of any Demurr, but appointing that very Night for the Execution. To this Purpose they went ashore, resolving to visit the Lady, sending an Ambassador before, being a Person well qualify'd for such an Employment, who told her, that *Don Rodrigo de Adeneses*, Knight of *Malta*, and one of their *Grand Crosses*, which are the chief of the Order, and have great Revenues annex'd to their Knighthood, having been inform'd of her Beauty, was desirous to pay her a Visit, with some other Knights of the same Order, and therefore desir'd she would give him Leave to wait on her that Night. The Lady was puff'd up with Vanity, concluding she had got a Cully for her Turn; for he must be rich being a *Grand Cross*, and generous as a Soldier, for they all squander their Money, and despise Gold, distributing it among their Friends with the same Unconcernedness, as they take it from their Enemies. She granted his Request, with a chearful Heart, and accordingly *Don Rodrigo* came, attended by his Friends and Companions. He was a Gentleman so well Born, that tho' he was not a Knight, he might deserve it, as well as any other; nor was he a *Grand Cross*, unless it were to those he us'd to vex and molest, being extraordinary subtle, and arch, and very fond of giving a Knave an *Oliver* for his *Rowland*, as believing, *That to deceive the Deceiver, is no De-*

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ceit. The Chat began, he sooth'd the Lady, promising her Mountains of Gold, and she hapning to admire a Wascoat of *Italian* Brocard he had on, he told her, If she would honour him with her Company aboard the Galley the next Day, he would send her away with two such curious Pieces as all the City should admire. Thus the Bargain was struck, and after some little Talk, they took leave of one another.

Theodora was overjoy'd at the Promise, and so far from reflecting on the Quibble, or double meaning of the Words, that she only took them in the most favourable Sense to herself. She reckon'd how many Yards there might be in a Piece, and what a Yard was worth, which amounted to a mighty Sum, and she began to be uneasy, thinking what she should do with so much Brocard. If she sold it, she concluded it must be to much Loss, and to make it all in Gowns and Petticoats, being all of one Sort, would be an ill Fancy. In fine, she concluded to make a Bed, to hang a Room, and make Chairs and Cushions of it, and then she should be furnish'd fit to entertain the greatest Prince. These Thoughts kept her raving all the Night, without one Wink of Sleep, till towards Morning she compos'd herself to rest till Noon, for Fear of looking hollow Ey'd, for Want of it, when she ought to have all her Charms about her. She dream'd over all the Follies she had ruminated on awake; for Sleep often represents to us the same Objects our Thoughts have run

on during the Day. She eat her Dinner in Bed, and then putting on her best Apparel, after daubing her Face, took Coach, and went down to the Sea Side, dress'd to a Nicety, and with as many Sweets about her, as would have furnish'd a Perfumers Shop. The Gallies lying out at Sea, she took a Boat, which convey'd her, and two Maid Servants aboard. The pretended Knight expected her well attended by the Gang, and receiv'd her with all the Noise of Trum-pets, and other Instruments there were aboard the Gallies; than which nothing could better fit her vain Temper, and she said she was us'd to that Sort of Entertainment, as having liv'd some Time at *Port S. Mary*, and if I be not mi-staken, she own'd she was Born there; but when they ask'd her Parents Names, she answer'd very gravely thus. It is not reasonable, that I who have thro' my perverse Inclination, stoop'd to so mean a Course of Life should dishonour my Parents, by making their Names known, they being Persons of Birth and Quality. This she us'd to declare in such solemn Manner, that any who had not known her to be the Daughter of a *Mulatto*, and of a Woman of *Moorish* Ex-traction, would have concluded she was line-ally descended from the ancient *Goths*, and that she had as much Right to the Name of *Dona Theodora de Guzman*, which she took upon her, as the best Lady of the Family of the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*. They show'd her all that was to be seen in the Galley, and the Sparks who

were in the Plot slipping away by Degrees, left her long enough with *Don Rodrigo* for him to be cloy'd with her Company. When it was Time for her to return Home, the great *Don Rodrigo* order'd her to be carry'd ashore, with two of the finest Pictures *Italy* could afford, brought as a Present for the Duke *de Feria*, and another Nobleman; thus equivocally performing the Promise he had made her, viz. That he would send her away with two such curious Pieces as all the City should admire, being the two Pictures, which he had not said he would give her. The good Lady perceiving how she was bit, and that it was in vain to make any Noise there, went off without arguing the Case, tho' bursting inwardly with Vexation. But the Rakes, who had carry'd the Jest so far, not so satisfy'd, publish'd it to the whole Town, and had it Sung about the Streets in Ballads, which was so great a Mortification to her haughty Temper, that she resolv'd to leave the City.

This being known Abroad, those same merry Greeks, who had play'd her the Prank, pay'd her a Visit, desiring she would alter her Resolution and continue among them, promising they would use such Means, that the Matter should for the future be bury'd in Oblivion. *Marcella* and little *Angela*, two Damsels of her own Profession, and her pretended Friends, but false ones, as generally those vile Creatures are, joyn'd in intreating her to stay. Their Arguments were so powerful, and her own Inclination

tion so prone, that she soon condescended to remain among them. However her haughty Temper prevailing, she could not forbear letting fall some boasting Expressions, which she had afterwards Cause to repent, saying. Gentlemen, I thank you for the Favour you offer, tho' I must say I was unjustly treated; for I know none so very expert in their Profession, but that they may be over-reach'd; the best Horse may stumble once. It is no Wonder that I who suspected no Harm, should be over-reach'd, nor did I imagine that a Woman of my Quality would be treated like a poor Bulker. This was far from my Thoughts, who have been so respectfully treated by Persons of the greatest Quality. I can scarce believe what I have seen; but let that pass, and that you may not think I am much beholding to you, I here declare and consent, that if hereafter any Mortal whatsoever, tho' he be assisted by the Advice of all the Fiends in Hell, shall play me a second Prank, and Trick me over again, as has been done this Time, I may without appealing to other Judgment, but upon my own Conviction be call'd, stil'd, dignify'd and distinguish'd by the Name of The Tricker Trick'd. Perhaps you may think I have a great Conceit of myself, but let me alone to answer for what I undertake, and if I am catch'd, I must bear the Penalty. Thus did the indiscreet Theodora make her Boasts, when her Visitors satisfy'd with having prevail'd on her to stay, took their Leaves. Marcella and little Angela, looking upon what she had said as a Reflection upon

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them, who had several Times had worse Tricks put upon them, were much provok'd and meditated Revenge. Nor were the Sparks better pleas'd, perceiving she scorn'd to be oblig'd to them for their Protection, but would owe all to her own Wit and Ingenuity. They therefore concluded themselves not only absolv'd from any Promise of defending the vain Jilt; but even challeng'd to exert themselves and their Abilities in catching her in another Snare, and in Order to it they appointed a Meeting, to consult the Method of managing of it at the House of *Marcella* and little *Angela*, providing a Supper, and taking along with them a Gentleman, newly come from *Valencia*, an extraordinary Wit, a good Schollar, of a fine Presence, gay in Apparel, courteous in Behaviour, brave at his Sword, and in short, a compleat Gentleman fit for any serious Conversation, and most entertaining in Raillery, his Name *Don Antonio Ferrer*. Being met together, they began to pass the Evening with Singing, Musick and Dancing, till Supper took them off from those Diversions, and that ended, they began to discourse of the subject Matter of their Meeting, and all of them agreed to leave the whole Management of their Design to *Don Antonio Ferrer*, as being well acquainted with his Wit and Capacity for such an Undertaking. He lay'd a Scheme, which pleas'd them all, and particularly the two Srowlers, *Marcella* and little *Angela*, who were to be

Actors,

Actors, as well as the Men, with one *Dona Lorenza*, another of their own Stamp.

They all parted that Night with their Instructions, and the next Day after Dinner, *Marcella* began to put in Execution what had been projected. She dress'd herself as fine as possibly she could, and among other Things of Value put on a Petticoat of rich Damask, so thick cover'd with Flounces of the best Gold Lace, that it was worth much Money, and at the same Time so fresh, that it look'd as if it had never been worn before. She visited *Theodora*, who observing the fine Coat and admiring of it, was very curious to know who gave it her. *Marcella* held her Peace, as if she had not heard her, which made *Theodora* the more eager and pressing to be told. The other, as if overcome by her Importunity and not well pleas'd, answer'd. Since you must needs know it, Madam, here is a Gentleman of *Valencia*, whose excellent Qualities I am not able to express, for I cannot say so much as he deserves; but that which I most admire is his extraordinary Generosity, for he had not visited me above twice since he came to Town, which is but lately, before he sent me this Petticoat, besides other Toys he has given me, as Gloves, Fans, Ribbons, and this fine Necklace, all which are worth Money, and that at this Time is not very flush every where; nor is this the greatest Proof of his Generosity, for wheresoever I go, I hear so much that I am amaz'd at it, among

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Women, who like us live by their handsome Faces; I am sure you will scarce Talk to any of them but what will tell you the same. But I do not question you laugh in your Sleeve to hear me give such an Account of him, for there is no Doubt but that you know him better than I do, since he keeps a Man for no other Purpose but to find out Game, and is himself so expert at it, that he not only flies at those who like us, lye open to all Men, but allures even the most reserv'd. *Theodora* admir'd, and was almost out of Countenance to think that such a Man as was describ'd, should not have apply'd to her, who was so famous. She press'd to know his Name, but *Marcella's* Servants coming to attend her Home, she stood up and said, Dear Friend, if you do not know him, let not that trouble you, for his Temper and yours will never agree. Why, my Dear, answer'd *Theodora*. I have not Leasure now, reply'd *Marcella*, to inform you, but believe me, it is in Kindness to you that I forbear to say any more; however to satisfy you in Part, his Name is *Don Antonio Ferrer*, the rest you shall know another Time. This said she walk'd off, leaving her so uneasy, that she was just in the Mind to have follow'd *Marcella*, to be fully inform'd of what she so earnestly desir'd to know, had not two *Catalonian* Gentlemen then come to visit her, being some of those who were in the Plot, and laid to carry on the Design, for no sooner had they perform'd

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the first Salutation, but one of them started up from his Chair, and blessing himself as in a Surprise, said to the other, What have we done? Let us be gone immediately. What sudden Fit has seiz'd you, answer'd the other? What a Question that is, reply'd the first, don't you consider we have forgot honest *Don Antonio Ferrer*, whom we appointed to meet at this Time at his Lodging. You are much in the Right, rejoyn'd his Companion, let us go immediately, for so courteous and generous a Gentleman does not deserve to be neglected. On my Conscience, should the Ladies of this Town, whom he has so liberally oblig'd know that we us'd him ill, they would claw our Eyes out. *Theodora* started again, hearing *Don Antonio's* Name and Generosity repeated, and therefore earnestly intreated them to bring him to her, and she would receive no other Visits, making use of all her Arts to prevail on them; but they still moving off, answer'd very drily, That cannot be. Why, said she, and they pressing to the Door reply'd, He suits not with your Temper. This said, they hasted away, leaving her in such a Fume, that had the Devil bestirr'd himself never so little, she had follow'd the Example of *Judas*, and hang'd herself. In this Condition she went to Bed, having no Stomach to any Supper, and lay most of the Night sighing and sobbing, Anxiety banishing all Sleep. In the Morning she got up, sent a Servant to tell little *Angela* she

she would Dine with her, dress'd, and went away after the Messenger. For all her Haste, *Dona Lorenza* was there before her; they embrac'd, din'd, and after Dinner, *Theodora* observ'd that one of her Friends had a Pearl Necklace, and the other a Diamond Ring, which she had not seen before, and they had put on with the same Intent as *Marcella* had the Day before done her fine Petticoat. Enquiring what generous Benefactor they had met with, and being still told *Don Antonio Ferrer*, she earnestly intreated them to bring her acquainted with him, and receiv'd the same Answer as *Marcella* and the two Gentlemen had given her. This put her quite beside herself, insomuch that she burst out into Tears, when *Dona Lorenza* pretending to pity her, said, My dear Friend, I must be free to tell you, that you are a very haughty Woman, harsh, and so entirely devoted to your Interest, that you expect Men should pay for the Chair they sit on the first Visit they make you, and tho' I cannot deny but that some Men must be so us'd, yet as their Humours are different, it is absolutely necessary to know how to manage every one of them. This Gentleman delights in a Sort of amorous, fondling, loving Women, that will sooth him up, pretend to be charm'd with his aimable Presence, and give themselves up to him without any Reward, which is so pleasing to him, that he then gives more at once than others will in a long Time. What do you

say to it now? How do you like it? I am glad you are sensible we did not impose on you, and that this Man is not agreeable to your way of Trading. You are in the right, answer'd *Theodora*; but if all others have led this Way, I must needs follow the Track and keep in a beaten Road. Let me beg of you to bear me Company to his Lodging, and you shall see how I will strip the vain Coxcomb. If that is what he wants, I shall know how to fit him as well as another.

Having thus unburden'd herself, she was very pressing with *Dona Lorenza* to conduct her to his Lodging. She having given notice to *Don Antonio* and the rest of the Gang, that the Game was ready for the Snare that Night, went along with her, and after much other Discourse, *Theodora* thinking she impos'd on *Don Antonio*, whilst she was herself the Bubble, told him in a very sly Manner. That the Fame of his noble Qualities had brought her to see and to resign herself up to him. He concealing his Wit, answer'd after a very plain Manner and with much Variety, suitable to the Description that had been given of him. *Dona Lorenza* then withdrew, and *Don Antonio* being left with *Theodora* satisfy'd his Appetite, and then dismiss'd her loaded with fair Promises and empty Hopes. Thus she went Home, where she could not forbear telling her Maids, how well she had sped, having met with such a Cully, that she should
never

never want; but the Clock had scarce struck Twelve, before all the Contrivers of the Cheat came roaring along the Street, and calling till she open'd her Window, acquainted her with the whole Management. The next Day all the Town rung of the Contrivance, all People highly applauding it. *Dona Lorenza*, *Matecella* and little *Angela* were ready to skip for Joy, the *Catalonian* Gentlemen, dispers'd the News throughout all *Spain*; *Don Antonio Ferver* was overjoy'd that he had pleas'd his Friends, all People made merry with it, only *Theodora* was so confounded, that she stole away with a *Venetian*, for *Italy*. Such is the Fate of wretched Women, who without any Regard to Honor or Conscience, devote themselves to a vicious and leud Life, and it is God's Mercy to tinge the Delights of this World with so much Bitterness and Sorrow, that the Experience thereof may make us slight and detest them.

The Night being well advanc'd, when my Madman had told us this Story, we retir'd to our respective Homes, and the next Time the Company met, *Tom Tel-Trois* appear'd in a great Passion, and being mollify'd by good Words, and intreated to tell what had so transported him, he said.

You must understand, that I have two Sisters at *Toledo*, Women of Worth, and of such Faces and Tongues, that they are no Dishonor to their Country. A marry'd Man in that City

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has presum'd, tho' very privately to make Love to the eldest of them, as a Servant informs me by this Letter, and I am almost distracted with Rage and Vexation, because I cannot go so soon as I would to put a Stop to that Disorder. Did you ever hear of such barefac'd Impudence? Such licentious Leudness? Is it not unaccountable, that there should be no severe Law to check the Madness of this Sort of Men, and to chastize them with the utmost Rigor? Do you imagine the Consequences of this Practice are not worth Regarding? Believe me, this is one of the greatest Snares laid against our Honor; it is a Game wherein the Devil is sure to be the Gainer, he is an old Rook, and makes no small Advantage of it. The Man who is marry'd to a Woman of Birth, and makes Love to another of the same Sort, unmarries two Women, for being taken up with his new Amour, he neglects his Duty at Home, and is defective in the main Point, his Wife being as if she had no Husband, left alone both at Bed and Board. The Maid he courts, if she happens to give him the least Encouragement, and it chances to take Wind, as it can scarce fail, since there must be Servants privy to it, loses her Reputation, and consequently the making of her Fortune; and if she becomes sensible of her Error, and endeavours to set herself right again, it is still too late, for every Man will set up for a Judge of her Virtue, and decide of it at his Pleasure.

Pleasure. Have not Women enough to do to struggle with their own Frailties and natural Desires, without being put upon withstanding so many Attacks from Abroad? What think you of it? Am I in the Right, or no? Does my Case deserve I should have the strictest Justice done me? But let us proceed, and bring in the Charge against them, for on my Conscience, the Girls are not altogether innocent, they have their Wiles as well as the Men. How comes it that a young Wench, who pretends not to care for Plays and Balls, by that Time she is Fifteen, and before she can well joyn her Letters, knows how to write a Billet Doux, and can express her Thoughts better than form her Characters? It is a pretty Fancy of hers to expect he should spend his Money in her Service, and that her Reputation should remain entire. She will ruin the Man with her Extravagancies, and yet have her Stock of Honor no Way impair'd. This is what they would be at; but this is what neither I nor any other can allow of, for if we are Lookers on and see the Sport, we will take the Liberty of giving our Judgment. It seems they are not acquainted with our natural Disposition; we are apt to speak ill of the best, and it is hard to please us; then what Quarter can such light Carriage expect from us? Do not flatter yourselves Ladies, for unless you tye up our Tongues by living regularly, it is certain we shall all of us find Fault. I know you are rea-

dy with this Answer. Why, what Harm is there in talking? But pray tell me, why do you engross all the Talk to yourselves, without leaving Room to your Elders to thrust in a Word? Would you know what Harm there is in Talking. Much Talk produces Familiarity, and Familiarity occasions all the rest. Wretched Age, miserable Times, when Virtue is so little regarded, when wicked Daughters learn of wicked Mothers, and when vicious Men leave no Crime unattempted. Can there be a greater Absurdity, than that Men should enjoin Women to be Chaste, and place the Honor of both in their Modesty, and that they at the same Time should tempt and urge them to do the same Thing they have forbid them. Either forbear alluring them, or else change your Notion and set them free; otherwise you make Way to your own Dishonour, and are the Contrivers of your Infamy. Was it ever known, that a Sovereign set forth a Proclamation, and that he himself by Dint of Intreaties and costly Presents, induc'd his Subjects to transgress it; when at the same Time the Observation of it redounds to his Honor; and the Subject who offends against it is look'd upon as disloyal? You will tell me, this was never done, because it would be an Act of Barbarity, which no rational Man could be guilty of; and yet I answer that they daily do the same, who endeavour to delude Women, whom you call the weaker Vessels, and reckon themselves
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the Stronger. What Wonder then, that the Stronger, using all Arts to subdue the Weaker, should succeed; the Fault then is not in the weaker, which can do no more, but in the Stronger, which attempted it, without any Provocation. But enough of these Reflections, let me now entertain you with an Adventure to this Purpose.

The leud old Sinner Corrected.

Granada is a City in Spain, most happy in it's Situation, for the Air is wholesome, the Waters about it many and most delightful to the Taste and Eye, the Soil exuberantly fruitful, and all Nature seems to conspire to make it a Place of Delight. If we look upon the City itself, it is adorn'd with some Remains of Roman Structures, many stately Piles erected by the Moors, and no fewer costly modern Buildings of the Christians, among which the stately Churches, richly adorn'd have the first Place. The Streets are extraordinary clean and beautiful, throng'd with a mighty Concourse of People, and among them Abundance of Gentlemen, and no small Number of Nobility. The Religious Men justly deserve the Name for their regular and exemplar Lives. The University produces many Persons of singular Capacity and profound Knowledge in all Sciences. The Women are no less discreet than beautiful, and excellently

cellently qualify'd in all Respects. In this City liv'd a Man of mean Extraction, for his Father was no other than an able Apothecary; but as Wealth makes Gentlemen of those who were not so before, he marry'd the Daughter of a rich Lawyer, who being an able Man in his Profession, had an extraordinary Practice. He liv'd with her many Years, the poor Gentlewoman being all the while most unhappy in his Temper, for he was naturally leud and addicted to Sensuality, giving way to it so much, that he squander'd a considerable Part of his Estate. *Dona Camilla*, that was the Name of the unfortunate Lady he had marry'd, still liv'd in Hopes, that Time and Age would reform him, but our Hopes too often prove vain, and there is no placing any Confidence in them. This *Camilla* to her Sorrow found by Experience, for *Don Francisco*, when aged gave more Scope to his Passions, than he had done in his Prime, to such a Degree, that he seem'd to be attended by a Legion of lascivious Devils, always deluding and prompting him to Uncleaness; being ever so unsettled when Women were but talk'd of, that he could fix no where. His Eyes roul'd, his Feet mov'd, his Hands were in Action, his Head mov'd, his Body bow'd, and his Mouth was distorted in all Manner of Shapes. His Behaviour was admir'd by all Men, as being so disagreeable to his Age. He always kept Company with the wildest Youth of the City, at least

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in the Day Time, for at Night he always went Home early, being of a very timorous Temper, and allowing for human Frailty. With such Men he never fail'd to be at all publick Festivals. By his Dress no Man would judge him to be above twenty five Years of Age, nor did his grey Hairs betray him, because he wore a Wig and Trimm'd every Day. Those who hide their grey Hairs, cannot be deny'd to be Cheats, who endeavour to impose upon the World, yet cannot deceive themselves. They are as mad as any Projectors, or Adepts. It is wonderful to see how Times alter, formerly Men were proud of their long grey Beards and Hair, to which all others paid a Respect; at this Time they hide those Ornaments, as if they were the Marks of Infamy and Disgrace.

Let us proceed, and allow every Man to do as God directs him. I will say no more, lest a wrong Sense be put upon my Words. Some will be apt to say I speak of such a Man; but I talk of none in particular, my Design is General, I exclaim against Vice, not against any one Person. *Don Francisco* contracted a peculiar Friendship with two young Gentlemen, the one much celebrated for Singing, and the other no less renowned for poetical Compositions. These he entrusted with all his Secrets, and particularly his Friend the Poet, making use of his Talent, and endeavouring to purchase the Favour of the Ladies with his Abilities. Those
who

who make Love with stolen or borrow'd Wit, should always apply to weak and foolish Ladies, for otherwise their Frauds are presently discover'd, and their Ignorance detected. Nor is it less ridiculous to see some Persons, who being to write a Billet Doux to a Woman of a very mean Capacity, apply for it to some of the most celebrated Wits in the Town, never considering, that they seek the Ruin of what they take in Hand, for to court such Ladies in a lofty Stile, is no better than talking *Arabick* to them. Such an one was the Gentleman we are talking of, who paid dear and enjoy'd little, he toil'd continually, and had his Labour for his Pains. When he had undergone long Toil and Fatigue, the Gipsie left him in the Lurch, and yet he never took Warning by it. There hapned to be great Rejoycing at *Madrid*, upon the Birth of the Prince of *Asturias*, People resorted to the Festival from all Parts of *Spain*, and particularly from the Cities of *Sevil* and *Granada*, and among them our youthful *Don Francisco*, who, as has been observ'd, was of so boyish a Temper, that he would have travell'd much farther upon a more trivial Motive. He came to *Madrid* with a Design, to leave the Place again as soon as the publick Rejoycings were over; his Purse being then too light to bear all the Expences, Men who pretend to Gentility are oblig'd to be at about the Court. This was his Intention, but being sub-

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ject to give up his Heart to every Female, his Reason could not prevail above his Appetite, which led him where it would. He courted one, gallanted another, and engag'd in so many Intrigues, that there was no breaking loose, for no sooner was he discarded in one Place, than he was plung'd over Head and Ears in another. Among the rest of his Adventures, one seem'd to be particularly design'd by Heaven for reclaiming of him, as it afterwards appear'd. His Qualities came to the Knowledge of an old Woman, whose Name was *Emerenciana*, Born at *Aldala*, one fit to spend two or three Hours every Day in Discourse with those Angels, who for their Pride were cast out of Heaven; a Person well known for her Patience in Sufferings, such as long Imprisonment, Banishment, and walking the Streets bare back'd in Sight of the Doctor, Masters of Arts, and of the whole University, behaving herself so like a Virago, that many of her own Profession envy'd her and bless'd Heaven, which had given her such Courage and Resolution. This Woman, being no longer able to live in her own Country, where she had been so grossly affronted, and where they had constant Spyes upon all her Actions, was come to live conceal'd among the Multitude that attends the Court, where the infinite Variety of Objects occasions such Confusion, that it is hard to discover any particular Person, without a very diligent Search. She had

had lain still for a while; without following her Trade, till some favourable Opportunity might offer, fit to make up her Losses, and set her up in some Credit.

She look'd out for a very little House, opposite to that where *Don Francisco* liv'd, and the Devil soon found her one, for he is always very diligent in soliciting any Business that he knows will turn to his Advantage, insomuch that whosoever has any such in Hand may lie down to Sleep without Care, and leave the Management to him. She took along with her a very handsome Wench, whom she had a few Days before taken from washing and scouring, adopting her for her Daughter, and putting her into a decent modest Dress, but nothing costly; yet so neat, clean and genteel, that it might have taken one not so covetous of such Jewels as *Don Francisco*. Both these Ladies pretended to live extraordinary retir'd, so that they never went abroad but on *Sundays* and *Holy-days* to Church. They never stood any Time at the Windows, but now and then little *Teresa*, that was the Girl's Name, would just pop out her Head for a Moment, that some Notice might be taken of the Treasure that lay conceal'd in such a poor Cottage. The other Gentlemen, who lodg'd in the same House with *Don Francisco* and were all young, us'd all possible Endeavours to scrape Acquaintance, employing all the Arts practis'd upon such Occasions; but they

they were so far from succeeding, that having been often discarded in a very harsh Manner, they at length gave over the Pursuit. *Don Francisco*, who indulging his natural Disposition, was more eager than any of them, thought fit to make Tryal of the same Adventure, concluding that the Mother, whom they ignorantly call'd jealous, as not diving into the Secret, would perhaps place more Confidence in his grey Hairs, and therefore he took the Opportunity of giving them some Linnen to make for him. He was courteously receiv'd by *Emerenciana*, who allow'd him to sit down, which she had refus'd to others. She rejoyc'd in her Heart at the Visit, tho' to outward Appearance she neither seem'd pleas'd nor uneasy, but as if she had understood nothing of the Design, went on with the Discourse about the Linnen, charging the Girl to be diligent in performing her Part, and promising to assist her the best she could. *Don Francisco* went away highly satisfi'd, without ever taking any Care to make Enquiry, whether there were any thing Real in that formal Outside. He concluded that they were plain well meaning Persons, and that his Admittance was due to his Age. He flatter'd himself, that Cunning and good Management would make him successful, and that it would be easy for him to impose upon them; but he reckned without his Host. His first Advances were by sending them some Dishes of Meat from his Table,

Table, in a Neighbourly Manner, which they accepted of courteously and with Thanks, without permitting him to make any more considerable Presents, lest if he gave much, he might have a Pretence to demand a suitable Return: He thought the Behaviour of those Gentlewomen, for so all the Neighbourhood call'd them, had the Air of Quality, and was much more enamour'd with their Goodness, when after having made Abundance of Linnen for him, they refus'd to take any Money for their Labour. Being highly affected with this Piece of Generosity, he concluded with himself that they were not only virtuous and modest Women, but of great Birth and Extraction. All these Reflections heightned the Difficulty of succeeding in his Design, and at the same Time so inflam'd the Desire of the mad old Fellow, that he fell sick and kept his Bed for several Days, having no greater Comfort than now and then an How d'ye for her, who was the Occasion of his Pain, and perhaps some inconsiderable Present, of a very small Value. He spent the Time he was confin'd to his Bed in a Thousand vain Projects and unaccountable Chimera's, in which the Devil hurry'd him away so far, as to entertain some Thoughts of destroying his innocent Wife privately, that he might be in a Condition to marry little *Teresa*, looking upon her Virtue to be so strict, that there was no other Way to prevail on her. In fine, his Distemper declining, he got up to

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sollicit the Payment of 6000 Ducats, he had receiv'd an Order for, from the King, in full for the like Sum due to his Father. The Order was payable at *Sevil*, and he to lose no Time, or be absent from his Mistress, sold it to a *Genoese* at considerable Discount. *Emerenciana*, as close as she kept, got the Wind of the Money, having Spies abroad of all Sorts, and immediately laid a Snare to catch her Cully. He a few Nights after the Receipt of the Money, going up the Stairs to *Emerenciana*, made a Halt, to hear little *Teresa*, who had an excellent Voice and was then singing, and so charm'd him, that he concluded all he was worth little enough to purchase so aimable a Creature. When she ceas'd, he knock'd at the Door, and being let in, transported beyond himself, cry'd out, *Madam, how justly do you deserve the Title of an Angel, on a double Account, first on that of your incomparable Beauty, which surpasses all that is human, and next for your ravishing Voice altogether Celestial.* No sooner had he utter'd his extravagant Compliment, than *Emerenciana* coming out of the next Room, in a well acted Passion, began to curse her, shedding many Crocodile's Tears, and saying, My Curse and an hundred Plagues light on her, for her Impudence and Folly in presuming to sing such Nonsense, when she knows the Misfortune we lye under. Wretched Creature that I am, would to God I had never been Born, to bring forth, and since
I did

I did bring forth, and it was the Will of Heaven that I should have Children, would to God they had never liv'd to grow up, that I might have been now at Ease. Would to God my Children had been carry'd from the Womb to the Grave. *Don Francisco* was astonish'd and beside himself, to find so much Sorrow and Affliction in a House, for which he had so great a Veneration; and being desirous to afford some Comfort, earnestly intreated *Emerenciana* to acquaint him with her Trouble, promising to assist her to the utmost of his Power, as she should find by Experience. Alas! wretched Woman that I am, my dear Sir, answer'd she, I verily believe you; sit down, draw your Chair nearer, for I would not have the Walls hear us. What an Happiness it is to have a worthy Friend in Time of Distress. A Blessing on you, and blessed be your Days, what a noble Disposition do I discover in you to relieve me in my Distress, such Calamities as mine require Gentlemen of your Worth and Greatness of Mind. You must understand then, dear Sir, that I have a young Son, twenty four Years of Age, would to God I had none; not but that he is very deserving, for I should wrong him, if I offer'd to say the contrary, and it would be so false a Slander, that I should never deserve to be forgiven; but because he is unfortunate in the highest Degree, nothing that he takes in Hand succeeds, whatsoever he goes about for his own and our

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Advancement, proves our greater Ruin, and now the heaviest of Disasters is fallen upon him. The Case is, that he was put to one of the richest Merchants in *Sevil*, under whom, as being his Friend, we were in Hopes that he would thrive and grow rich, and now I thought myself most safe, I receiv'd a Letter by Yesterday's Post, wherein he informs me, observe I beseech you, Sir, what unfortunate Creatures we are, he informs me, I say, that he has lost 2000 Crowns of his Master's Money he had in keeping, which he is oblig'd to account for within a Month; and that, if he cannot make up his Money he shall be thrown into Goal, and perhaps if prosecuted with Rigor, may be brought to an ignominious Death. The Lord have Mercy upon me, and stop my Mouth, before I utter an abominable Thought that came into my Head, out of mere Earnestness to relieve him. Speak, Madam, and disburden your Thoughts, said *Don Francisco*, taking her by the Hand, for I am ready to serve you. She interrupted him, raising her Voice and saying, Dear Sir, if you have any Kindness for me; if you have that Value and Regard for this House which you have so often express'd, draw your Sword and sheath it in my Breast, before my Lips utter any such Word. G od God, what a powerful Temptation; Heaven assist me; take Heed my Tongue what you utter, for I will cut you in Pieces if such Words came from you, I give you fair
Warning,

Warning, you will have no Reason to say I punish'd you for what you knew nothing of; but alas! tho' I make all the Resistance imaginable, I cannot keep Silence, I am so full I must overflow; but what, will not the Love of Children do, when they are to be rescu'd from such Calamities. I declare then, most dear Sir, I would deliver up this Daughter of mine, who has been the Mirror of Honor in *Christendome*, whom I have bred so reserv'd and modest as is well known, without admitting of, I will not say a Visit, but even of a Billet Doux from several Princes, who have offer'd immense Sums of Gold, I would deliver her up, I say again freely, to some worthy Gentleman who would keep the Secret, to make use of her at his Will, provided he would between us give me 2000 Crowns, so that none but ourselves should see, or know any thing of it. No sooner had the cursed *Emerenciana* vomited those infamous abominable Words, than the extravagant vile old Fellow, quite beside himself, hasted down the Stairs, and returning as nimble as a Racer, deliver'd her the Sum she had demanded in Gold. She having return'd Thanks and embrac'd him, told him with Tears in her Eyes, That since Fate had brought her Daughter, who was the Darling of her Soul, to that Misfortune, she in some Measure look'd upon it as a Happiness, that the failing would be confin'd in the Breast of a Person of his Worth, and so proper to pre-

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serve the Secret. That it was not fit she should be present, because, which God forbid, if that should come to be known, it might not be imagin'd that she had been consenting to it, but that the Girl had been deluded, without her Knowledge. This said, she left them, and went out, putting to the Door. *Don Francisco* thus left with the Wench, thinking to reap the Reward of his long Attendance, and what he had so dearly paid for, met with so much Opposition, that he could make nothing of it. In the mean Time, *Emerenciana*, who had still farther Views, having torn her own Head-cloaths, dishevell'd her Hair and made her Nose and Mouth bleed, ran over to *Don Francisco's* Lodging, where the other Lodgers were, of whom it has been said above, that being taken with little *Teresa*, they had Admittance to visit and gallant her. Being come thither in that frightful Figure, she set up a Cry, saying, Help me for the Love of God, noble and worthy Gentleman, for that Villain of *Don Francisco*, in whom I confided, is ravishing of little *Teresa*, and has put me into this Plight, kicking and buffetting me, because I endeavour'd to oppose him. Come away immediately, for if you make the least Stay, perhaps it may be too late. Being all of them fond of the Girl, and envious because *Don Francisco* had Admittance into her House, Jealousy spurring them on, they left their Supper, to run over to *Emerenciana's*. As soon as
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the Wench heard the Noise and trampling in the Porch, being thoroughly instructed in her Lesson, she rais'd her Voice to the highest Pitch, crying, Heavens protect me, for a vile old Fellow has a Mind to ravish me; Help for the Love of God. This Cry hastned those who were coming to her Assistance, so that they were up the Stairs in a Moment, and after them a Constable and another Officer, who all of them finding him struggling with her, gave him such a Peal of foul Language, as the Case they conceiv'd well deserv'd, that the lascivious old Man was so surpriz'd and astonish'd, that it was a long Time before he could come to himself; but when he was sufficiently recover'd to make a Judgment of the curs'd old Woman's Contrivance, against whom he had not the least Evidence, because the Bargain had been made between themselves, and the Money been directly transferr'd from his Hand to hers, and that she had doubtless shuffled it into a third Hand, as indeed she had done, delivering of it to a Neighbour, as well skill'd in those Affairs as herself; and farther being sensible, that she had all the Proof that could be demanded to make good her Charge against him, so that no Denyal would avail him, there being so many Witnesses, and the Women having such a Reputation in the Neighbourhood, that many of the Women thereabout protested they would be burnt, rather than believe that the Girl was

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not as chaste and virtuous as any in the Court. Having duly weigh'd these Things, he wisely resolv'd, before a Suit was commenc'd, and he committed to Goal, the Event whereof would be the Ruin of his Estate, and Infamy to his Person, the Crime being so scandalous in the Eyes of the World, he resolv'd, I say, to own what he had not done, nor so much as imagin'd, by that Means to induce them to compound the Matter for a Sum of Money, which was what they aim'd at. Accordingly he offer'd the Constables One Hundred Crowns, to intercede for him, and gave them in Hand a Gold Chain he had about him. *Emerenciana* easily comply'd, tho' at a dear Rate, for she would not abate any Thing of Two Thousand Crowns more, which he thought Cheap enough, for if he had once gone to Goal, he would not have come off so well. He immediately paid down the Money to both Parties, had a Release in Form, and the next Day, without taking Leave of any Body, set out for *Granada*, with an heavy Heart for what had hapned; but his Reason prevailing, he took that as a just Judgment from Heaven for his Disorderly Life, and became afterwards a most loving and kind Husband to his virtuous Wife.

Emerenciana did not long glory in her Villany, as we may have occasion to show hereafter.

Don Alonso de Salas, perceiving that it grew late, made an Apology to the Company for having taken up so much of their Time, with such extravagant Tales and Reflections of his mad Acquaintance; but there was no need of his Compliment, for they were all so taken with that entertaining Discourse, that they oblig'd him to promise he would the next Day divert them with what more he had of that Conversation, to which he readily comply'd, and accordingly soon after Dinner, he prosecuted where he had left off in the following Manner.

So eager was the Company to hear Tom Teltroth, that they met again by Appointment the very next Day, one of them taking Care to bring the diverting Madam along with him. They came running, and quite out of Breath, as if they had seen some Apparition, the Lunatick having begun his Carrier at the Sight of two Women in the Street, the one of them very young and beautiful, and the other ancient, but very much painted and parch'd, upon meeting of whom he had taken to his Heels, crying out, *The Lord have Mercy on me, God deliver me from such Hobgoblins.* Being come into the Room in this Manner, he lock'd the Door after him, drew the next Sword that came to Hand, thrust it under the Door, and walk'd a-cross the Room in great Disorder, and blessing himself often said, *Thou shalt not come in here thou Devil in Human Shape.* The Company was astonish'd, not knowing what he meant, and apprehending some ex-

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travagancy from a Man out of his Right Senses, whilst he often look'd out at the Window, crying, It is pretty well, no Body comes yet, God will order it better. Thus he continu'd for a long Space, till having quite tir'd himself, he put up the Sword, drew a Chair, and said to the Gentleman, who came with him, Certainly, Sir, you are a Man of undaunted Courage, I must confess, I honour your Resolution, since you have not chang'd Colour and continue so sedate, after having seen that Devil of an old Woman, with such a Mask of Patches and Paint. When they heard him Talk of the Painted Woman, they all compos'd themselves, and gave their Attention, whilst he went on thus. Could you take her for any thing but a Devil? Can *Lucifer* himself, when he calls his Fiends to Account, because a Soul is sav'd, which he had reckned his own, look so dreadful as that cursed old Hagg did? How comes so great an Abuse, so barbarous a Custom to be tolerated? Why do Men bear with it? To what end does a young Woman daub herself, since no Art can equal the Perfection of Youth? And for a Woman in Years, why does she use this Fraud, since it matters not whether she looks well or ill? Now for their Comfort I must tell them, that every Layer of White they put on, is so much Poyson to their Teeth, for whatsoever the cheating Trades may pretend, there is none of it without more or less Mercury, and that is the Reason

son that so many ancient Women have no Teeth, and if any Stumps remain, they are as black as Ebony. I do not at all admire, that Women so confidently often deny what they have been seen to do, saying, you are mistaken, it was not I who committed that Fault, for having a new Face every Day, they are not the same. They are certainly distracted, since by endeavouring to destroy Nature, they try to correct the Work of God, who could have made the deform'd beautiful, and the beautiful infinitely more perfect. Alas for me! I shall loath my Meat these many Days, if I happen to remember that old Woman, when I come to Table, for certain that Day I shall not break my Fast. Would you know the Notion I have of a Face that is painted and patch'd, then give Ear to a short Tale, for tho' some are pleas'd to call me a Mad-man on Account of this and some other such Adventures, I am proud of the Name, and would not part with it for any Money, because it gives me a Liberty to do whatsoever I fancy, a great and universal Privilege, but hear the Tale. Being at *Sevil* in Company with some Ladies, I mean those Ladies, who are Traders and sell themselves, with several young Gentlemen of the merry Sort, she that presid'd among them, was an old Woman, Mother to a Daughter, as like herself in Behaviour, as in all other Particulars. Her Face shin'd like a new scour'd Kettle in the Sun, and if she hapned to laugh and
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forgot to hold her Fan before her Mouth, she show'd four Stumps of Teeth, which look'd like Bits of Coals. She was very stately, and took upon her, and was much offended at me, for that, I hapned accidentally to spit upon the Carpet, that was on the Ground, whereupon she took the Liberty to say, Could you find no fitter Place to spit on? The next Time you have Occasion pray take Notice to do it in the foulest Place in the Room, and behave yourself discreetly, since you are so much applauded. Having receiv'd this Reprimand, I answer'd, I submitted, and would be careful to perform what was enjoyn'd me. No more was then said of the Matter, but we fell into other Discourse, which held us some Time, till I had Occasion again, when I hawk'd it up from my very Lungs, and spit full in her Face, saying, Madam, I obey your Orders. The Ladies and Gentlemen all started from their Seats, I made my Way down into the Street, my Friends follow'd me, and the rest of the Gentlemen came after them, who, tho' they blam'd the Extravagancy of my Action, could not forbear laughing at the Jest, being sensible that I had taken the loathsome old Bedlam's Face, for the foulest Place in the Room. Some of them are more to blame than others, for they are not satisfy'd with painting, but they lay it on with a Truel, so that it may be seen at a Bow Shot, and yet these stately Dames never consider, that they ought

ought to have a Journeyman Painter for their *Valet de Chambre*, to teach them how to temper and mix the Colours, because for Want of Skill they spoil all, and make others laugh at, instead of admiring them. But what is all this to me? Let the Husbands who endure it look to that, for I do not intend to marry as long as I live. *Thus much he deliver'd in a Heat, and then grown calm, told the following Story.*

The Tricking Jilt.

YOU have already hear'd the Account of the Leud old Sinner, and the wicked Contrivances of the subtle *Emerenciana*, you may now judge whether her Scholar little *Teresa* was not worthy of such a Mistress. *Emerenciana* did not long enjoy the Fruits of her Villainy, for before the Justice of the Earth could lay Hands on her again, as it had done at *Alcala*, she was summon'd to appear before the great Tribunal, being carry'd off by a sudden Death. Little *Teresa* was easily comforted, being possess'd of all they had joyntly amass'd by their Frauds, and sufficiently instructed in the Art of Jilting, and herself a Genius naturally adapted for all that was vile and fraudulent; for tho' so young as scarce to exceed Sixteen, the oldest Baud might not have been asham'd to give her Precedence, so that she was soon known by the Name of the Tricking Jilt. The more to exert
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her Faculties, she took her Degrees in the University of *Salamanca*, whither *Emerenciana* and she fled after having stripp'd *Don Francisco*, and where the latter of them dy'd, leaving her free to set up for herself. There *Teresa* exercis'd her Wit so effectually, among those Sharppers of the Scholars, so renowned for their singular Genius in all Sorts of unluckiness, as well as in Sciences, that her Name continues famous to this Day. Not but that in *Salamanca*, as well as other Universities, there are many of those whom the Church commemorates on the last Day of *Christmas*, commonly call'd *Children-mass*, or *Innocents Day*, who think themselves wise, because they are at the University, as if the Place could put Brains into empty Skulls, or there were not many dignify'd with the Titles of Doctors, or at least of Masters of Arts, who want nothing but the long Ears and Tails to be the very Pictures of their Brethren, having rather learnt to bray, than to speak like rational Creatures.

To come now to my Story, give me your Attention, and I will in a few Words acquaint you with a Specimen of little *Teresa's* Wiles. *Don Frederick*, Son to one of the Prime Nobility of *Spain*, a Person otherwise well enough qualify'd, was a great Admirer of little *Teresa's* Beauty and Perfections, and as such had many uneasy Nights and Days, his Thoughts being wholly bent upon the Enjoyment of his beloved Object.

Object. He was a Person given to no other Vice, but that of the Flesh, which being then but Twenty Years of Age, often prevail'd, and led him away, tho' his Disposition was otherwise Religious, and accordingly he never was guilty of any Offence, but it was follow'd with a Remorse, and yet deprav'd Nature was apt to stumble and fall again. *Teresa* was no Stranger to his Temper and Inclination, for the Virtues and Crimes of great Men are easily known. She encourag'd his Love, listned to his Serenades, answer'd his Billets Doux, and all this without any Present receiv'd, the more to excite him to make one signal Act of Generosity. *Don Frederick* understood her Drift, and accordingly at once sent her as much in Rings, Necklaces, costly Silks, Laces, and other female Ornaments, as might have satisfy'd the Avarice of many considerable Traders in her Kind. *Teresa* to testify that he had won her Heart, appointed the Night and the Hour he should come to take Possession of what had cost him so dear. He could not forbear acquainting all his Friends with his good Fortune, for some Men take more Pleasure in boasting of their Leudness, than in acting it. To this Purpose I have heard of a certain Gentleman, who when he had any Intrigue in Hand, always gave his Mistress twice as much to be at Liberty to divulge it, as it had cost him to enjoy her, his Vanity prevailing above his Incontinency. All *Don Frederick* told it to, easily believ'd

liev'd him, because being the wealthiest Person in the University, they well knew it was no unlikely Matter for him to overcome greater Difficulties. The appointed Night being come, *Don Frederick* repair'd to the Place, attended by two Bully Servants well arm'd and heightned with Wine, which is the great Encourager of such counterfeit Braveries, and makes them fit to encounter any Dangers. *Teresa's* House had two Doors, one forwards to the great Street, and another being a Corner House to a by Street. *Don Frederick* gave the Signal, which as soon as heard, the precious Girl, look'd out of the Window and said, the Side Door was open and he might come in, without asking any Questions. She clapp'd to the Window, and he advanc'd towards the Door, which he had no sooner thrust open, than he ran back in a Consternation, declaring to his Attendants, that he had seen the Porch within hung with Mourning, two yellow Candles burning, and between them a Coffin rais'd, with a dead Body in it. His Guardians laugh'd and made a Jest of what he said, knowing, that he was apt to be frightened at a little Matter; but much more was he ridicul'd by the wicked Wench, who had contriv'd that Affair, and then tickling her Sides, banter'd him at a very extraordinary Rate. For all that, he could not be prevail'd on to attempt the Entrance the same Way again, tho' his Companions offer'd to stand by him, he affirming, that it was not to be

be done, and resolving to return Home, as concluding that to be a Warning from Heaven. She still continuing to urge him, and signifying that he was like other Men, who when they find a Lady easy of Access, have no more Inclination for her, and rest satisfy'd that they could have had their Will, without putting it in Execution, which is a great Disappointment to the Females that expect them, at last prevail'd with him to consent to go in, but not at that Door: With this he turn'd into the next Street, to come to the Front Door, to go in there with his Followers; but *Teresa* and her Servants having in the mean Time remov'd all the dreadful Furniture from the one Porch to the other, he was infinitely more frighted at the second Sight of the same, than he had been at the first, and to such a Degree, that tho' his Companions, who were themselves in no small Consternation, endeavour'd to encourage him, it was not to be done, for he look'd upon it as the greatest Impiety to resist a second Warning from Heaven, and concluded he could not escape unpunish'd, should he presume to proceed in his leud Design, after two such Apparitions. He bless'd himself, admir'd he should meet with the same Terror at both Doors, and declar'd it was a Prognostick, that certain Death attended him, unless he desisted from such Follies. This was his Notion, and it made so strong an Impression on him, that before he left the Street,

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in a loud Voice, so that *Teresa* and her Maids could distinctly hear him, he made a solemn Promise not to follow that Intrigue any longer, and to desist from all leud Designs, and that so seriously, that he would never more pass thro' that Street, or any other where she liv'd, or lift up his Eyes to her Windows. He freely resign'd all his Right to the Presents he had made her, begging she would think of living a more retir'd Life, and concluded with a short Representation of the Vanity of the Delights of this World, which cost so dear and bring so much Sorrow. This said, he hasted away to his Lodging, and the very next Morning, without acquainting any Person with what had hapned, retir'd to a Village, belonging to his Father, pleasantly seated on the Bank of a River, believing in that solitary Place, he should meet with fewer Objects to distract his Thoughts, being resolv'd to give himself up to divine Contemplation, instead of following the Worldly Learning of the Schools.

Let us return to little *Teresa*, for I know you would not have me forget her, nor is she to be neglected, lest she surprize us, and we be taken in a Snare. No sooner had *Don Frederick* and his Followers left the Street, than *Teresa* and her Gang withdrew to make merry, and applaud the Trick they had put upon him. For Fear of some unlucky Return, they all swore to be faithful to one another, and *Teresa* who had
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been the greatest Gainer, to secure them to her Interest, gave every one some small Share of the Wealth she had got by her Cully. However, the next Day, being inform'd, that he had left the City, with a Resolution, never more to return to it, her Apprehensions ceas'd, and she bent all her Thoughts upon new Projects. The Profit was not more acceptable to her, than the vile Satisfaction of out-witting another. None came amiss, she vanquish'd the learned, over-reach'd the witty Sharpers, and made Sport with those empty Things the World calls Beaus, who value themselves for their childish effeminate Faces, their fine Hands, Patches on their Cheeks, and Feathers in their Caps, the very Blemishes of their Sex. Of this Sort was a nice Scholar, so very precise, that he scarce durst tread in his Room, or read his own Books for Fear of defiling his Fingers. Besides, he was so extremely conceited, that he admir'd his own Words, and laugh'd at his own Jest, as they were bound to do, who valu'd his Friendship, for he never forgave any Man that could forbear laughing, when he utter'd any of those Witticisms, which he design'd to make Mirth; this he reckn'd the greatest Affront that could be offer'd him. In short, he was so particular in Habit, Behaviour, and all Things, that no Man in the University was like him. He study'd not Physick, or the Civil Law, but the Art of Love, and aspir'd not to Preferment in
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the Schools, but among the Ladies. Little *Teresa* hapned to spy him one Day, at a Musick Meeting, and resolv'd to bite him. She gave him an amorous Glance, and stole a Look now and then so dexterously, as if she had been afraid to be seen, and yet could not refrain the dear Object. This she repeated so often, that not only he, but some of his Company observ'd it, which puff'd him up to such a Degree, that he left his Seat, to draw nearer and talk to her. *Teresa* carry'd herself very reserv'd, as if she had been altogether innocent, and yet with so much Affability and Complaisance, that this added to her singular Beauty, prevail'd with him to dog her Home, and she to allure him on to the Brink of Hell, at every turning of a Street look'd back upon him as earnestly, as if her Life had lain at Stake upon it, repeating the same, when she came to her own Door, and no sooner did she get up the Stairs, than she appear'd at the Window, which so inflam'd the empty headed Beau, that he could no longer admire himself for doating on her.

He hasted home, and there writ her a Billet Doux, in the same Sort of Language he us'd in his common Discourse, that is, so bombastick and intricate, that had not *Teresa* been very willing to understand it, which is the best Interpreter in such Cases, she would have been oblig'd to send for some able Scholars to expound it. She, to prevent putting it into his Power to
produce

produce any thing against her, would not send an Answer in writing, but bid her Maid tell the Messenger, that her Lady had read the Letter with Satisfaction, a Favour she did not use to bestow on others, that he might be proud of it, and be encourag'd to proceed in his Sute, for the beginning was successful enough to promise a very happy Issue. This Answer was not disagreeable to him, tho' his Passion was so great, that the least Delay seem'd intolerable; but considering there was no other Remedy, he endeavour'd to be easy, thinking it well if ever he succeeded, and reflecting, that the greater the Difficulties are in Love Affairs, the greater is the Satisfaction in the End. He never let slip any Opportunity of gallanting her, thrust himself in when she went a visiting, follow'd her to Church, gaz'd at her Windows, sigh'd at her Door, and pester'd her with Romantick Verses and unintelligible Prose. The Nymph at length grew weary of it, and resolv'd to make him such a Return once for all, that he should never have Occasion to forget it the longest Day he had to live, and she order'd it after this Manner.

She gave him a Meeting one Evening, on the Bank of the River *Tormes*, which runs by that University, and after much Discourse, it was agreed, that in Regard he could not lye a Night out of the Colledge, because if he did, it would utterly ruin his Reputation, and he would certainly

tainly 'be expell'd, for there he must either be virtuous, or at least appear so, he should rise the next Morning long before Day, pretending to take a short Journey, and go directly to *Teresa's* House, where a Maid she confided in would be ready at the private Door, and conduct him to her Chamber and Bedside, where he should be carress'd by her. This was the formal Contract, without adding or diminishing. Our Beau could not contain himself for Joy and Vain-glory, insomuch that in his Way home, he could not forbear acquainting Friends and Strangers with the Happy Posture of his Affairs. They seem'd to rejoyce, tho' in Reality it vex'd them, being all tir'd with his vain Humour and Foppishness, and concluding, that since he had been so troublesome and impertinent, he would for the future become so intollerable, that they should be oblig'd to expel him the University, or entirely to leave him to himself as the common Plague of Mankind. They all heartily wish'd some Disappointment might happen at any Rate, and would have discover'd the Intrigue to the Rector, but for the scandalous Name of Informers. He spent the Night in preparing for his Journey, and above an Hour before Day he set out a Horseback, in a travelling Dress, attended by one Servant, in whom he confided. *Teresa's* Maid *Lucretia*, who had been the Manager of the Intrigue between them, expected him at the Door, and taking him by

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the Hand, led him up the Stairs, then thro' several Rooms, then down some Steps again, and putting him into a Chamber, said, This is the Place; I have done my Part, fare you well. This said, she pull'd to the Door and lock'd it upon him. This was not at all surprizing to our Beau, who had been before told, that the Affair must be so manag'd, because the Girl kept her Reputation, and would not have the rest of her Servants acquainted with her Frailty. Soon after his coming into the Room, he heard some body Cough, and taking that for the Signal to draw near, he crept along the Walls till he felt the Bed Posts, where he stripp'd with all Speed, and crept in between the Sheets.

The Son of the *Corregidor*, or chief Magistrate of the University was a very fine Gentleman, fortunate, as he said himself in all Things, except Love Intrigues; and tho' he had suffer'd by the Disdain of many Ladies, none had gone so near his Heart as *Teresa's*, so that his Love being turn'd into Hatred, he had vow'd Revenge. *Teresa* had been fully inform'd of it, and therefore to put a Trick upon two at the same Time, she sent him a Letter, without any Name subscrib'd, as if it came from some Woman, who ow'd her a Grudge, and was resolv'd to pay it, telling him all the Intrigue with the Fop Scholar, and the Hour he was to come, without omitting the most minute Circumstances. *Don Garcia*, that was the Gentleman's Name, was

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was highly pleas'd with this Advice, and acquainting the proper Officers, he went away with them and a great Number of Constables, Beadles, and other Mob, to beat up *Teresa's* Quarters. They came to her House, an Hour after the pretended Traveller had been admitted, and knock'd with the usual Authority, threatening to break open the Doors, unless they were immediately open'd. It was done accordingly, and they rushing in, never stopp'd till they came to *Teresa's* Bed's Side; but were much surpriz'd when they found her alone, especially the Corregidor's Son, for being thus disappointed of his Revenge, the Wench at the same Time having an Opportunity to revile him at her Pleasure, which she did not spare, giving a full Loose to her Tongue, in such Manner, that he would have given half he was worth to have been many Miles off. It was the greatest Satisfaction to her to have this Opportunity of venting her Spleen upon him. The Officers stood mute, fearing she would complain to the Corregidor, and her Complaint appearing so reasonable, it might cost them dear. For this Reason they all unanimously begg'd her Pardon, protesting they had been misinform'd, and promising to make Examples of those malicious Persons, who had contriv'd that Plot, on Purpose to take away her good Name, alledging, that such a Scholar of such a College, was come into her House that Morning before Day.

Then

Then she, having had her Revenge of *Don Garcia*, and being resolv'd, that the conceited Coxcomb, whom *Lucretia* had lock'd up, should not escape Scot-free, since he was the principal Actor in that Farce, said, What is it that you say, Gentlemen? A Man, of that Sort came into my House this Morning; this must certainly be a leud Contrivance of some one of my Maids; for tho' I use all my Endeavours to have such as are virtuous, there is no depending on any of them, and sometimes our Reputation suffers for them. I beg of you to search all the House from the Top to the Bottom, oblige me so far, for perhaps Providence has brought you to discover the Truth, and show how many Virtuous Women are wrong'd. She begg'd so earnestly, that they could not but comply, searching every Corner, from the Garrets, down to the Cellars; but as they were about going away, *Lucretia* open'd the Room, in which, as has been said, she had shut up the Scholar, where coming up to the Bed, they found by his Side a *Blackamoor* Wench, Slave to *Teresa*, who besides being of that Colour, was the most deform'd in all that Country; but of so glib a Tongue and so subtile, that she could play any Part her Mistress would put her to. This was a most surprising Spectacle to all there present; but none was with so much reason struck Dumb as the amorous Fop, when he discover'd by the Light, what a dark Pedfellow

he had bestow'd all his Vigor and Bombastick Rhetorick upon. His Confusion was so great, that for a long Time he could not utter one Word, but was at length oblig'd to dress himself more hastily than usual, and to get out of the House, being so commanded to do by those in Power, who between Jest and Earnest, said so much as went to his very Heart. He durst not return to the College, till he could hear how that Business would end, and be inform'd of the Cause and Original of his Misfortune. To this Effect he writ to the wicked *Teresa*, who answer'd, pretending much Concern for his Disgrace, and signify'd it was not *Lucretia* that had conducted him into the Room, where he was found, but another Black Wench, Companion to her he had lain with, who being sensible that her Friend was deeply in Love with him, and knowing he was to come that Morning, had been before-hand with *Lucretia*, and chang'd his Bedtellow. She added, that his boasting so much, among his Friends, of the Success of his Amour, had been the Occasion of the Officers of Justice coming to her House, because those envious Persons in whom he confided, had given the Information, and since he could not keep his own Secret, he might thank himself, as the main Instrument of his own Misfortune. This Answer from his beloved, made him more ashamed of himself than he was before, as wholly despairing of being ever admitted

of Hippolyto and Aminta. 387

red to enjoy her, since he could not expect such Favours, who could not conceal them. This Disappointment was follow'd by a greater Disaster, for his Servant coming in, said, Sir, this has been a dreadful Day with me. It is absolutely requisite that we depart this City, as soon as it is dark, for they have all taken the Alarm; I am just come from the Schools, where the whole Intrigue is perfectly known; every Man has it in his Mouth; it is the general Talk, and you having so many Competitors, there are few but what rejoyce at it, they all make a Jest of it, and some openly declare you are so given to the Flesh, that having try'd the fair and the brown, you are resolv'd not to spare the Cole black. God grant, said one, lifting up his Eyes and clapping his Hands, that he does not fall into worse Crimes; for I never lik'd the Man; I could not bear with his Essence and Polvil; I never beheld his fine Hands he was so fond of, but my Heart misgave me, that he would not dye a natural Death, but be brought to a shameful End, for a Sin I abhor to name. This second Message almost broke the Heart of the baffled Lover; but having consider'd what was best to be done, he resolv'd to wait till Night, and then set out for *Sevil*, the Place of his Birth, there to embark for the *West Indies*, where he had a very rich Uncle by the Mother's Side, who was desirous to see and make him his Heir. Thus he bid Adieu to *Salamanca*, and re-

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all Sorts of Learning, which he had ever detested, having been put to it against his Will.

The Wench was beside herself with Joy for this new Conquest, and the more because the Officers, who had search'd the House, being convinc'd of her seeming Innocence, told the Story all about the Town, which gain'd her many Admirers, and not a few of those who had before look'd upon her as a scandalous Person, being but short sighted, did not perceive the Fraud, and therefore began to take her Part, urging that as in this particular Instance she had been wrong'd, so it was likely she had been slander'd before in all the other scandalous Reports, spread Abroad to the Prejudice of her Reputation. This Argument was very agreeable to a Tradesman's Son in the City, whose Father dying rich, had left him young, with a good Estate. He set up for a Beau, with an empty Skull, was deeply in Love with her, and concluding the Jilt as chaste as *Lucretia*, left no Stone unturn'd to gain her Favour, in order to gain her for a Wife, the Gipsy appearing very coy, and carrying herself much above him. His Relations, who saw into her Wiles, us'd all possible Endeavours to dissuade the young Cully and obstruct the Match; but all in vain, marry'd they were, and all the young Rakes in the University made publick Rejoycings. This Happiness was not lasting, for the new marry'd Woman falling out with her former Confident Servant, she reveal'd all the

Intrigues

Intrigues of her Life, exposing her to the publick Talk, so that the wicked *Teresa* became more infamous than ever she had been before, and her Course of Life after Matrimony, being more leud under that Protection, than it had been when she was single, the wretched Husband finding himself become the Scorn of the whole City, took it to Heart, and in a very short Time made his Exit. The young Widow was left rich in Money, Plate, and Jewels of Value, with which she did not question to set up in another Place, where she was not known, for some considerable Person, as not daring to make any long Stay where she was so well known; being too sensible that the Magistrates had an Eye upon her, and were resolv'd to furnish her a Lodging, where it should be out of her Power to debauch any of the Youth of the University, or entrap another Husband. She wanted no other Intimation of this Design than her own Guilt, and the Knowledge she had of the Watchfulness of all Persons in Power there, to remove all leud and scandalous Livers. Upon this Notion she pack'd up all her Treasure, in order to remove with it to such a Distance, that the Fame of her Wickedness might not easily reach the Place she should chuse for her Habitation, and prevent her intended future Frauds. None was entrusted with this Secret but a Servant, whom, after the discarding of the other above-mention'd, she had taken into her Fa-

vour

your and Confidence. This Strumpet had an
 Intrigue with a Scoundrel Bully, whom she ac-
 quainted with her Mistress's Project, which they
 agreed and contriv'd to prevent, by carrying off
 her Wealth, and reducing her to her primitive
 Estate of Beggary. Accordingly the Night be-
 fore, when *Teresa* thought to have begun her
 intended Journey, they found Means to give
 her a strong sleeping Potion, and whilst it was
 in the Height of it's Operation, stripp'd her
 House as bare as if a Regiment of Dragoons had
 been employ'd to plunder it; for they left her,
 as it were in a Trance, or *Letargy*, and almost
 naked, on an old Quilt, not worth the taking
 away, and shifted for themselves with the Equi-
 page. The next Morning early, the Magis-
 trates who had before concerted it, came to
 see *Teresa* in her further Progress
 in Iniquity, and finding her Doors open, were
 surpris'd to find the House stripp'd, and began
 to suspect she had been too nimble for them, till
 coming to the Room where she lay, as has been
 said, not yet awake, they began to suspect what
 had really hapned. Having, with much Diffi-
 culty rous'd her, her Consternation was very
 great to see herself in that naked Condition,
 and so beset with Officers of Justice. In short,
 the Servant being gone, it was easy to judge
 that she had been robb'd, Orders were immedi-
 ately sent to search all suspected Places in the
 City, and some Horsemen to the several Roads.

in case they were got out with their Booty. *Teresa* was convey'd to the House appointed for Women of her Calling, nor was it long before the Servant and her Bully were taken with all their Plunder. The Fellow was soon sent away to earn his Bread with more Honesty, serving his King chain'd to an Oar in a Galley. The Mistress and the Maid were put together, to upbraid one another and lament their common Calamity, in a Work-House, where they were fed with the Bread of Sorrow, and labour'd hard for a poor Livelyhood.

Thus *Don Alonzo* concluded his entertaining Discourse. To add here all the other diverting Relations given by many ingenious Persons that were invited to this Festival and Nuptials, would swell this Book to an immoderate Bulk, which obliges us to cut off short and conclude, tho' it may seem somewhat abruptly, and not to the Satisfaction of the Reader.



F I N I S.